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*Ben. Mary Seeger.*



LOUIS H. STEPHENS,  
*Publisher for the Proprietors.*

PUBLICATION OFFICE 113 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

1860.









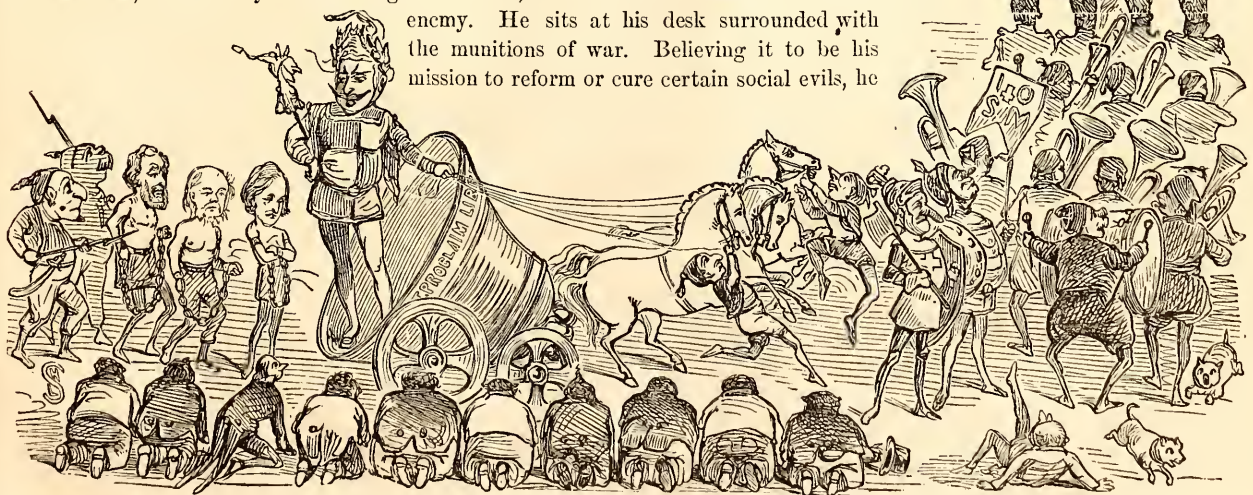
READER, we will, with your permission, take you by the button and have a brief confidential chat with you. We are lounging, as you will be good enough to observe, at the portal of a new literary establishment. It has a solid foundation, and we trust that the design will please. But to drop allegory, into which, perhaps, we have been seduced by the fact of having derived our title from Mr. John Bunyan, in a word, this new literary edifice to which we call your attention, is

## Vanity Fair.

Let us endeavor to tell you, in the plainest possible manner, the aims of our enterprise. Do not be astonished if we are not funny in these introductory remarks. If our entertainment be good there is no necessity for a mountebank at the door turning summersaults and cracking jokes in order to entice the public. It must be, indeed, a poor comedy that requires a comic play-bill to help it along.

VANITY FAIR will be a humorous and satirical paper. A pleasant tonic to be taken once a-week by the public. A corrective for what seems to us to be at present a rather dyspeptic state of society.

If, however, you judge of us through the preconceived idea of the comic paper, let us hasten to undeceive you. It is usual for the mighty Myth, who presides over the destiny of the satirical serial, immediately on assuming his throne, to look on all mankind as his natural enemy. He sits at his desk surrounded with the munitions of war. Believing it to be his mission to reform or cure certain social evils, he





endeavors to correct with a stab, and heal with a poison. He will be cruel if, by cruelty, he can make a jest ; and he will be untruthful for the sake of an epigram

We, the Myth of VANITY FAIR, approach our task in a far different spirit. The true mission of a satirical paper such as we intend ours to be, is not extermination but reformation. Gentleness is quite compatible with courage, and, depend on it, more can be accomplished by good-humored raillery than envenomed wit. No man is more to be pitied than he who is wholly a cynic, for he loses all that exquisite pleasure which noble natures experience in sympathising with what is good and true

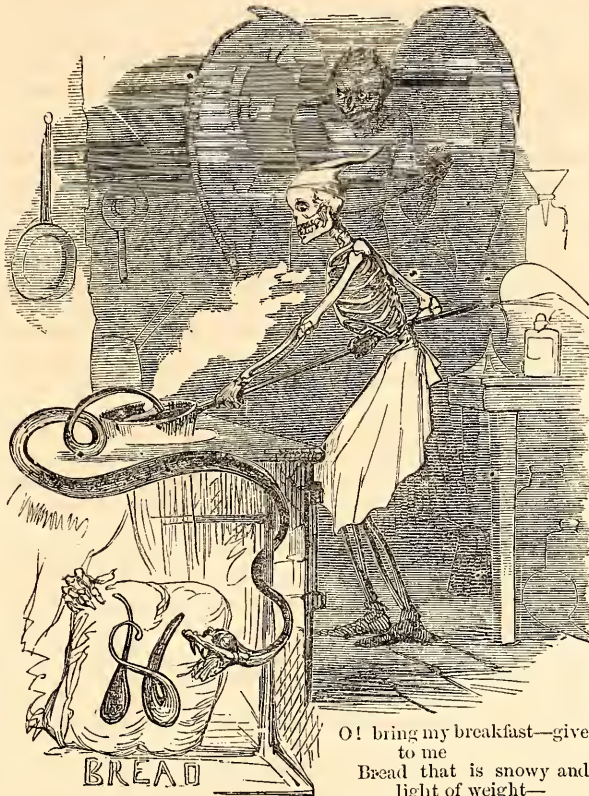
But Momus as well as Janus has two faces : one smiling and kindly, ready to laugh down Folly or to cheer on Merit ; the other, stern and frowning, in whose glance Vice and Falsehood wither. We, too, have our black looks, we assure you. We can assume a very unpleasant expression of countenance when we are face to face with political tricksters, venal editors, public charlatans, silly authors, and all people whose stupidity necessitates their being treated as criminals. All these various inhabitants of VANITY FAIR will find that we have what the French call an iron hand in a velvet glove, and that occasionally we can take the glove off.

As a model, we can propose to ourselves none better than one of the knights of the old chivalric days. By a solemn vow he devoted himself to the cause of Truth and Virtue, and then, accompanied by a few brave companions, rode forth into the world to redress wrong. When he found Virtue, pining spell-bound in some dreary donjon, he slew the gaoler and gallantly burst her bonds. When he espied the giant Vice, feeding upon the tender population of the land, he couched his lance and laid him in the dust. Wicked dwarfs and bad enchanters yielded to his potent sword ; but, when he chanced to encounter the hero or heroine of some noble action, then, like a true knight, he sheathed his weapon, doffed his gleaming helmet, and did reverence to Merit.

We, too, are vowed to the cause of truth. We have a goodly band of knights at our back, all of whom are loyal, courteous, and brave, and if there are any more such who feel ambitious to join our crusade, there is plenty of room for them in our ranks. Our road lies straight through VANITY FAIR, and we mean to do considerable execution among the dwarfs, and jugglers, and wicked giants of that institution. All that is good and pure we shall salute as we go by, and we feel convinced that by being always fearless and sincere we will pass through all places of peril unharmed, and reach in safety that triumphal arch which lies at the end of our journey.



THE MODERN MITHRIDATES.



O! bring my breakfast—give  
to me  
Bread that is snowy and  
light of weight—

Of alum and bone-dust let it be,  
Chalk, and ammonia's carbonate;  
Sulphates of zinc and copper too,  
Plaster of Paris, finely ground,  
Will make it evenly white clear through  
With the outside nicely browned

Give me butter to eat with the bread—  
Colored with saffron and turmeric  
Or orpiment, richer in tint, 'tis said;  
Let lard and sheep's brains make it thick.  
Give me tea of a clear green hue,  
Made of soapstone, willow-leaves,  
Arsenite of copper and Prussian blue—  
Their flavor the palate deceives.

Bring sugar, and sweeten the potion well—  
Sugar of lead, and iron, and sand,  
Sweet as honey of Hydromel  
Or the pressure of Mithridates' hand!  
Though maybe coffee would clear my head  
Better than such a cup of tea—  
Coffee of ochre, Venetian red  
And the potent chicoree.

Then, with my chop, let pickles green  
Cool my tongue with flavoured bliss;  
Steeped and soaked they must have been  
In salts of copper and verdigris;  
Most inviting to me they are  
When full of the pungent taste I find  
In sulphuric acid vinegar—  
A condiment just to my mind.

Ha! you start! you think that I  
Being a man of mortal clay,  
After my meal will surely die,  
For these are deadly poisons, you say:  
Poisons? yes! yet one and all  
Are found on every grocer's shelves—  
Our bills of mortality are not small,  
—But how can we help ourselves?

G. A.

REYNARD THE FOX.

A THEATRICAL FABLE FOR CRITICS.

There was once a sly Fox with sharp teeth and bright eyes and a pleasant wag to his tail that delighted all beholders. Like many sly foxes he lived mostly upon geese, great numbers of which he continually seduced into his power. Also into his toils fell pigeons and beautiful foreign birds, upon whose substance he waxed fatter and fatter every day. His Keeper, finding that all men brought tribute of monies and acclamations to this ingenious Fox, winked at his ways, and said naught.

But there came one day a noble Scotch Gentleman, who Herald-ed the fact that however complete might be the control of the Sly Fox over the geese of the land, yet he certainly was by no means sound on the goose question; whereupon the people marvelled, and the teeth of the Fox were heard to snap with anger, and his eyes seen to glisten dangerously.

Then the Keeper said—"Behold, I am cherishing a viper of a Fox in my bosom, who may some day insinuate fangs into the region of my heart."

So he waited until the Fox slept, and did then quietly, as a precaution, withdraw his sharp and dangerous teeth. This was said to be matter of simple form; other said it was matter of chloroform.

And, strangely enough, on the day after the extraction, the Sly Fox rose in wrath, and threatened his Keeper. But, of a sudden, finding that his teeth were gone, he fell down, howling piteously. And his Master did then eject him from the happy and loving community among whom he had so long been a leader. Then the Fox ran straightway to the noble Scotch Gentleman, crying: "Behold, I am humbled, and have lost my teeth. True is it that in the matter of geese questions I am unsound. Have mercy upon me." But the noble Scotch Gentleman knew him not.

Then did the Fox return to his Keeper, and beg to be admitted once more to his comfortable Garden, and the scenes of his former life. But the Keeper, too, knew him not, and he was an outcast. And this is the true fable of Reynard the Fox.

A Capital Deficiency.

An individual who signs himself "Richmond" is in the field of advertising after a sanguinary fashion that throws his namesake of Bosworth quite into the shade. He offers, in some of the Southern papers, to be one of a hundred who will give twenty-five dollars each for the heads of certain objectionable Northern gentlemen whose names he publishes. It seems to us that the sum is rather more than a good many of the designated heads are worth; but in this matter, "Richmond" must, of course, judge for himself. The proposition, however, has aroused the indignation of the *New York Times*, which denounces it as "a very brutal expression of hate." We take a different view of the affair. It appears to us that the Southern parties making this offer, being evidently out of their own heads, are anxious to supply the deficiency at the cheapest possible rates, and are thus emboldened to suggest a bargain which, considering their contempt for Northern brains in general, must certainly be looked upon as liberal.

The Gaieties of City Hall.

In the Board of City Canvassers, last Wednesday evening, Mr. Alderman Adams swung his fists about Mr. Alderman Brady's head in so threatening a manner that the Chair was obliged to hasten to the rescue. It is said that but for this timely interposition of the Chair Mr. Brady might have taken the floor.

Imperial Collapse.

It is said that Eugénie is at Compiègne, devoting herself to gradual reduction of her crinoline. The reason alleged is, that Napoleon so desires, and the Empress is not the sort of wife to stand out in opposition to the wishes of her husband.



## THE HOME-MADE SHIRT.



HE many voices of fame are ever ready to lift high their trumpet-tongued acclamations of the names of the inventors of the steam-engine, of printing, of gunpowder, of the Telegraph, but the name of the inventor of that fearful and wondrous thing, the human shirt, is plunged in a black and soundless chaos. No poet hath breathed that name in divine heroic verse, no sculptor embalmed it in the whiteness of marbles, no painter caught for it the sun-splendor of glorious color. And yet what a piece of work

is the shirt! The beauty of the wardrobe, the paragon of garments! In fit how express and admirable! In color how like a dove! And yet to fame, what is it? The quintessence of rags.

It is with the home-made shirt that this paper has to deal principally. To the shirt-genuine, the home-made shirt compares as does the monster in Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein, to the human man; it stalks, gaunt and grim, through the kingdom of male gracefulness, seeking what it may devour.

The home-made shirt may be divided into three classes—the low-pressure, the high-pressure and the oscillatory. The low pressure shirt gravitates powerfully downwards, and in so doing is perpetually strangling its victim-wearer. The high pressure aspires upwards after the same fashion. The oscillatory consists of a single cylinder, which rotates continually around the body within.

The shirt of Nessus, we are told, was home-made, erected by the cunning Fury, Dejanira, in her own back parlor. The modern home-made shirt is in like manner the seed of most domestic tragedies.

Many a father have I heard say to his daughter, give up vain pleasures, and devote yourself to making household shirts. Why did not these fathers say to their sons, give up billiards and spend your leisure moments in the gentle pastime of building locomotive engines.

Shirt-making is a divine speciality, and shirt-makers are born, not made. I heard one of them, after forty years' experience, declare, with tears in her eyes, that she felt as though she were wandering on the shores of the ocean of shirt-science, just gathering up the pebbles of stitching, while the great sea rolled beyond.

To illustrate my theory about the home-made shirt, I will here relate a circumstance which occurred not long since in this city. Continual talk in journals of the day about women's rights, etc., had brought the father of the family into the belief that his own wife was in danger of becoming strongminded. He determined to effect a great moral reform; he began with that wild and dangerous thing which forms the topic of this paper. His wife and daughter were told that he would wear no more shirts not made by them. Patiently they submitted, and that day a piece of linen was purchased, and the work began. Half-worn shirts were ripped to pieces, and the new cut after them. A dozen yards or so of linen were sacrificed to ignorance and experiments, and finally the shirts were supposed to be cut to perfection. Morning and eve, evening and morn, the work went on. In the meanwhile the taste formerly displayed at the table, began to disappear. Entries, side-dishes and deserts were eschewed. Only the food necessary to sustain life appeared. To-

wards the end of the first week the most malignant of all the symptoms of domestic disease broke out—need I say cold mutton? The stern husband ventured a feeble remonstrance. It was at once crushed by the assurance that it was impossible to attend to the æsthetics of the table, without neglecting the shirts. He felt the better claims of morality, and turned a cold ear to the melancholy strains of appeal within him.

Finally, on the first day of the new year, the shirts were completed. Instead of the useful and elegant dressing-gown his wife had intended to present him on that occasion, she concluded to substitute the shirts. Accordingly he found them on awakening, built up into a small pyramid on his bed.

A strange qualm, a deep dejection of spirits possessed him, as he began to attire himself in one of them. The first one was tried, and he found the line of the sleeves so indefinitely produced, that, after swallowing his hands, they seemed to be angling for a wardrobe, and to have succeeded in getting a nibble from his trousers. That little mishap, he murmured, with a ghastly effort to smile, can be easily remedied.

The second he tried, and each deformed and elfin sleeve, meek, though firm, clasped itself tenderly about the neck of his elbow.

The third—the breast was so capacious, that it seemed planned with a view of concealing the whole palpitating bosom of Society or the Church.

The fourth—the two edges of the bosom planted themselves firmly at the shoulders, and, curving out in an eccentric boxing attitude, refused to be displaced unless the ignominious back was utterly routed and torn apart.

The fifth—the collar descended gracefully from his throat, revealing as much neck as the swan is permitted to show in her utmost longitudinal moments.

The sixth—the collar shoots boldly upwards, and assumes for his spectacles a contempt born of the familiarity of contact.

In one after another he madly attires himself, then rolls it under his feet. In all of their grotesque deformity the compensating principle alone held good. The vastness of one absolved itself in the dwarfishness of the other, the long-running longitude of this in the ever-spreading latitude of that.

One of the shirts he was forced to wear, however, for his wife had given away all the others he had owned, to a poor relation, the evening before. He selected the one he thought the least objectionable. This one had no glaring vices, it had a meek, church-brotherly air, while it was insidiously accomplishing the ruin of his personal appearance. It was built on the oscillating principle, and seemed to have no fixed plan or purpose in linen. Round and round it swayed and turned, as though it was a dismantled ship floundering in the trough of the sea, and struggling in vain to right itself. Now it seemed to imagine its mission to be that of a thermometer, and it ran up and down, indicating imaginary degrees of a Protean temperature. Again, it was smitten with the ambition to personate a weathercock or a windmill, and to indicate, with the same capriciousness of purpose, the fickle ways of the wind.

Unfortunately, the wearer of this article was a man so shaped, that it required very tidily-fitted garments to conceal the cumbersome of his person. In this, he had a strange atmosphere of deformity hanging about him, as though the upper part of his person were at once struck with the lumpiness of the gout, gnarled and knotted with the rheumatism, expanded with the puffiness of the dropsy. He suddenly became a living geometrical chart, upon which the mathematician could illustrate every manner of curve and angle, no matter how obtuse and eccentric.

That day, he had the satisfaction, during his visits, of seeing the eyes of ladies fixed upon him in pity, and he thought he heard in connection with his name, such remarks as these: poor fellow, what an affliction, how kind his wife ought to be to him, but does she show herself in public with him?

With the members of his own sex, he was still more unfortunate,



for the conversation turned continually on the skill of medical men so successful in the treatment of remarkable diseases. They assure him with suspicious earnestness, that Dr. Smith had never caused death in tapping the dropsy.

That Dr. Brown removed spinal deformities without the aid of the rack.

That Dr. Jones has said to the liver complaint "depart," and it was seen no more.

That Dr. Jenkins was never known to cause death, by the removal even of the most desperate tumours.

The whole catalogue of those hideous diseases that warp the human form, was untiringly rehearsed for his benefit.

At last, driven to desperation, a fit resident only for Bedlam, he sought his own doomed dwelling.

The next week, and the next, were spent by his family in attempting to alter the shirts. The cold mutton eruption broke out in unquenchable obstinacy. Each day he attired himself in one of the shirts, and each day dome-tie peace was broken up from its centre, and clashing discords reigned supreme. The wife and daughters fell into a state of chronic hysterics. The housemaid and cook, who had been faithful servants in the family for sixteen years, left with their breasts swollen with indignation. She who had been the wife of his bosom for the same number of years, became an abhorred object of suspicion to him. He took secret advice as to the possibilities of his getting divorced from her. Each time he sought clandestinely the office of the lawyer, the form of a lady, deeply veiled, passed him hurriedly. He was told by the lawyer that this lady was also seeking his advice privately on the divorce question. Once he accidentally met the lady unveiled, and her face was the face of his own wife. Remorse, surprise, a return of tenderness overcame them both, and they threw themselves into each other's welcoming arms.

The following day a new set of shirts was purchased, and the harp of peace was restrung in their halls. Cold mutton died with a single gasp, and circulars from quack doctors, offering to cure him without the knife, ceased to pour in upon him.

On computation he found the economy of the home-made shirts to be as follows:

12 yards of linen destroyed by inexperience,	\$10 80
50 yards of linen employed,	45 00
Seamstress to assist in stitching—7 days,	7 00
Thread, needles, buttons, etc.,	81
Lawyers' fees for private consultation—himself and wife,	119 00
Gift, to heal his wife's lacerated feelings,	75 00
" " daughters " "	40 00
" to induce housemaid to return,	9 00
" to " cook " "	6 00
Set of razors notched in wrath,	17 00
Nervous destruction of miscellaneous ereckery.	4 20
New set of shirts at—,	35 00
	\$369 81
Deduct 8 lbs. of linen disposed of to rag and bottle man, at the rate of 5 cts. per lb.,	40
Total,	\$369 41
	ADA CLARE

#### "OPENED WITH PRAYER."

So begins the record of each day's Congressional performances. The Senate opens with Prayer. The House opens with Prayer. We trust that the Chaplains enjoy it, and that the Legislators are not bored beyond endurance. Thus far, there has been only one attempt by argument, and none at all by force, to interrupt the custom. It may be regarded as one of the proudest boasts of our nation, that its history can show no instance of assault and battery upon a Congressional Chaplain in the discharge of his duty.

But this sort of thing can hardly be expected to last. Some of the People's acute representatives, who are as logical and consistent as duty to their constituents will allow, must very soon discover that logic and consistency alike oppose the notion of Religious Forms

where they and their associates are concerned. They must see that the Minister of God's Word has no fit place among them. They will begin to understand that the transition from invocations of Heavenly Love to North Carolina Tar and Michigan Feathers is too abrupt to be decent; and that Religion and Revolvers have no affinity except that of alliteration. Their eyes will be opened to the uselessness of preliminary Piety, when the voice of the Divine is



likely to be drowned at any moment by fierce eruptions of Illinois wrath, or the sharp snaps of South Carolina Derringers. It will become clear to them that the Christian precepts of the morning have no effect in repressing Mr. Kellogg's tendency to muscular overthrow of his foes in the afternoon, or Mr. Keitt's anxiety to bring forth his compact little death-dealer from his coat pocket in the evening. And, taking note of all these things, it will not be strange if they also take steps to regulate them. As no person now supposes that Congress will experience decorum, and relapse into good behavior, we can only expect that the other horn of the dilemma shall be seized, and that, logically and consistently, the abolition of the Religious Element in Congress be advocated.

Some will say that the greater the grossness of Legislative conduct, the greater the need of the Chaplain's counteracting influence. But there are extremes which should never meet. Mildness and madness cannot go hand in hand. No more can blessings and blasphemies. We should not look for a Biblical inscription at the entrance of a brothel, and no one ever knew a Prize Fight to be opened with the singing of a Psalm. If Congress really needs some species of formality to mark its daily assembling, there are many things more in keeping with its present spirit than Prayer. Mr. John Morrissey might advantageously elucidate the principles of the Prize Ring, with practical illustrations. Or Mr. Van Amburg might appropriately introduce a few hyenas and jackals from his valuable menagerie, with remarks descriptive of their characters and habits. Or, Mr. J. G. Bennett might read some articles from his *Herald*, touching the Whole Duty of Politicians. Or, Mr. Dan Rice might be called upon to deliver one of his affecting orations, and to develop the accomplishments of his talented mules. This last, indeed, would perhaps be of greater benefit than all the rest, as showing to what extraordinary docility and decency such animals may be brought by careful education and rigorous training.

When did Rossini make his best jokes?  
When he composed his Mots in Egitto.





1. LITTLE GIRL.—“Oh, Mar! please buy that little boy a pair of stockings; he's dot nothing for Santa Claus to put his presents in.”



2. (Time midnight.) Master Georgy has awakened and discovered the drum and trumpet brought by Santa Claus; he immediately proceeds to make night hideous. Horror of parents, suddenly awakened—“Thieves!” “Fire!” etc., etc.



3. Mister White.—“Say, Mr. Livingstone, what d'yer fine in yer stockin' dis mornin'?”  
Mr. L.—“Fine in my stockin'?” Why, I foun' a cose in my stockin', dat's what I foun'.”



4. Little Willy discovers the presents Santa Claus has brought him. The poor child has never thoroughly recovered his reason since.



5. Georgy, with the best intentions in the world, has put a large and unctuous piece of 'lasses lump in Granpa's stocking. Granpa puts on his hose before he discovers it.



6.—THE DOMESTIC FRANKENSTEIN.  
DISTRACTED PARENT.—“What monster is this I have created!”

#### The Piety of Holiday Gifts.

The following advertisement appears in the *Herald*:—  
“HONOR THY PARENTS.—The most acceptable gift a child can make their parents is a pair of ———s Brazilian Pebble Spectacles. To be obtained only, etc.”

Passing over the grammatical tribulations of this notification, we may find in it much food for sound reflection. The purveyors of the Pebble Spectacles should receive applause for their new application of the Fifth Commandment. The plan is calculated to operate favorably in various ways. One effect of bestowal of Pebbly Optical Aids of Brazil will undoubtedly be to open the eyes of parents to the magnitude of filial virtues. The principle can be indefinitely extended. Reverence may well be expressed by boots, which will be pretty sure to put heads of families upon a good footing, and bring about a complete domestic understanding. In cases of parental misbehavior, such as occasionally do occur, a mild but respectful rebuke might be administered in the way of hats, as a touching illustration of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins. An argument against severity of discipline might be conveyed by means of luxurious gloves, the moral of which would be—“a soft hand, Sir, turneth away wrath.” The comprehensiveness of this novel expedient seems to be without limit. We may now reasonably expect to see the newspapers flooded with announcements of Affectionate Overcoats, Deferential Dickeys, Loving Hairbrushes, Virtuous Waistcoats, Reverent Undershirts, Christian Razor-Strops, and so

on in infinite variety. We are constrained to say, however, that the Proprietors of the Pebble Spectacles cannot claim the entire origin of the idea, which seems to have been inspired by the Moral Pocket-handkerchiefs which Mr. Stiggins endeavored to provide for the benefit of the infant savages who did not know how to use them.

#### Idealatry.

In ancient days (see the First Book of Kings),  
The Priests bowed down to images and things.  
And were accused for kneeling night and day  
Before their carven Gods to preach and pray.

Our New School Priests, who blame the ones of old,  
Are just as bad, if that the truth were told,  
They worship images, too, when they preach  
—Not carven gods, but—Images of Speech!

#### Query For Politicians.

If six performances of “The Octoroon” at the Winter Garden bring about a dissolution of the theatrical union, and shatter the government of that establishment, what will be the probable result upon the nation at large if it run through the entire season?

#### “Still.”

The ominous silence of Louis Napoleon respecting his intentions about England is merely, we think, a Case of Imperial Mumin.





“ONE MR. WARD” IN CHINA.

(Vide LONDON TIMES)





## A FEW OUTRAGES.



ES, *Outrages*. No midnight business, either. Broad daylight is the time for 'em; and the bigger the crowd, the bigger the outrage. Oh, it's no scalping affair; there's no blood spilt (there *may* be, though); but it would really be better to lose a man occasionally, out and out, and have it done with, than to let these things go on, day after day, week after week, and year after year. I can't stand 'em much longer,—particularly one of 'em,—and if I could, I wouldn't.

Things have got to such a pass that (to state the fact distinctly), I can't take the air, of an afternoon, without having my temper roiled with two or three Outrages on my rights and feelings.

Yes, *Outrages*. Not merely insults and mild injuries: they *were* such, in the beginning and first brutal inception of 'em, but now those words are tame! Nothing can be done about it, either. To be certain, I asked my young friend Blackstone, and he distinctly (and I am bound to add—for a lawyer—feelingly) replied that his distinguished old namesake hasn't a word to say on the subject, and he's read all the four books. It's the same with Kent. And Story. And the whole lot. I came down those four flights of stairs with a heavy heart. "A few years more," I said to myself, "and I shall cease to live. On the whole, come death! and take me from my woes!"—and a good deal more to the same effect. Why, my dreams—if I am so lucky as to get a little sleep—are filled with my waking grievances. I wonder the whole city hasn't been driven mad on the subject. What could produce an effect more certainly than to be haunted with a perpetual Boy—an ill-favored Boy—a cheeky and persistent Boy—armed with exhaustless duplicates of some card or hand-bill, which he never desists from thrusting into your face or hand—you knowing, all the while, you don't want the thing—just as you knew it yesterday and last year—and resolving for the millionth time you *won't* have it, and will never be *made* to have it. You see he is set on by somebody; you're not angry with *him*: but Lord! how you crave to get at the diabolical wire-puller! What aggravates the case enormously is the being *forced* to be rude and uncivil—which you never are, naturally—and perpetually obliged, being a gentleman, to put on the savage.

Now my powers of endurance are limited. I give the proprietors of these boys fair warning. I have an irascible temper, having been born in the South. I can't always restrain myself. I'm dangerous when aroused. There will certainly be a boy the less, in that business, before many days, unless the outrage is suppressed. I mean it.

Broadway may be called a series of persistent Boys, separated from each other by truncated pyramids of various altitudes. In consequence of the position of the latter, there is no getting around 'em. The way over 'em is full of formidable obstructions, such as big stones, Irishmen, and bricks. They average about two to a block. Men peck unceasingly at the stones, which are ingeniously arrayed so that all the pieces will fly into your face and eyes. You turn away; you look up! Good heavens! a stone weighing a ton hangs over your head by a mere thread!—or at any rate a pair of little

tongs not much safer. Or else a hod-full of bricks, and a Milesian, fifty feet above you, make the hair—if you have it—rise on your head. You spring aside. A chunk of marble enters your eye; or you fall over a future column or window-sill; or else precipitate yourself into a yawning chasm below, prepared expressly to swallow you up.

In default of truncated pyramids, the tour to a Boy is diabolically aggravated by means of barricades, gins, pitfalls, and the like, which compel well-shod people into the mire, where their lives depend on the ability of stage-drivers to look twenty ways at once.

Besides, there's your dust: I mean your lime, and your sand, and your mortar, and your ashes. When I look over my now-well-nigh-useless wardrobe, a part too good for use, and the rest ruined.

But I'm too full for further comments under that head.

I tell you these things are Outrages. Yes, *Outrages*? They are chronic insults that can't be redressed. They rankle in the breast of every decent person. Remove 'em! Abate 'em! Squeleh 'em!

Then look at the miserable wretches who thrust their rags and nastiness before you in consideration of having done something or other with their brooms. You did n't want 'em to do it; you'll be hanged if you wouldn't much rather they'd go home. "Penny, Mister!" is never out of your ears. They make a show of earning their money; and you may remember once paying it: but they'd *all* earned it, and you only paid one! Didn't they flock around, though! Whether you pay or not, the bore is all the same, only it's worse when you pay. You can't swear at 'em.—You can't—bah! take 'em away!

A WALKING GENTLEMAN.

## A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY A JILTED MAN.

[We are not responsible for any of the sentiments herein expressed. The writer has committed suicide, as may very readily be supposed, since sending them to us. Eds. V. F.]

I.

Women are sadly ruled by the law of compensation. Those who are good, are never pretty: those who are pretty, are never good.

II.

To a man, truth is what he knows; to a woman, truth is what she believes.

III.

A woman with a bad heart is perhaps rare; but a woman without vanity is impossible.

IV.

The only perfect woman a man ever knows, is his mother.

V.

Women never know the value of any one's money—except their own.

VI.

All intimate friendships among women have the same basis, and always exist between those who resemble each other in figure,—they can borrow each other's dresses.

VII.

Show me a man who is dignified and in earnest, and I will show you a man despised by women.

VIII.

Women invariably fear death—and I don't wonder.

## Comparatively Harmless.

Mr. BONNER, of the *Ledger*, has engaged the Honorable Edward Everett to continue his contributions to that delectable sheet, it seems. Mr. Bonner thinks that Mr. Everett is a Great Gun. We think him only a Smooth Bore.

## THE TOWN.

"That city has ever had my heart from my infancy; and it has fallen out, as of excellent things, that the more beautiful cities I have seen since, the more the beauty of this does still win upon my affection; I love it by itself and more in its native being than in all the pomp of foreign embellishments; I love it tenderly even to its wants and blemishes. I am not an American but by this great city, great in people, great in the felicity of her situation but, above all, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of commodities; the glory of America, and one of the most noble ornaments of the world."—[MONTAIGNE slightly altered.]

If it be true, as the poet hath it, that God made the country and man the town, then the town needs some one to take care of it.

The town, too, is the centre of Vanity Fair, the point where all its good and all its wickedness is sublimated, where everybody, according to the best authority, is travelling in the broad road that leads first to the Battery and afterward to no matter where.

To describe the amusements and lighter occupations, to gently satirise the follies and scourge the vices of that great nation known as the Broadwegian, will be the task of the writer of these papers.

Weak and inefficient when compared with the task which is before him, he approaches it with distinguished aid.

His collaborateurs are J Coupon-Doré, Esq., and Carrie-Jane, both of whom are persons in society and neither of whom you, sir, or madam, would be surprised at meeting anywhere outside the Tombs.

Place aux dames.

Carrie-Jane, or Jennie, as they modernise it, has just finished at Madame Cranemhard's where she was a show-girl. When any rich Southerner turned up with a plantation ornament brought to the metropolis for a little French polish, Carrie-Jennie, my dear, was displayed in the parlor, and with her piano, her French, her drawing, ("do Colonel, do just look at that bit of perspective in the view of the East River shot-tower by moon-light with a tug-boat in the distance,") all these were food for as much as two hundred a year in extras for the new girl. "Ah!" said Madame to the subscriber, "there's a young lady that you may well call finished. Before she came to me she had finished at the Shingler Institute, but bah! after she had been with me a year, she acknowledged that she knew nothing. And what do you think she is doing now? [This was at Saratoga last Summer.] She has taken and gone and got the *New American Encyclopedia*, and read it all through, and what she knows up to D is some thing wonderful. She's doing Livingstone and Barth now." I murmured to Doré, who came up just at the moment, that she was doing a fat-faced young fellow who belonged to the Legation from Timbuctoo or somewhere, and who was a general victim for all the sharp women and men at the watering places.

And apropos to Doré:

He is worth knowing, that young man. He is in trade,—whole-sale, of course. His Governor has retired and left the business to the boys. Doré might go out of the concern, but he says, very sensibly, what's a fellow going to do, between breakfast and dinner? After playing billiards incessantly for five years or so, it gets to be slightly commonplace, and you don't feel like doing so much of it as you did when you commenced. Then almost every fellow does something or other; and it is better to be in trade with some goods to sell, and customers to buy them, than a lawyer without clients, or a doctor without patients. Then, when a man has made a good lot of money, he can retire early in life and go to live in Paris. But lawyers and doctors never amount to anything till they are fifty, at least in the opinion of the rich customers of Vanity Fair. Doré's costume is of course beyond reproach. Broadway, which can do a great deal in that way, shows no better-dressed man than Doré. He knows a little music, gives violoncello parties in his apartments on Sunday nights, and plays on that agreeable instrument himself, is an habitué of the Opera, likes pictures and pretty women, and is altogether as nice a fellow as you will meet any fine day at 4 P.M. between the Saint Nicholas and Union Square.

Now you are introduced:

Public, Carrie-Jane; Carrie-Jane, Public. Doré, Public; Public, Doré.

## Holiday-Walks.

The town is very busy just now with its preparations for the holidays. Doré and I spend a good deal of time in looking in at the shop windows, while Carrie-Jane and Ma have the carriage every morning, more to inspect the things than to buy. Ma, who knows a thing or two, won't buy till next week, when fancy goods and toys must come down a little, there is such a tremendous stock on hand. It is very good fun, lounging in the shops during holiday times, and thinking how many hearts will be made glad by the pretty things which all the cunningest artificers of the world have contrived for the amusement of youth and beauty.

But is the pleasure unmixed? Do the holidays afford you, sir, or you, miss, or madam, so much enjoyment as they used? You know, sir, that last year you drank too much punch on New Year's Day, and had to be carried home. What has become of that head which nothing could split, those legs which no amount of whiskey could weaken? How are your January bills? And haven't you a note lying over under protest? Don't you shudder at quarter-day?

As for you, miss, what was it I heard you say about your dear friend Laura Matilda's bouquets and cadeaux? You went to sleep with her, and looked over her things, and came away choking with rage because they were nicer than yours. And Doré gave her a ten dollar bouquet, did he? You would just like to see *that* Doré, (you always knew he was next door to a fool,) you'd like to see him have the impudence to call on you. And yet New Year's Day sees Doré in all the glory of lavender gloves and the roughest of English suits, flirting with you over the épergne. To no one else are you so gracious.

And you, madam. Are you not awfully exercised in your mind about this holiday season? Don't you wish you could shut up the house and put a bit of crape on the door? But you can't. Paterfamilias has political aspirations, and you must receive. You must have dirty-faced men in your drawing-room. You must have your new carpets spoiled, your glass and china broken, and you must entertain these beings of the lower sphere, who get into a decent house only once a year, and who are like devils let loose on that auspicious occasion.

If it were not for the pleasure that they give the young folks I think that the majority of people would vote for the abolition of the holidays, and especially for the enforcement of the non-intercourse doctrine on the first day of the year.

PENDENNIS.

## AT THE CAFE.

We were all very merry at Pfaff's. Did you think

While I laughed with the rest, just a trifle too gay,  
That ma mignonne was false, that I buried my friend,  
That my castles in Spain had been plundered that day—  
Did you think?

Did you think, as you watched me and weighed every word,  
And then smiling complacently, understood all,  
That my heart, as I passed the Rhine wine to the boys,  
Was as black as the midnight, and bitter as gall—  
Did you think?

Did you think that those small, wary, twinkling gray eyes,  
That look over and under and into things so,  
Could read me—a primer? that you could let drop  
A sly plummet right down in the depths of my wo—  
Did you think?

You will kill me with laughter, some day, you dear owl!  
I was happy that night, though the girl was a cheat:  
Could I grieve for a flirt, when the man that I loved  
Was so sweetly at rest from his head to his feet—  
Did you think?

T. B. A.

Republican Specific For Columbia.

Help 'er

The (h) ides of March.

The Spring Trade in the "Swamp."



## POLITICS.

VANITY FAIR looketh on all politics as vanity, and will, therefore, persistently intermeddle therewith.

We appeal, then, to politicians of all sects and shells, through the whole conchological scale, to carry on in their usual manner, in order that they may afford us abundant and nutritious food for merriment.

As for crying over them, however mischievous or malignant their conduct, we respectfully decline to do it. We reserve the fountains of our grief for other and more suitable purposes.

Nor will we be in any way alarmed by these politicians, either for ourselves or for the next dearest object to our heart (after VANITY FAIR), this glorious Union; for whatever they may say and whomever they may do, we shall still believe that the country is safe.

Indeed, with all our volunteer regiments, our brave target shooters, our gallant fire companies (ready to quell anything from an insurrection to an eruption, free gratis, and at a moment's notice), our numerous insurance companies, to say nothing of our Fifth avenue committees and our Star Spangled Banner, how could the country be other than safe?

Like Mr. Greeley, we positively refuse to sit up a night with the Union, or to run a single block with the Union-saving machine.

Mr. Banks may say "Let the Union slide," but the Union don't want to slide, and wont under any possible circumstances slide, not even to please Mr. Slidell.

General Jackson, blessings on him!—said,—

The Union shall be preserved  
As long as my arm is nerved,

which is mighty good sense though it may be very bad poetry; and we, in humble imitation of the old hero, say—

The Union shall be preserved,  
As long as our paper is served.

So the best thing the Union-savers can do is to subscribe to VANITY FAIR, which hereby promises to laugh all the Disunionists out of countenance, and to take the Union henceforth, and, till further notice, under its wide-spread and protecting wings.

The only hope the Disunionists have is in keeping serious themselves, making other people serious, and thus getting seriously treated.

Alas and alack, the moment men become serious they become knavish. The merchants know this, and never trust a serious man on any terms.

Fun keeps everything straight except the human countenance and when that is straight, it is because everything else is crooked.

The one great panacea for social and political evils is mirth. Hence, the two most powerful reform papers in the world are *Punch* and *Charivari*.

Men won't be bullied and can't stand being laughed at—politicians least of anybody. Get the grinners against them, and they are gone. A good joker in Washington, just now, would set Congress right in a week. If the people would pay us a good commission—say fifty per cent. and extras—we would go there ourselves and save the whole concern.

As it is, all we can do is to flood the Capitol with VANITY FAIRS, so that when an honorable member ventures to utter any of his lugubrious nonsense he will be treated like a raving and incomprehensible maniac. For we are resolved that this melancholy discussion about Ossa-what's-his-name and the Union that has been going on in Congress for the last fortnight shall be ridiculed down. We wont stand it any longer. It disturbs the temper, interferes with trade, deranges the digestive organs, and makes men as bad as husbands, fathers, sweethearts and what not, as they are as politicians.

And this wont do. So we shall see at once that every honorable M. C. sells his revolver and arms himself with a loaded copy of VANITY FAIR—holding himself ready to discharge it, point blank, at any demagogue who shall dare by so much as a look to disturb the good feeling of the country.



THE WEBSTER STATUE AFTER A DESIGN BY  
MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

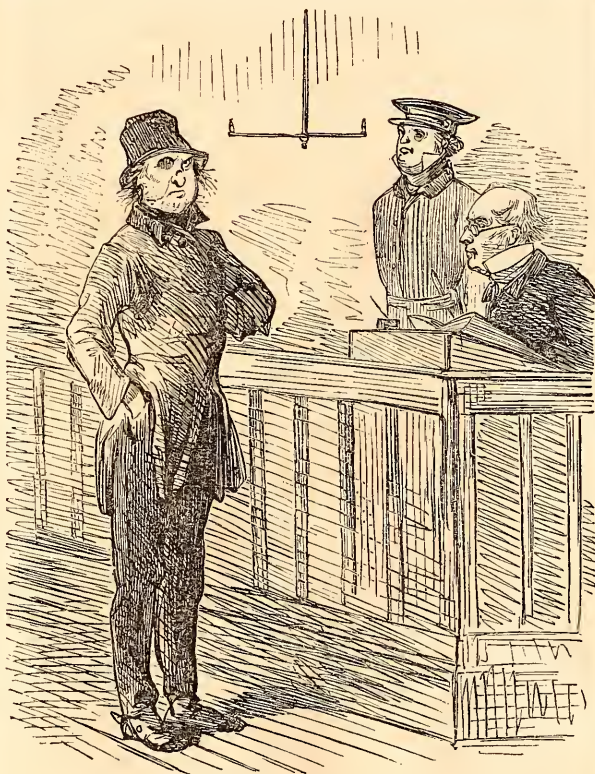
In this sense, and in this sense only, VANITY FAIR will be a political paper. And if, in pursuing its mirthful and patriotic career, it finds occasion to ridicule distinguished dignitaries—we trust that it will not be brought up for contempt of Court, for in that case it will be obliged to reply, after the fashion of the illustrious Sam Weller, that it is verily sorry to make them ere honorables contemptible, but it really cannot help it.

Con.

If Mr. Helper is the author of the "Impending Crisis," who is the author of the Crisis of 1857?

[Answers should be sent in in time for our next issue.]





## DIGNITY.

MAGISTRATE.—Now, then, what's your name?

GENTLEMAN (*whose slumbers in the Park have been interrupted*).—Excuse me; I should prefer to remain incog.

## THE TRIBUNE ON TOMBS.

The *Tribune* having exhausted itself on this style of thing



rushes into a mellifluous, but maudlin moan over a monument. The *Tribune* discovers "a plain antique granite slab" on the south side of Trinity tower, which records the birth and death of one Withamus de Marisco, giving further information, in terse but incoherent latin that deceased was "of a noble ancestry on the mother's side." Hereupon the *Tribune* man strikes his best Hamlet attitude and apostrophizes the improperly epigrammatic tombstone in the following fashion:—

"And is this all the history, O granite, thou hast to show of him whose name thou bearest? Can'st tell us nothing of what Withamus de Marisco was, and did, and suffered, during the forty five years of his existence? What country gave him birth—in search of what fortunes came he to the New World—what blue or black-eyed girl became his wife—what children bore his name—what brave ships he freighted—what honors were his—can'st tell us nothing of all these? It seemeth not: yet there was one golden drop that tinged his veins—one reflection that was the pole-star and anchor of his life-voyage. Died he poor or rich, he was, in the technical sense of the word, a gentleman—"nobly-descended on his paternal grandmother's side." King, duke, earl, or marquis, may his paternal great-grandfather have been. This was the one conclusion and grand result of his existence. And the memory of it cheered even the weeping friends who inscribed it on his tomb-stone."

If Churchyards were modelled after the *Tribune* idea, what a trade the stone-cutters would drive! Tombstones would have to be published in numbers, and Smith's biography in marble might be continued through several months and more than one Cemetery. Greenwood would afford pleasant reading in the summer season, and the patent safe men, that haunt its silent slopes, would have an

## III. F.

Not with the streaming banner o'er his head,  
Stemming the bloody current of the fight,  
With blast of Trumpet sounding Victory!  
Fell our great Leader; bearing down with him  
The ruin of an Empire, and a Name.  
Not with the malisons of widowed hearts  
Pressing him heavily down; nor orphans' tears  
Flooding his crowned career of hate and wrong,  
Onward into the deep abyssm of Crime,  
(Feared and accursed,) went forth his Christian Soul,  
But with a world wide sob from every heart  
That reverences the noble and the true,  
Hymning him to his rest, he laid him down,  
While Thought's great Empire for a moment paused.

W. A. S.

## Save Him from His Friends.

Alderman Brady argues in Common Council that the salary of Dr. Rollins, the Water Purveyor, should be raised to \$2,500 a year, in order that the incumbent may enjoy the same priveleges as other office holders nowadays, namely, that of "keeping fast horses and fast women." If Dr. Rollins desire to shine in the community he had better, whatever else he may keep, get rid of such "fast" friends as his Aldermanic advocate.

## To the Victors, etc.

CONSIDERING the importance attached, every year, to the distribution of governmental provisions in the form of Loaves and Fishes, may we not reasonably expect the campaign of 1860 to result in a Provisional Government?

additional inducement to hold forth to visitors. "Have you read the last monument?" would take the place of the worn out society question of "Have you read the last number of the Virginians?" and "To be continued in our next" would come directly after "requiescat in pace".

We really don't know what fault the *Tribune* man has to find with the modest tomb of Withamus. We are not aware that the literature of the grave is usually so extensive as to enter into all the details of the "body's" private life. How would the *Tribune* man like to have his epitaph written in somewhat this style,—

HERE LIES

JOHN JENKINS.

REPORTER FOR THE *Tribune* NEWSPAPER,

Who was Born First of April, 1872,

And Died, First of April, 1859.

He came of poor but honest parents, and his first start in life was made as a bar-keeper at Delmonico's. At the age of twenty-two he married Sarah, twelfth daughter of the well known Smith. This lady was five feet, two inches in height, had auburn not to say red hair, and was fond of pie. Mr. Jenkins thought that Thackeray's "Pendennis" was his best novel, and was also in the habit of visiting Hoboken on Sundays. His usual table drink was beer.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

© The second number of VANITY FAIR will be issued Wednesday, January 4th, 1860, and thereafter regularly every Wednesday.





## UNACCOUNTABLE EFFECT OF NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

HUSBAND.—Carbimum see's! my 'pinion carbimum see's an' coffee berry's all humbug—hic!—don't take the smell ousser your breath bit. Here I've nearly made myself sick—hic!—eatin' almos' half peck, and bless 'if my wife did'n know I'd been drinking d'reckly she kiss' me—hic!

## TOO LITTLE MURRAY AND TOO MUCH MILLER.

We shed no tears over the retirement of Mayor Tiemann. Bad grammar and bad jokes alone distinguished the closing days of his administration. There is reason to hope that his successor, whatever he may or may not do, will avoid with some care the violent and unprovoked assaults upon the English tongue, and the exhumation of decomposed witticisms, which characterized the late ruler of the City Hall. Mr. Wood never uttered such a heart-rending phrase as—“Every American feels to flow through his heart the saying of Andrew Jackson in times like the present particularly that ‘this Union must and shall be preserved.’” Moreover, if he should, at any time, be called upon to rebuke the sibilant disorders of a public assemblage, as Mr. Tiemann was at the Political Union Academy Meeting over which he presided the other night, he would not do it in anything like Mr. Tiemann's way, which was this:—

“If anybody hisses here, remember everybody has their peculiar way of expressing themselves, and as some birds only understand hissing, so will they hiss.”

Mr. O'Connor, who spoke immediately after the utterance of this antique jest, traced it with the greatest ease back to the Garden of Eden. The most melancholly circumstance in the whole affair is, that the audience upheld Mr. Tiemann. The *Herald* says “applause” followed his remark. The *Tribune* has it—“loud applause.” And some journals have declared that this was an intelligent meeting. Of course it was nothing of the sort. An intelligent meeting would have groaned, or, perhaps, wept aloud. Mr. Wood must not encourage such things. If he ever has occasion for an epitaph, as in the natural order of events it is possible he may, his friends ought to be able to write that “he was Mayor of New York, and consequently much reviled and persecuted of men; but throughout his public life, his nominatives were true to their verbs, and he resisted the temptations of Joe Miller.”

## The Real Philosopher's Stone.

Some philanthropic gentlemen advertise in the *Herald* that “an opportunity to save money” may be taken advantage of by purchasing from them “glass views of Paris, Italy, Egypt, Germany, and Switzerland.” How to save money and spend it at the same time, is a question which has long agitated all classes of society. The public will please to understand that it may be done by buying the glass views of the gentlemen alluded to;—and so transparent, we may say, are their views, that everybody can see through them at a glance.

## The Admonition of the Custom-House.

Due—Your Duty.

## GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

The U. S. Congress profits by the example of Mr. Bonner. The *Ledger* system of advertising is now pursued at the Capitol with admirable exactness. Attractive announcements of interesting publications all over the country are every day put forward, with the same excessive length, and the same eternity of repetition—one line modelling the whole—as those with which Mr. Bonner has won for himself an undying glory. The only point of difference is, that while the *Ledger* advertisements are generally double-leaded as to space, those of the honorable members are only double-leaded as to weight. Especially is this the case with—

Mr. Farnsworth of Illinois, who advertises the *Richmond Enquirer*;

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, who advertises the *Washington Constitution*;

Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, who advertises the *N. Y. Tribune*;

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, who advertises the *Kansas Herald of Freedom*;

Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, who does double duty, advertising the *N. Y. Tribune* and the *Cincinnati Commercial*;

Mr. Haskin, of New York, who appears to be a general agent, promoting the interests of the *Washington Constitution*, the *N. Y. Herald*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and other periodicals; and

Mr. Larrabee, of Wisconsin, who advertises the *Milwaukee Free Democrat*, and a variety of other remote journals.

This may be strictly Constitutional, and as it is uncommonly tedious, we presume it is. But it is likely to intrude seriously upon the business of the regular advertising agencies, which ought to be secure from such interference. We hope no honorable gentleman will volunteer to assist, in this manner, the circulation of *VANITY FAIR*. There are degradations too deep for endurance.

## A Hearing for Both Sides.

WHAT THE SEX THINK OF THEMSELVES.—I would not be a man for then I must marry a woman.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montague*.

WHAT WE THINK OF THE SEX.—I would not be a woman for then I could not love her.—*Michel Montaigne*.

What have you to complain of, my dears?

A HORRID MAN.

## Oh, Hush!

That raving and incomprehensible champion of Science, Art and Glue, Peter Cooper, has established in his stately “Institute” a Reading-Room, in which are posted notices prohibiting conversation—yet, the person in charge is a woman. Which will be ‘broke’ first, the rule or the female?

## Give Him His Due.

In a recent speech at Cooper's Institute, an enthusiastic gentleman expressed great envy of “the glorious fate of the martyred Coppie.” This sentiment shows a strong resemblance between fanaticism and in editorial office: in both, a Certain Personage is always crying for more Coppie!

AFTER his recent Parisian orgies, in what condition will John Mitchell return to this country?

He will come Bac-chan-alian.

## A Party Hack.

The *Times* calls the Corporation Attorney an “Old Stager,” meaning, we presume, a Bus'steed.

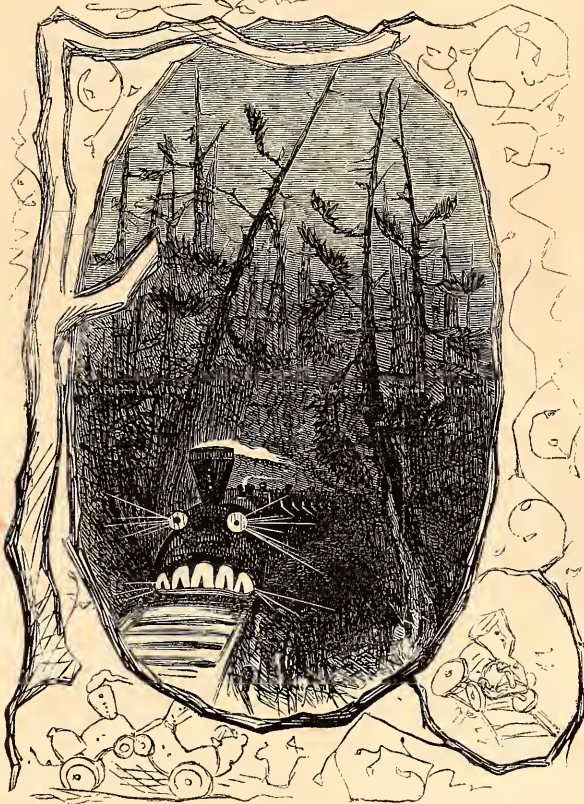
## Who Killed Brown's Men?

White Chokers.

Ullmann's Greatest Delicacy of the Season.  
Patti de Foyer Gras.



## SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.



Fast through the sombre pine forests I flash,  
Pounding the track with monotonous crash;  
Lighting the gloom with a comet-like glare,  
Thrilling with noises unearthly the air;  
Startling the turkey and coon from their sleep—  
Mighty with motion resistless I sweep.

Bong! bong!

Smashing along!

I lighten my road with a bit of a song!

Oh! I can sing, though of iron my throat,  
And discordant my wild supernatural note!  
And the song that I sing is of danger and dread.  
The midnight collision, the quivering dead;  
The power imperial that nothing can stay;  
The myriad of perils that lurk by the way.

Bong! bong!

Crashing along!

I shorten the road with a bit of a song!

Ho! there, old stoker, who think you control  
This iron-ribbed animal, body and soul;  
Why, one pant of my lungs, and one heave of my flank  
Would flash you down yonder precipitous bank;  
So don't be too proud of your muscle and bones—  
For sixty feet down, there are horrible stones!

Ding! dong!

Bumping along!

Don't think that I'm singing your funeral song!

For I know that behind me I carry a treasure,  
And it thrills through my nerves with a singular pleasure.  
There the bride by her newly-wed husband reposes,  
And the bronze of his cheek is faint flushed by her roses;  
And the pale mother sits with her babe at her bosom,  
Like a lily that just has unfolded a blossom.

Bong! bong!

Gently along!

Soft as the winds of the Summer my song!

But hang all this sentiment! I am a steed  
That lives on the wild inspiration of speed;

I feed upon distance, I grapple with space,  
My soul is a furnace—my life is a race;  
The long prairie shakes with my thunderous tread,  
And my dissonance curdles the air overhead;

Bong! bong!

Madly along

The mountains I split with reverberant song!

Yet sometimes I think when I'm housed for the night,  
I may live to behold the decay of my might;  
For not far from my stable I often behold  
A decrepit old Loco, once gallant and bold;  
Now his piston is gouty, his boiler is "bust,"  
And the gold of his harness is eaten with rust.

Ding! dong!

Rotting so long,

With never a mouthful of coals, nor a song!

Oh! better to die in the hour of my pride,  
Far better to perish in tunnel or tide!—  
Ha! what red light is this that's advancing amain?  
'Tis my railway returning—the haughty down train!  
Clear the track! I'm upon ye! Hurrah! what a smash!  
There, old fellow, I think I have settled your hash—

Bong! bong!

Slowly along!

I'm rather too crippled to finish my song!

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

John Brown of Ossawatimie was hung by Henry Wise of Virginia for invading the South, at the head of twenty-two men, in order to carry out his peculiar views regarding the Peculiar Institution.

Although Wise claimed to have done this act with the intention of making an example of Brown, we confess that we did not expect to see him follow that example so promptly. The following extract from his speech before the seceding Southern Sawbones will explain our meaning and his intentions:

If I can get one hundred men—aye, or ten men—to follow me, whether the Legislature authorizes it or not, I will go North, and if the Southern people are the men of purpose, the men of will, the men of moral power I take them to be, then, rather than let this Union be dissolved, they will drive into Canada every black republican, every abolitionist, every Northern disunionist!

It will be seen by this that Henry Wise is only an imitation of John Brown, although a braver man—wanting, indeed, less than half of Brown's army to accomplish twice as much.

We have not time to explain to Wise the danger he would be in, if he ventured into our hemp-growing districts as Brown ventured into the cotton-growing regions of the South; but, should we, this side of Mason and Dixon's Line, be disturbed with Wise and Warfare, he will speedily find out the Why's and Wherefore.

## An Imperial Joke.

The Emperor intends going through with a regular course of Topography, at Compiegne, shortly, in order to renew his knowledge of that science in all its branches.—[Paris Cor. of a daily paper.]

We have private information (from our Own Correspondent and Secret Emissary) that the Emperor does this merely for an opportunity of saying:

I am Monarch of all I Survey!

## Theory of Casts.

Many theatres are calling public attention to their remarkable casts. Look upon them, and you will discover that in most cases the casts are all in your eye.

## Woe on Wheels.

There is no such thing as getting credit in an omnibus; you always have to "pay up."

## By the Way.

Is the new Broadway pavement as good as it is Cracked Up to be?

## Popular Ingredients for a Bowery Drama.

Mots and Lies.

## A Dew Bill.

The early bird's beak.

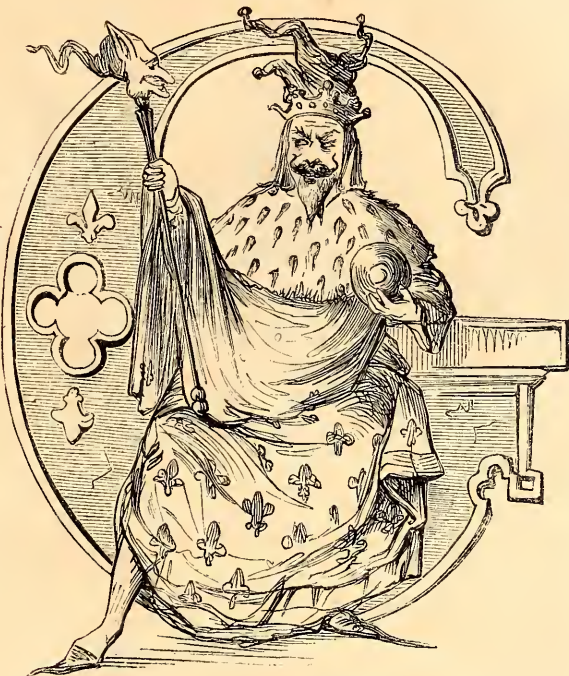
## The Game of the Edinburgh Brewer.

Hop Scotch.



## The Jester Touchstone.

TO THE GREAT WORLD'S "VANITY FAIR."



### REETING :

BE IT KNOWN unto all and several, of whatsoever name or nature, kith or kidney, mark or likelihood, belonging to, or assembled in, and about VANITY FAIR, from the crowned mummer, rustling in velvet robes, and rich in transitory tinsel, to the wayside mendicant fluttering in premeditated raggedness.

TO ALL MOUNTEBANKS AND MASQUERS, of every phase and character, be they "Stage Players," "Merry Andrews," "Jack Puddings," "Jugglers," "Puppet Movers," "Thimble Riggers," "Fire-Eaters," "Wonder-Mongers," "Monster-Makers," "Cheap Johns," "Peter Funks," "Fortune-Tellers," and all other dealers in Miscellaneous Humbug, that we, TOUCHSTONE, THE JESTER, by our own free will and consent, and in pursuance of the author-

ity to us belonging, do hereby constitute ourSELF Sole and Absolute Controller, Regulator, Supervisor, Director, Serutinizer, Admonisher, Arbitrator, Adjudicator, Decider of Difficulties, Rewarder of Merit and Punisher of Misdoing, Grand Master of the Revels and Supreme High Court of Authority, from which there is NO APPEAL.

### REGULATIONS OF THE FAIR.

#### Concerning the Spectators.

1. THE SPECTATORS, for whose especial delectation, amusement and instruction the GREAT FAIR is holden, will, in all cases, comport themselves in a seemly manner, bearing in mind that they, being component parts of the whole, may, at any time, be called upon to contribute their share in the general entertainment.

2. THEY, THE SPECTATORS, are expected to applaud as lustily as they please, all that jumps with their individual or collective humor, but on no account to express disapproval, for good manners must be conserved, even at the expense of freedom of speech.

3. AND FURTHERMORE, they, the spectators, inasmuch as thought is fatiguing, and subtle analysis tedious, and it being manifest that they are altogether incapable of judging for themselves, are required to hold in tender regard and implicit reverence, all and every OPINION, DECREE, or JUDGEMENT uttered and delivered by TOUCHSTONE THE JESTER and, moreover—as in every enlightened Kingdom, no subject dares to censure or applaud until Royalty give the signal—wait deferentially for our dictation.

4. AND ALSO, for the better understanding of their duties, Socially, Personally, Privily and Publicly, it is absolutely essential that they, the Spectators, do provide themselves with a record of Our Immutable Decrees which will be issued in printed form, weekly, for their especial guidance and improvement.

#### Concerning the Show Folk.

1. TAKE NOTICE—That no demoralizing or humanity-degrading Exhibition of whatsoever kind or description, shall, in anywise be suffered to appear, without instant and severe punishment being administered to the Inventors and Conductors.

2. LIKEWISE, That all underhand-dealers, trap-setters, and all practitioners of deception generally, will, on discovery, be placed at once in the Public Pillory as a warning and example to all secret evil-workers.

3. ALSO, That no outside shams will be permitted. But all live Giants or Dwarfs, Fat Women and Living Skeletons, likewise all Enormous Serpents and Snakes, Singing Oysters and accomplished Ichthyology, must correspond with their canvass delineations.

4. IN ADDITION to which, all lying advertisements, show-cards and announce bills, preliminary Puffs and Posters, descriptive of Imaginary excellence and depictive of fictitious attractions, will be submitted to a rigid scrutiny, and denounced accordingly.

5. MOREOVER, Should any Mountebank Exhibitor or Stage-play maker, of his own knowledge or ability, design, produce or publish in anywise, a popular idea, he shall have a patent right thereto, and it shall be deemed felonious for one of his craft to appropriate the same, or any portion thereof.

6. AND WHOSOEVER disturbs the quiet of the Fair, in any manner, either from simple foolishness, stark lunacy, the thirst for notoriety, or in obedience to the dictates of a nefarious ambition, shall render himself liable to the application of our lash, to be indefinitely laid on.

LIKEWISE, No Exhibitor, Mountebank, etc., etc., will be permitted to deface, abuse, or in any shape injure his neighbor's booth or show-place, nor shall he make impertinent or imi-

tating remarks on their shape, shade or quality, whether they be black or white, grey-striped, or parti-colored, cotton or calico, every man's sign, flag, or banner must be respected, and all busy intermeddlers and self-constituted reformers, quelled substantially.

AND FINALLY Should one or more Public Journals presume to controvert our opinion, arraign our judgement, or in the remotest degree, derogate from our constituted authority, it, or they, will receive

### "THE FIRST WARNING."

And so ye Players upon the Stage of Life, from Star to Supernumerary, Kings, Courtiers, Common people, Queens, Countesses and Chambermaids, ponder upon these wise, just and necessary rules, so that ye may be enabled to "act well your part" not having the excuse of ignorance to escape from the consequences of dereliction.

This is the edict of

**Touchstone.**

### SPIRITUAL AND SPIRITUOUS.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times that we have observed for a long while, is the increasing piety of the House of Representatives, as evinced in their expressed desire to celebrate Christmas for religious motives. The Honorable Gentlemen showed a thirst for godliness and egg-nog that was exceedingly refreshing—almost as refreshing, indeed, to the Dear Public, who paid their money when they made their choice, as the egg-nog was to the Honorable Gentlemen themselves. To be sure, it costs a good deal of money, when the Honorable Gentlemen all take a day for religious and aleoholic exercises, but we should consider how important the salvation of an Honorable Gentleman is, compared with saving the Union. It is evident that Our Representatives have been reading their Bibles diligently, and we judge that they have practically applied one of its texts—the twenty-fourth verse of the tenth chapter of the first book of Corinthians:

Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.

### Gough vs. Fowler.

The Temperance Cause must be on the decline in this city: there have never been so many Mails supported by lamp-posts before.

### Sensible.

The return of the Southern Medical Students in view of the great approaching Dissolution.

Why the Great Balloon didn't go up last Fall.

Because it was intended to keep Lowe this winter.

The Rule by which Mlle. Patti secures Her Troop of Followers.

"Suites to the sweet."

A Classical Text for the Southern Students.

Facilis descensus Savannah.

A Dressing-Case.

Bean Brummel.

A Cool Proceeding.

Driven Snow.



## L'Amour.

(AFTER MICHELET.)



1. Mills being "blown up" from one mouth.



2. Homoeopathically seeks care from another.



3. But, being interrupted, explains his domestic affliction to a literary friend. Asks advice.



4. Must read "L'Amour." His only hope.



5. The book is bought. A profound idea seizes him



6. "Yes—Woman is a weak, frail creature."



7. "Strong man, the protector of her helplessness."



8. Resolves to be "Michelet" to the letter.



9. Gives sample of his new conjugal love.





10. "She must not overwork her weak frame."



11. He must remove all obstacles to her constancy.



12. Keeps guard over her appetite.



13. Must humor her peevishness.



14. Time for authority. "Woman, retire!"



15. The "woman" retires.

#### ADVICE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT CONGRESS.

PLACE not your faith in brute force and revolvers; if you wish the Union to be well off, Governmentally, you must Govern Mentally.

Correct and discountenance all Dissolute habits; there is too much Dissolution talked already.

Dispense with bad laws, and Dispense wise ones.

Mileage is a Damage to the country.

Do not seek to pry into your neighbor's faults too keenly; Congressional and Confessional are not synonyms.

Never be anxious to take the floor, to the exclusion of others; most of you have worked so hard for your Seats, it is a pity you should not keep them.

Yet do not be too inactive; a very good Position may often be gained by Opposition.

Write your speeches carefully; pay more attention to their Constituent Parts, and less to your Party Constituents.

Have nothing to do with those who are



16. The last chapter.

Loafing about and Fishing for office; all they want, is a chance at the Loaves and Fishes.

Take a strong position, and stick to it; the House of Representatives, alas! is rarely a house of Representative Men.

Avoid all needlessly exciting discussions; politically speaking, Harper's Ferry may lead to the Other Side of Jordan.

Look with contempt upon bribery; it is a felony to Pass Bad Bills for Gold.

#### Verdi or Verdancy?

*La Traviata*, we know, has been denounced in some quarters as an immoral Opera, but a Musical Critic lately capped the climax of absurdity by declaring that the music itself was immodest! We really don't see what we are going to do about it, unless we adopt the ideas of those muffs who object to the nude in art, and muffle the naked boldness of the composition throughout. If then, O, critic! Verdi should consent to remodel his Opera, how many fig-leaves do you require to a note?





MORE SECESSION.

DISTINGUISHED SOUTHERN BURGLAR.—Sing Sing has become a hotbed of Abolition. Southern talent should patronize Southern Institutions. Let us go.

## THE MESSAGE MADE EASY.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS :

Our gratitude is due,  
I beg you'll meet, at least, *that* obligation,  
For having been so safely carried through  
So many an impending tribulation ;  
I must confess, though—between me and you,  
We don't deserve such Special ministration.

I'm not inclined to give you in detail  
The sad occurrences at HARPER'S FERRY ;  
But I do hope the North and South won't fail  
All animosities henceforth to bury,  
Advice which comes from (though it *may* be  
stale)

The heart of an Old Public Function-erry.  
That there's a flux and reflux, too, reflect,  
In men's opinions ; and Old Time no stay  
knows,  
But changes so, one even might expect  
Corn, vines and olives, on burnt-out volca-  
noes ;  
Thus, in my mind, will pass away, the sect—  
—ional excitement that our present day  
knows.

But still it is our duty to denounce  
All those, who, for their selfish aggrandize-  
ment,  
Subversive, abstract doctrines, mixed with  
"bounce"

And treason, preach, by way of advertise-  
ment,  
Such wordy warriors we'll have to trounce,  
But not exactly as bold GOVERNOR WISE  
meant.

In Territories, I am pleased to say,  
Our Supreme Court the right has well as-  
signed to

All Southerners, their goods to take away,  
Including slaves, wherever they are  
"gwine to ;"  
But when it comes in as a State, it may  
Be free, or not, just as it has a mind to.\*

Of "Slave Trade" openings Public Rumor's  
full,  
But errs most singularly in its figures ;  
In fact, it is "All cry and little wool,"  
Got up by party-scheming thimble-riggers.  
I'll have no barbarous, benighted Cool—  
—ies brought here to demoralize our nig-  
gers.†

The world has made considerable fuss  
About that same "Peculiar Institution,"  
Forgetting, for the initiative with us  
Was taken, to effect its diminution  
Illegally.—But that we shan't discuss,  
For all right minds will give us absolu-  
tion.‡

From China, I have heard that Mr. Ward,  
—Who travelled cooped up in a queer cou-  
pe—  
With French and English in complete accord  
To trade, for us has opened out a way ;  
While just to keep our pluck up I have ord—  
—Ered SNUBBRICK to pitch into Paraguay.

With all the various nations we remain  
On terms of peace and friendly recognition,  
But our accounts with Mexico and Spain  
Are not in satisfactory condition :  
They're in our debt, and—but I shall refrain  
From saying *how* they'll have to make re-  
mission.§

The CLAYTON-BULWER treaty is delayed,  
But in a few years more will be adjusted.

Brave SCOTT I sent to San Juan, afraid  
That head-strong HARNEY wasn't to be  
trusted ;  
Where he so much diplomacy displayed,  
His old ambitions are brought out and  
dusted.

Regretting Mexico's distracted state,  
A helping hand I think we ought to ren-  
der,  
By raising forts, and, ere it be too late,  
Upon her frontier armed assistance tender ;  
To link with us would be a better fate,  
Than torn to pieces by each new preten-  
der.||

The Postal service is not paid for yet,  
But our finances are as clear as *may* be ;  
For, tho' my predecessors made them sweat,  
There's a small balance ;—To conclude, our  
baby  
Cities' interests pray don't forget,  
For it has serious claims on you and—J. B.

\* "J. B. is sly, sir—devilish sly !" but don't imagine  
for an instant this clause is meant to take the wind out  
of Douglas's sails : he didn't intend any such thing,  
sir, J. B. didn't.

† "J. B. knows a thing or two !" but let it not be  
thought this observation is intended to influence South-  
ern votes ; oh, no ! not at all.

‡ "J. B. is rough and tough, sir !" but he wouldn't  
serve another Term for the universe ; therefore, this  
paragraph must not be construed into a bid for North-  
ern Capital—not a bit of it.

§ "J. B. is wide awake, he is !" This can't surely  
be considered an annexation bait for the Manifest Des-  
tinarians—oh dear, no !

|| Ditto to last. "J. B. is an old Campaigner, sir ;  
rough and tough is old J. B.—and devilish sly !"



[JANUARY 7, 1860.]

# VANITY FAIR.



## THE BEWILDERED OLD WOMAN.

MRS. J. B.—“SAKES ALIVE! I KNOW NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST—NO NOTHING! AND WHO ON EARTH'S GOING TO TAKE THIS PLAGUY MESSAGE?”





## BRITISH STRAITS AND IRISH CHANNELS.



REMBLE, British Lion! Let every hair of the mighty mane of that animal which has ruled the mighty main so long stand on end with fear.

The terrible and illustrious John Mitchell is in Paris, putting spurs upon the Gallic cock and inciting him to combat. Sly dog that he is, he wishes to set France and England fighting in order that he may slip in and steal the Hibernian bone. He is doubtless every day in close consultation with "the nephew of his uncle," planning a resuscitation of that famous plan of invasion. Covered as he is with the laurels of the Irish revolution, Mitchell cannot fail to impress favorably the hero of the *coup d'etat*.

But the astute Mitcheen, not content with inciting armed interference with affairs in England, is endeavoring to sap her commerce. In a letter to a paper in this city entitled the *Irish News*, he suggests the establishment of a line of steamers between Cork and Cherbourg. This is intended to deprive England of the bliss of the presence of Irish travellers during the journey from Holyhead to Dover. This is cruel. What will the English railroads and the English hotels do without the annual perquisite of Irish Captains flying from their creditors, and *en route* to the hospitable shores of Gaul? Will not the Saxon chambermaid pine after the boisterous gallantry of the Celt? London tailors will doubtless incline towards suicide at the mere thought of losing their best customers. The prospect for Britannia is frightful, and if the scheme should be realized, we should not be surprised if the Bank of England suspended.

But this is not all. The politic John suggests that by the establishment of this French and Irish steam line, other advantages would accrue. In case of a war with England, for instance, young Irishmen might cross over directly, and shed a new lustre on the Imperial Eagles. Timothy O'Rooney, Esquire, formerly a small attorney, then a writer for the *Nation*, then a convict, then a breaker of his word of honor, and now a sneaking adventurer, might ship for Cherbourg, enlist in the Imperial Guard, and after having sacked the Tower of London and killed the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Cardigan, and the Lord Mayor in a terrific combat of three in Trafalgar Square, eventually die Marshall of France, and Duke of Albion. What a glorious prospect for those young Irish gentlemen, who, with sublime contempt for industry, spend their time in snipe shooting and hanging round the paternal stables! what a calamity for Britain to lose their valuable services!

There was once a poor savage monarch of some obscure island in the Pacific Ocean, who, on being visited by the officers of an English man-of-war, and discovered in all his poverty and nudity, said to the captain with ludicrous dignity, "Do they talk much about me in England?" Now Mr. John Mitchell, this seedy sovereign of an uncivilized and fortunately limited party, seems to have an equally exalted opinion of his personal consequence. We have no doubt that when he fulminates his manifestoes in his Parisian garret, he thinks he is moving the continent of Europe. How badly the South must feel, now that this wise politician and experienced warrior has deserted its hospitable soil.

## Musical Intelligence.

We understand that the author of that delicious ballad "The Morning is Sweet on the Mountain," is engaged on a work of much greater importance, entitled, "William is sweet on his Betsy Jane."

## Putting it in the Bill.

A Broad-street merchant on being informed, the other day, that he had broken one of the Commandments, replied: "Never mind; charge it to Breakage."

## PROVOCATIONS OF THE PROMENADE.

Builders generally, who have employment on Broadway, seem to have a supreme contempt for the law, and for the comfort of their fellow-men. They delight in taking up flag-stones, above every other pleasure, so that one would think that they paved their way to fortune by unpaving Broadway. Before they lay a block of stone for a building, they unlay the stone for a block on the sidewalks, and the geological beds that they make, although constructed of marble, granite, and rubbish, are decidedly of the trap formation. Their scaffolds are as dangerous as those of Jack-Ketch; and staging was safer in England in Dick Turpin's time than the staging erected by the Broadway builders.

In brief, this nuisance has become so palpable, that, in walking from Tenth-street to the Park, we almost wish for an Emperor, or other autocrat, to put his foot down that not another foot should come up—to curb these malicious designs against the curb-stones—and to decisively terminate these truly un-flagging labors of destruction. Whatever standards these contractors may rally around, we say, "Down with the flags!"

## A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT MEN.

BY A FEMALE VICTIM.

I.

Men are straightly ruled by the laws of compensation. Those who have brains, have no credit with their tailor; those who have credit with their tailor have no brains.

II.

To a woman, truth is what she feels; to a man, truth is "exactly the sort of thing."

III.

A man with a carbuncle on his countenance, is, perhaps, rare; but a man without pimples is impossible.

IV.

The only perfect man a woman ever knows, is the dry-goods importer.

V.

Men never consider the sensibility of anybody's corns—except their own.

VI.

All intimate friendships among men have tobacco for their basis, and always exist between those who indulge in the same tap—they can take their tods together.

VII.

Show me a woman who is hooped, corsetted, small-bonnetted, to the last verge of extravagance, and I will show you a woman adored by men.

VIII.

Men hate to have their apartments "cleaned out," so does the housemaid—and I don't wonder.

## Profane o'my Conscience.

Sheridan says "Damns have had their day." That may be, but at a certain Theatre in this city they "come out pretty strong" every night.

## Disgraceful.

The Senator from Ohio claims precedence for his State over that of New Jersey. He must have forgotten the familiar phrase "Pearls before Swine."

## Con. for Amateur Violinists.

What is the most important point in amateur violin-playing? Stopping!

## The difference between an M.D. and a D.D.

One preaches and the other practices.

## Sectional and Dissectional.

MOTTO FOR THE STAMPEDING STUDENTS.—"Cut and run."

## Republican Rally.

Great cry and a little wool.

## A Brown Study

Wendell Phillips' Library.









## FIENDISH.

Ha ha! The wretch! He has blighted my hopes, robbed me of my property, and desolated my hearth! Hope, wealth, honor, all gone—but I will be revenged. Ha, ha! H-a—a-h!!! I will give his little boy a tin horn! Ha—Ha-a-a!!!

## JONATHAN TO EUGENIE.

You Queen—d'ye know w'at you're a-doin'  
By whoppin' raound so in your dress?—  
Why, look at the etarnal reuiin  
Inflicted onto brother Jess:

He manifer'ed springs for skirts,  
And did a stroke o' biz'ness, teeco;  
But the last o' your confaunded flirts  
Hes turned his steel almighty bletie.

He'd sell the lot for 'baout a quatter,  
And take it aout in rope, at that;  
He says, "Confaound Etügen, —dod rot her!—  
She's jest upset my kittle o'fat!"

And there is cousin Zilthy Jane,  
Who gins right up and strychnine swallers,  
And yells and squirms and dies in pain  
Whilst owin' more'n a hundred dollars.

She hed a shop all full o' skirts  
But couldn't sell not darned a one:  
The only customers was squirts  
That courted of her gals for fun.

And there's Rebecky,—what to dew  
The pesky gal'd like to know;  
She's taller'n dad; and Oh, Je-heu!  
How crinoline does help, below!

Inside the umbreller thing, the tyke  
Is daownright pooty, you kin bet:  
Collapse the thing, and she's jest like  
A real umbreller w'en it's shet!

She's kind o' on the fence, I guess,  
Jes' naow; for every other mornin',  
Though naterally fond of dress  
She faints afore she's threough adornin'.

Rebecky's mind's uncommon strong;  
And naow and then she kind o' hints  
She'd rether like to hear, 'fore long,  
You 'd got another likely Prince.

That is, not *quite*, you know, Etügen,  
But so'thin like a right smart chance;  
If not, she swaps her crinoline  
For Woman's Rights and Bloomer pants.

Jest think o' that all-ternative!  
I won't say nothin' more abaout it.  
Ef it was sure, I'd hate to live,  
But knowin' her, I'm free to daoubt it.

And naow, Etügen—good-lookin' Queen!—  
Afore you shave so closet to natur',  
Remember Bec', and don't be mean,—  
Jest put it off a *leele* later!

## A WISE SUGGESTION.

THE irrepressible students, whose hegira from Philadelphia has brought desolation to the milliners' shops, and stricken terror to the tailors' benches of that city, have paid the penalty of their rashness. On arriving at Richmond, they were subjected, for two hours, to Governor Wise, who operated upon them in a manner calculated to teach them, as medical practitioners, how to make the best use of their patience. Governor Wise's oratory seems to rise from a perennial fountain—a sort of boiling spring, valuable for aperient purposes, though not over attractive or wholesome as a regular tippie. Or it is like the famous wooden leg of Mynheer von Clam, by which its owner was perpetually carried away, out of all reasonable bounds, and finally brought to ignominious destruction. That the Governor never sleeps, the world was long ago informed; and how he finds time to take his food, it is difficult to imagine, unless, indeed, he eats his words as he utters them—which the evil-minded declare he is apt to do. The Governor's facility in detecting opportunities for rhetorical display is astonishing. He has already produced the Romance of the Oyster Fundum. It will not be long before no Southern hen can issue an egg without evoking from him an eloquent defence of her virtue, and an elaborate argument on the principles of maternity. For the sake of humanity, as well as for his own, we venture a suggestion that may possibly ameliorate the condition of Southern listeners, and still enable Mr. Wise to preserve his *amour propre*. Having by this time exhausted all possible and impossible topics, and covered every earthly point of discussion at least knee deep with ponderous thought, he would do well to cause the speeches of his life to be collected, and published in some hundreds of volumes. And then, when called upon to utter public sentiments, an easy and graceful, and brief, as well as comprehensive means of expression would be open to him. When popularly understood, as it soon would come to be, nothing could be clearer or more elegant. We might fancy the Richmond newspaper reports of public meetings to read somewhat thus:—

"After the dissolution of the Union had been impressively pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Firecta, Gov. Wise was introduced and received with a tumult of applause. The Gov. spoke thus:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, Volume One Hundred and Sixty-Seven, page Thirty-Three, et seq.' These sentiments were enthusiastically welcomed, and produced a profound impression. The meeting then adjourned, with a feeling that the popular heart had been touched, and the temper of the community fully expressed, by the Governor's judicious and well-timed remarks."

In this manner, all parties will be likely to be satisfied, and the ancient proverb will be pleasingly varied thus:—

"A word from the Wise is sufficient."

## The Other Side of the Question.

Though schoolmasters, according to a popular superstition, teach the young idea how to shoot, Paterfamilias, we have observed, always has to Pay the Shot.

## Sharp.

Peregrine, the great traveller, says that the reason the Arabs are so distinguished for personal grace, is that they have a perfect knowledge of Schmetary.

## The Seat of Disease.

An invalid's chair.



## THE SONG OF THE SOUTHERN SAWBONES.

I'm a student—a medical student—  
 And one of the F. F. V's.,  
 And so,  
 You know,  
 I shall have to go,  
 (In order to get my *quid pro quo*.)  
 From these Universi-ties :  
 For I can't stand your Abolition—  
 Drs. Luckett and McGuire  
 Have said that my position  
 Was enough to excite the ire  
 Of all of the F. F. V's.,  
 So I'm forced to go,  
 As you very well know,  
 From these Universi-ties :  
 'Tis true that my tuition  
 Is paid, and that I can become  
 A vastly better physician  
 At the North, than I can at home ;  
 But still, as Drs. McGuire  
 And Luckett say we must depart,  
 I would go through water and fire,  
 Through political filth and mire,  
 For the home of my birth and my heart !

I'm a student—a medical student—  
 One of the F. F. V's.,  
 So I have to go  
 —And I have to blow—  
 I have paid, you know,  
 My *quid pro quo*—  
 Just where these two M.D's.,  
 Drs. Luckett and McGuire,  
 May happen to desire,  
 In short, wherever they please :  
 The South gives us lectures gratis—  
 Glad to have us at whatever price—  
 There'll be quite a Jam—*Jam satis*—  
 In that medical paradise,  
 Which, under the Southern heaven,  
 For us flings open its portals,  
 And kneads a political leaven  
 To leaven the dough-faced mortals  
 Who cannot see  
 How it happens to be,  
 That Dr. McGuire  
 And Luckett, M. D.,  
 Can stir up a flame of sectional fire  
 In the breast of an F. F. V.

Then down with the Northern college !  
 Though its teachings are very fine,  
 And there isn't much medical knowledge  
 In that glorious home of mine,  
 Which lies t'other side of the boundary  
 Called Mason and Dixon's Line !  
 We did intend that our stampede  
 Should be (as it should have been)  
 In a body, but our intentions  
 Unfortunately have caved in ;  
 And, instead of the whole two hundred,  
 We are only a slim seventeen !  
 But as I am a medical student,  
 And one of the F. F. V's.,  
 I feel it a solemn duty  
 That every Southerner sees,  
 To go,  
 You know,  
 For my *quid pro quo*,  
 From these Universi-ties !

## Paradoxical.

Whoever is compelled to pass that odorous institution, the Robinson-street live-stock market, must be struck with the absurdity of calling oxen, cows, etc., "Neat Cattle."

A CORRESPONDENT is anxious that VANITY FAIR shall not overlook local politics. We hasten to assure him that all of our engravings for next week will be upon Wood.

The worst possible Solution of the Problem.  
 Dis-solution.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The *Evening Post*, in its editorial columns, lately puffed the wares of sundry gentlemen in the clothing line (we didn't say clothes line), one of whom is saddled with the following : "Mr. —'s motto is 'Excelsior,' which he interprets so as to read '*the best ready-made clothing*.'" This strikes us as being rather a free translation, quite on the *multum in parvo* order—though very convenient and *apropos* for the trade. We suppose, after the same manner, Mr. Windust extracts from his "*Nunquam non paratus*," "All kinds of game in season—orders for private parties promptly and satisfactorily attended to;" while the patriotic "*E Pluribus Unum*" of other caterers may be rendered equivalent to "Oysters on the half-shell ; families supplied by the quart, hundred, or thousand."

But this is not all. We would respectfully call the attention of Members of Congress (and especially of Senator Foote) to the above, so that hereafter, when "stumping" their respective districts, they may employ some other style of rhetorical flourish, lest there be among the audience, some stray tailor or hotel-keeper to accuse them of stealing his thunder.

## Something for the Marines.

When Mr. James says, "Maud Clarendon's hair lay in brown waves on her forehead," may we not infer that Maud is afflicted with water on the brain?

## How to Preserve the Union.

Keep it in good Spirits.



THE EXTRAORDINARY AND TERRIBLE MANNER IN WHICH THE SOUTHERN STUDENT GOT HIS BACK UP.





THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

## GROG AND GOVERNMENT.

The charmingly social and unconventional proceedings of Extra-Billy Smith and others, in the House of Representatives, during the famous egg-nog session, have found, it seems, a worthy counterpart in the Kentucky Legislature. There was a "Breckenridge Festival," at Frankfort, recently, which is described, by a correspondent of the *Louisville Journal*, as being "a perfect saturnalia." Vice-President Breckenridge was there; Governor Magoffin was there; Lieutenant-Governor Porter was there; Ex-Governor Meriwether was there; Judges of the High Court were there, and many other magnates, all of whom hob-nobbed, says our authority, "with people who would be considered savages elsewhere." But all are fishes—and loaves—that come to the political net, and as the affair was "a free blow," it was of course expected that the Dear Public, and the bell-wethers (and Meriwethers) who lead the Dear Public by the nose, should get very drunk indeed.

The next morning, the Legislature convened. "There was a good deal of fun in the House"—as much, perhaps, as during the egg-nog session of Congress. The *Journal's* correspondent says: "John O. Harrison located himself on a sofa in the lobby, and slept sweetly and innocently as an infant. A resolution was passed (introduced by Mr. Armstrong, of Hardin), providing for the initiation of all the members into the Sons of Malta. The member from Fleming had a motion to introduce creature comforts. Governor Meriwether had his dinner sent him. Various gentlemen had their pocket-flasks filled," etc., etc.

How charming! How easy and gracious those chivalric Kentucky legislators can be! With what pride and respect must their constituents regard them! We are delighted to see this growing tendency toward good-fellowship and sociality among our law-givers, and hope that the day may come, ere long, when, if a knotty question arise in Congress, instead of arguing and quarrelling over it, the Honorable Gentlemen will send for a few baskets of champagne, and all get gloriously tight together, independent of party or politics.

What a beautiful sight it would be, to see a Grow and a Branch, or a Davis and a Porter, lying down together, side by side, like the Scriptural lamb and lion—or like Mr. John O. Harrison—to sleep "sweetly and innocently as an infant!" By all means, let this vinous millennium come as quickly as possible. Let bottles be substituted for ballots—let V. O. P. take the place of V. O. T. E.—let treats supplant treaties, and let the Honorable Gentlemen treat every good Resolution—let calls to order be considered as calls to order drinks, and in fine, let us avoid the terrible example of the Republic of Rome, by vigorously upholding the Republic of Rum!

## Putting His House in Order.

The *Herald* says:

"An Imperial decree in the 'Bulletin des Lois' opens an extraordinary credit of 140,000 francs, for the expenses of repairing the old residence of Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon I., at St. Helena, and the appropriation of other parts of the domain of the Val Napoleon."

This is a commendably prudent measure. Napoleon I. having suffered many inconveniences, when he was "sent up to the Island," his Nephew takes pains to have everything made comfortable against the time when, in following the Footsteps of his Uncle, he will be obliged to Make Tracks for St. Helena.

## Query.

Is Sleepy Hollow a Yawning gulf or a mere Gape in the mountain?

## VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

[Mr. Glossbrenner has already advanced large sums of money to the members, and says he is prepared so to do to the extent of \$200,000 if necessary.]

Chink, chink,  
Clicketty click!  
Out of the pocket,  
Or out of the box  
Which GLOSSBRENNER locks  
—But has to unlock it  
To furnish the rocks  
In advance  
To the Members who chance  
To play Jeremy Diddler  
And keep up the dance,  
While Glossbrenner kindly shells out to the  
fiddler!

Chink, chink.  
Clicketty click!  
Comes the glittering gold,  
Bright and cold—  
And 'tis very well known  
—At all events, I know—  
GLOSSBRENNER alone  
Can furnish the "tin,"  
The "needful," the "rhino,"  
The "soap," and the "brads,"  
The root of all sin,  
To these rollicking, jolly Congressional lads,  
Whose labors they've hardly begun to  
begin.

But lending  
Them money.  
Is almost as funny  
As spending.  
—Indeed, but the act  
Has powerful charms,  
That's a fact—  
For GLOSSBRENNER wants to be Ser-  
geant-at-arms!  
And when they have spent  
The cash he has lent,  
They've got to elect him,  
'Twon't do to reject him,  
Lest he  
Should be  
Too keen for his three  
Per cent, say, a month, or as some  
have told me,  
A still higher figure of flat usury!

Chink, chink,  
Clicketty click!  
Let me ask where,  
If I dare,  
Does GLOSSBRENNER get all his money to spare,  
That lending appears to confer such a plea-  
sure?  
Is he somebody's heir,  
Or has he  
Got the key  
Of that coffer that we  
Are taxed to replenish—the National Treas-  
ure?

## What if Wood could?

Mayor Wood calls loudly for the inauguration of the "One Man Power." If granted in his case, we fear it would soon degenerate into a One Horse Power.

## Armæ virumque, etc.

Every one has observed the remarkable slenderness of leg in the Frenchman generally. It can only be accounted for, we think, by his disposition to Fly to Arms on the most trivial provocation.

Did Nebuchadnezzar go to grass in the hey-day of his youth?



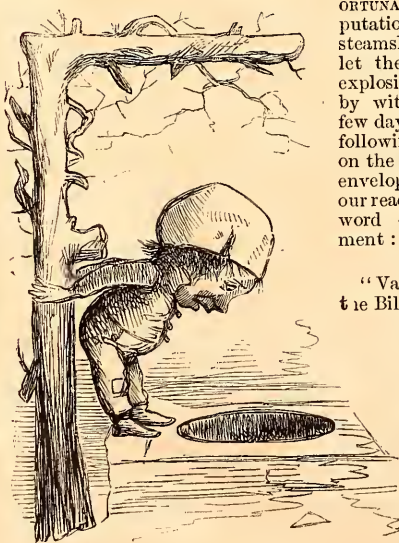


## PRUDENCE.

AUTHOR OF HIS BEING.—Well, Georgy, how did you pass your New Years?

GEORGY.—First ratc, Pa. Mc and Johnny Howland made calls together; he mixed his liquors—the goose—of course with the usual consequences, but I stuck to Sherry, and feel like bricks this morning.

## AN HONORABLE EXPLANATION.



ORTUNATELY for their own reputation, the owners of the steamship Grenada have not let the circumstance of the explosion of that steamer go by without explanation. A few days ago we received the following Statement, written on the greasy back of an old envelope, and we give it to our readers *verbatim*, without a word of impertinent comment:

## STATEMENT

"Vanty Fare, Sir We oan tie Biler that Bustid onto the steamer Grenada dec 31 & nockt Flanigan a considerbel Distans the Kerners inkwest lies Berbick Swoar it wont But 1-16 of an inch thick ive Measured the plait & i kin Swair it was 3-32 of an inch it Wontyousd But 6 yere it had a flaw & was considerbel Rusty it was a

valubel Biler & Now its Nothink But oald irn wuth penny a pound Seker Sed as Much Perry Sed it Wont Bad for a 6 yere oald Biler Cuffer Corobertid Flanigan Wood hev dide in Few yere he Bein oald he was a Irishman Weve Lost on the Biler We coodent Be a Maikin a new Biler every yere Perry examind it Cum and Look at it Wen New it Wood Bair 130 pound of coars it got Wors in 6 yere its a grait Damig to us ther Was 2 much Stene onto it Cocran Donno We pacht it Bilers air hard things to Manig tri us agin (5-16 of an inch Wen New) Not enuf Watter into it Weve Lost Byit.

"OANERS."

## An Even Thing.

When an Englishman is in luck he talks of seeing palmy days, and a Frenchman, who has a stroke of good fortune may, with equal propriety, *s'y pamer d'aïse*, also.

## Very Unjust.

Two Democratic politicians undertook to settle their differences by the shortest method, and were very unjustly interrupted by the law. Mr. Edward C. Malloy, who, at the late Charter Election, was defeated in his aspirations for the office of Alderman of the Twelfth District, made up his mind that his discomfiture was brought about by Mr. John Irwin. With this harrowing his mind, and perhaps his stomach, Giant Malloy set forth, and soon found Irwin, into whom he straightway pitched, and desperately attempted to cut up, but was stopped before he had more than time to take an ear, a bit of the nose, and just the least taste out of Irwin's mouth. He was arrested, and very unjustly held in \$2,000 bail, for which same, Councilman Castello was his surety. We protest heartily against any interference with Giant Malloy. He will be found, if let alone, the most useful man in town. Wherever a politician is troublesome, put Malloy at him, and let him be eaten, body, bones and breeches. By keeping Malloy's stomach full, in this way, he will be kept out of other mischief, and so long as he feeds on none but his own race, there will be no harm done. It may be with this intention that Councilman Castello has taken him in charge.

## "Dog Sure."

You can always tell of the approach of a man who keeps a dog, by the appearance of his Fore-Runner.

## Dana in For It.

Mr. Dana, in his epistolary altercation with Robert E. Randall, Esq., of Philadelphia, has the following beautiful specimen of "English undeified":—

\*\*\*\* "Permit me, however, to observe that it is universally known who is the editor of the *Tribune* and that it is another man than ME. \*\*\*\*

This is taking the ground of personal neutrality with a vengeance. However, we hope IT will engender no further words on the matter.

## Birds that Can sing and Won't Sing.

Those Congressmen who announce themselves ready to vote as soon as the House is organized, yet who help to protract disorganization by saying nothing persistently, should be sent home to their mammas at once, and efficient men put in their places. Perhaps the Mutability thus shown, might effectually surprise the Mute Ability these gentlemen exhibit.

## No Wonder.

Every person who crosses Broadway, during this horrible, slippery season of mud, snow, mire and water, is exceedingly likely to Pitch Into the slush.

## Throwing the Tub to the Whale.

Since Holiday week, the dry-goods retailers, like the mariners of Jonah's ship, Sink their Profit rather than shorten their Sales.

## Bad for the Union Doctors.

The violent Brown-chial affection, so prevalent a few weeks since in some portions of the North, seems to be rapidly abating.

WHEN may a butler of the olden time be said to have discharged his master?

When he gave him the Sack.

## "Alas! for the Rarity."

The critics who correct, might be as useful, but are as rare as the doctors who cure.

## Newsboy's Exclamation on New Year's Day.

Oh! '60.





NECESSITAS NON HABET LEOS.

## POOR LA-MAR!

Come, good folks, hasten one and all,  
And listen to my ditty,  
'Tis all about a Wanderer  
From famed Savannah city.  
This Wanderer was under ban,  
For such a cause, now, hark ye,  
'Twas nothing more nor less than fan—  
—Cying too much native darkey.  
With his Mar, Mar, Mar,  
Fol de rol de riddle, riddle—And La-mar.

One day this Wanderer stepped out,  
And Lamar stood aghast, Sirs!  
He chased the rascal out to sea,  
But—Ah! she was too fast, Sirs!  
Then Marshal and Attorney went  
And added up the figures,  
And thought it best they shouldn't ment—  
—Ion not a word of niggers.  
To this Mar, Mar, Mar,  
Fol de rol de riddle, riddle—To La-mar.

But sad result of all the fun,  
One day at Boston town, Sirs,  
This Wanderer came sneaking in,  
And hauled her colors down, Sirs!  
This time, the wolf, with ugly rub,  
Had wiped out all those figures,  
And brought Lamar a load of troub—  
—Lc, but no native niggers.  
For its Mar, Mar, Mar,  
Fol de rol, de riddle, riddle—Oh, La-mar!

## Warehouse Poetry.

A Model Advertisement-Writer in the *Herald* calls the Sewing Machine "a swift-fingered sister of love and charity." Let us hereafter speak of the Cooking-Range only as the warm-hearted minister to appetite and contentment; of the Daguerreotype Apparatus as the bright-faced reflector of beauty and worth, and, among other ingenious mechanical productions, of the Model Advertisement-Writer as the soft-headed distributor of mellifluous Soap.

## Laws o' Mercy!

The ordinances against Cruelty to Animals.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Lest our readers should not be able to find them elsewhere, we take pains to produce a few of the public opinions called forth by the opening number of *VANITY FAIR* :—

Opinion of the *Courier and Enquirer* :

"Some years ago, we were strolling in one of the most celebrated streets in London, when our shoulder was familiarly tapped and our name pronounced aloud. We turned, and beheld the late lamented Douglas Jerrold, whose honest smile beamed cordially upon us, and whose hospitable hand pointed to a neighboring chop-house, into which he induced us to accompany him. We perceived that something appeared to oppress him, but it was only over the third mug of ale that he unbosomed himself to us. 'General,' said he, looking earnestly into our eye, 'you are the only man of your own or any other country who knows anything about the true manner of conducting a comic paper.' He then requested our advice concerning the most judicious course to be pursued by the witty periodical called *Punch*, which we readily gave him; and it is perhaps proper to say here that since that time, *Punch* has steadily advanced in public favor. We refer to this incident to show that our opinion on the subject of comic papers has been deemed of some value by those in whose judgment the world is willing to confide; yet the managers of the new publication called *VANITY FAIR* did not think it worth their while to consult with us before starting in their new enterprise. We are willing to say, however, that the first number is as sprightly and entertaining as, under these circumstances, could be expected; and we shall not permit any personal feeling to interfere with our wishes for its success."

Opinion of the *Herald* :

"An obscure and ignorant sheet, which mistakes coarseness for wit, makes a blasphemous proposition that the reading of the *Herald* shall be substituted for the morning prayer in Congress. This weak and blasphemous publication attempts to furnish vivacious reading for the people of New-York. It will not do. The *Herald* now circulates upwards of three hundred thousand copies, and is laughed at more every day than this impudent periodical can be in a year. So much for the obscure and ignorant sheet called *VANITY FAIR*."

Opinion of the *Journal of Commerce* :

"We have seen the first number of a new paper called *VANITY FAIR*. From a careful examination of its contents, we are led to infer that its object is satirical, and its tone pure and moral. We are free to say that if less levity were displayed in its columns, it would be of a somewhat graver character than it is; although, on the other hand, if it were conducted in a spirit of deeper seriousness, it would not probably be so jocose as we now find it. We are disposed to say, frankly, of this new publication, that if it meet with the full favor of the conservative and other portions of the community, its success is more than probable."

Opinion of the *Times* :

"The main merit of this new paper is that it gives incessant nudges in the ribs of mirth with innumerable elbows formed by the sympathy of youth. Thus, if, from the opening page, we follow up the course of *VANITY FAIR*, we shall find countless elbows formed by the elbows of the regular army of its contributors. It is parallel with the times. We find it coming fleetly up on all questions likely to attract attention. It is both swift and deep, and can pass its way in the face of a thousand perils. *VANITY FAIR* is strong in its circle of fortifications."

Opinion of the *Tribune* :

"The withering blight of America—its fatal deficiency of protective sentiment—is ever freshly apparent. We look to Europe for art, manufactures, brains—all of which may be found in greater quantity and superior quality at home. American productions rivaling the finest creations of genius abroad have repeatedly arisen, only to be cruelly crushed. Hence the disadvantages which wait malevolent upon the birth of every literary or artistic enterprise. If the new paper, *VANITY FAIR*, is to succeed, it must be in the face of national oppression and national blindness. We think, nevertheless, that its merits will secure its triumph. Momus-like, it darts ceaseless spray of humor. It gathers gleams from the ever pregnant Empyrean of wit, and shoots them forth with sparkling brilliancy. Its shafts possess the duplicate force of text and illustration, harmoniously intertwined. It shows fine distinctions. The delicate intangibilities of humor yield to no rude hand. For flashing epigram, and clear-cut, Damascus-blade-like keenness, we have not its superior to look to."

## A new Feature in Art.

Solomon's Temple.



## The Adventures of Adolphus and Amelia at Central Park.



1. Adolphus acceding at last to Amelia's wish to visit Central Park, carries the convenience a mile, with pleasure.



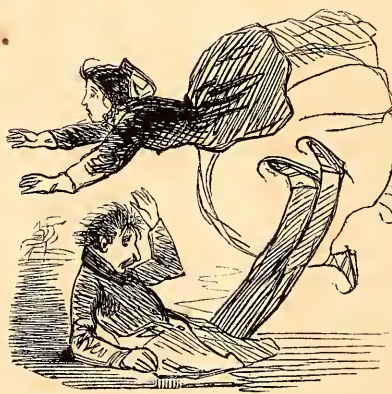
2. He arranges her skate,



3. And reverses.



4. Exhilarating effect of her first effort upon Adolphus.



5. She goes forward admirably,



6. And backward beautifully.



7. At last, to his great relief, she skates.



8. At the first favorable opportunity she goes in—an air-hole.—Where is Adolphus?



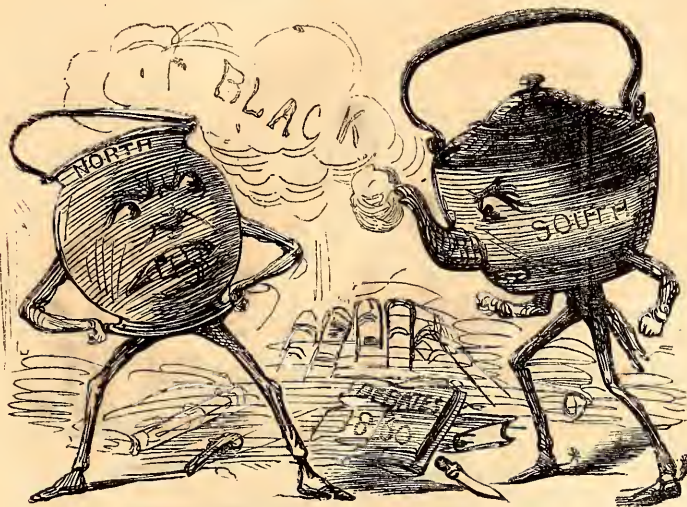
9. They return home, having had quite enough of Central Park.



## E PLURIBUS UNION.

BY OUR POPULAR POET.

"No North, No South,"—No Nonsense.



It must be very funny, I imagine, for a stranger,  
To see the folks who fancy that the Union is in danger—  
To hear them splurge and speechify, and make a mighty pother  
On the question whether CUFFEE is a Brute, or Man and Brother.

With their bow, wow, wow!

Hurrah for Union-Saving and for bow wow, wow!

The Black Republicans have talked much more than they had ought to,  
While cooling off their heated brains with cogniac and water;  
The F. F. V's., who praise The Bird and Yankee Doodle Dandy,  
Have mostly drawn their eloquence from water mixed with brandy,  
And from bow, wow, wow!

There's nought like good old cogniac for bow, wow, wow!

The North insists the Union shall be blown up on the minute,  
When any newly-entered State shall have a slave within it;  
The South declares (and terrifies, thereby, the Union-Savers),  
That she in peace again must be allowed to sail her slavers.

With their bow, wow, wow!

Hurrah for North and South, and for their bow, wow, wow!

The Union-Savers, scared by hints of sabre, shot, and shako,  
Are trembling for the cash they make on cotton and tobacco;  
They do not seem to comprehend their actual positions  
And that Civil War is only Capital for Politicians,

With their bow, wow, wow!

Hurrah for Politicians and for bow, wow, wow!

I'll tell you what they ought to do, if you'll excuse the Poet,  
If Dissolution is the game, both parties ought to go it.  
And when the thing is fairly done, the consequence is plain, sir,  
You'll laugh to see how hard they'll work to patch it up again, sir.

With their bow, wow, wow!

The Union will not *stay* Dissolved, for bow, wow, wow!

## Hypnotism in the House.

The medical savans of Paris are all agog about Hypnotism, a new anæsthetic process. It consists in "placing a brilliant object before the patient's eyes, close enough to make him squint, and letting him look at it until he falls into a deep sleep, resembling catalepsy," during which, any surgical operation may be painlessly performed.

What a splendid excuse for those Members of Congress who sleep through all the speeches! With such a "brilliant object" as Extra-Billy Smith before their eyes, they can hardly help being hypnotized into the profoundest of slumbers, and though they do some awful squinting, they are quite unconscious of any cutting and slashing they may undergo. There is danger, however, of over-doing the thing. In the House of Representatives, for instance, catalepsy seems to be painfully common,—at least, we observe that when any one of these brilliant objects appears before the eyes of his peers, he gives them all the worst kind of Fits.

## The Domestic Squall.

The jealousy existing in our "family of States" is doubtless owing to the Black Amours of some of its fair daughters. Their elder sisters deem them quite too fond of their Sam-Beaux.

## A Point Settled.

The Editors and Contributors of VANITY FAIR, congratulate their brethren of the quill through the length and breadth of the land, that so important a question as the responsibility of the journalist, has at length been solved, by Mr. Charles A. Dana of the New-York Tribune. Mr. Dana in his general appreciation of all such as differ with him in opinion, saw fit to designate Mr. Robert E. Randall of Philadelphia, "a blackguard." As Mr. Randall was not ambitious of the title, he naturally wished to undeceive this editor. Editor declines being undeceived, but on Mr. Randall's persisting, the editor again declines from the fact that he has not had an introduction to Mr. Randall, and that Mr. Randall does not punctuate his letter, and spells sulking with a C. We think Dana is right, and shall adopt the plan. Hereafter, should we feel it necessary to fling our pen at any gentleman of whom we know nothing, and call him a thief, a murderer or a traitor, we shall decline to hear evidence to the contrary until the offender is introduced to us by the Mayor, Chief of Police and six responsible citizens. If, on opening a correspondence with him to that end, and afterward we find a misspelled word or a badly constructed sentence, we shall then drop the whole affair, and entirely cease to interfere with it. The rights of the press must not be trampled on.

## The Two Oracles.

The *Courrier des Etats-Unis*—a journal printed in one of the dead languages—says that, on New-Year's day, Napoleon III. said to Baron Hübnér these words:

"I regret that my relations with the Emperor of Austria are not so amicable as heretofore."

The raving and incomprehensible editor adds:

"These words have an immense reverberation, not only in Europe, but also in America. The war in Italy, from that day, seems decided."

This is indeed oracular!—But we can assure Napoleon that he is not alone in that line of business. We have just heard of a parallel speech by Governor Wise, which will have an "immense reverberation," too, not only in America, but in New-Jersey also. Sitting at breakfast on the morning of the 4th inst., the Governor remarked to his lady:

"This coffee is unsettled; we must have some fish-skin tomorrow."

The evident allusion to the unsettled state of the Union, and the problematic use of the word "fish-skin"—plainly referring to the influence of New-England, the seat of the fishing interest—show clearly that Governor Wise can do the reverberation style of thing as well as Napoleon. The war in Congress, from that day, seems decided!

## Mightier than he thought Himself.

A correspondent in Philadelphia writes us that the Hon. Thomas B. Florence, in his election placards, styles himself the Widow's Friend. Our correspondent, suggests that Mr. F.'s public career entitles him more properly to the appellation of the Widow's Mite.

## Wise and Witty.

[A correspondent, referring to the paraphrased proverb in our last issue, "A Word from the Wise is sufficient," begs to know what that word is.]

'Tis asked, "what word that WISE might utter, would

Be satisfactory to all that heard,"

We wish to have it plainly understood

There's but one word for WISE, and—Mum's the Word!

## Et tu Brute?

A friend suggests that we ought to do something for the Omnibus Horse, in VANITY FAIR. It is true this sore and abused animal has always been popular with paragraphists, but really, the Russ pavement has become so slippery that he is no longer a Standing Subject.



## The Ups and Downs of Faro in Washington.



BEFORE THE ELECTION OF THE SPEAKER.

FARO DEALER.—Slow work this, Jim?

LOOKER-OUT.—Yes, confound these Congressmen; I wish they'd hurry up and elect a Speaker; they can't draw any pay until they do, and we haven't seen one of 'em here for a month.

## JONATHAN'S IDEES.

I wish I was Member o' Congress,  
And set in the Ha'ouse where they jaw;  
I'd keep the boys at it forever,  
And wouldn't make nary a law.

I'd git abaout three thousan' dollar  
For sakk'in', the hull winter through;  
And the Kedentry'd gain by the bargain—  
Accordin' to Jess, and dad teoo.

It's all understood by the fellers,—  
They blow to protect Uncle Sam;  
But for dimes, Number One, and the lobby,  
The patriots know it's all flam.

By Gosh! how they dose us with party!  
They can't even stop for a nip!  
But they don't vote for Gardner or Galphin,  
And so, Uncle Sam, let 'em nip!

O'Blarney J. Branch understands it,  
And so does Galetushy A. Grow;  
And what they hain't lairned on the subjick,  
It ain't no great shakes for to know.

Says Branch one fine day to Galetushy,  
"Galetushy," says he, "I'm surprised  
At that motion o' yourn 'baout the postage—  
It ain't quite the thing, I'm advised."

So Galetushy, he pricks up his ears—  
It's mighty small prickin' they'll bear—  
And says he to the fire-eatin' Southern,  
"O'Blarney J. Branch, you take care!"



AFTER THE ELECTION OF THE SPEAKER.

[An Interruption of Congressional Cash.]

DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS COUNTRY'S INTERESTS.—Now then, old boy, out with your "chips," let's have a game!

"Oh, ho!" says the bloody O'Blarney,  
All wickedly winkin' his eye,  
"Hes the seat o' your pants got some rips in!"  
Says Galetushy, "I won't stoop to reply!"

He was sore onto that little toptic,  
And said, while he showed his consaarn,  
"No gentleman talks on sech subjicks  
Whilst a-hevin so much for to laarn."

Then Branch he pitched in, and they went it  
An all-fired long while, nip 'n' tuck;  
And Branch showed a gen'us for blowin',  
While Grow waan't behind him in pluck.

They jawed till they gin aabout o' paowder,  
Then Branch he sot daown for to write;  
And he saassed aour Galetushy on paper,  
And dared him to come out and fight.

But Galetushy, he feared God, law, and pistols,  
And so the smart eus he kep' in;  
And O'Blarney he printed the letters,  
And the Ha'ouse went to blowin' ag'in.

Oh, I wish I was Member o' Congress,  
And set in the Ha'ouse where they jaw,  
I'd keep the boys at it forever,  
And wouldn't make nary a law!

Oyez.

Much as we would regret to hear that Governor Wise had lost his Voice, we should be highly delighted to learn that he was Speechless.



[JANUARY 14, 1860.

VANITY FAIR.



THE ACQUISITIVE BOY,

WHO BLUBBERED BECAUSE HIS FINGERS COULD NOT BE ADMITTED INTO ALL THE MUNICIPAL PIES.







## THE SLAVE OF THE HOUSE.



ANY persons suppose the Inquisition to have ceased to exist. They are an ill-advised body. That organized system of torment, in its concentrated and virulent type, has ceased to exist; but the spirit of the thing, in a mild but universal form, thrives ever in the shape of the first class brown stone and basement house, high stoop, with all the modern improvements.

I know a young man, now a resident

of Bedlam, who was driven into that kingdom by the cruel treatment of a House. He had been for some years in Paris, where he had learned all manner of pleasant, cheerful, and natural habits. On returning to this city, he took up his abode in the residence of his sister-in-law, under the ensnaring promise that he should find there every comfort of home, in the bosom of his family.

Alas, me! How soon he found that the House was a merciless Juggernaut, before which he was obliged to throw himself down each day, and be crushed by its thousand-wheeled system of inexorable rules.

Filippo, that was the victim's name, worshipped the Sun as a great sanitary monarch, and so, in the matter of getting up, followed that monarch—at a very respectful distance. But the impious House defied the solar sovereign, and gave forth its relentless fiat—breakfast at seven in winter. So while the earth was still wrapped in its ghastly blue mantle of daylight, while a thousand reeking dews and exhalations breathed out poison to the air, Filippo crawled shivering from his bed, and thence down to a breakfast for which he had no appetite at that demoniac hour.

After this cheerful meal, Filippo fain would have smoked a cigar, for, as his business did not claim him until twelve, there was at least four hours to be disposed of. Here, again, the House set its elephant's foot on his neck. Smoking anywhere in the body of the House, could only be equalled in its effects by a juvenile earthquake. The House, with its delicate nerves, would, in a fit of sneezing, have burst its cerements, and then —. It was not necessary to urge this upon him, for he meekly felt that tobacco out of his own room was impossible.

His room did not seem exactly built with a convivial view. It was on the fourth story, a North room, without a fireplace, and the thermometer standing two degrees below zero. However, by means of putting on two overcoats and a shawl, by borrowing the blankets and counterpane from the bed to envelop his legs, and with his aunt's flannel petticoat and her muff on his head, he was enabled to have a pretty comfortable time, considering—considering Sir John Franklin.

Little by little the dreadful tyranny of the House was unfolded to his mind. Dinner was just at the most uncomfortable hour. At eleven o'clock at night the doors of this prison were barred and bolted. Filippo was passionately fond of the theatre, but he must either sneak away ere the crisis of the play was worked out, or risk the ringing of the bell of his domicile, in which latter case he was kept out in the snow, an hour or so for private meditation, and then obliged to face an enraged and dangerous housemaid.

Poor Filippo! Sunday was the toppling point of his anguish. He was of an extremely domestic turn, and loved to spend that day at home in an atmosphere of pipes and newspapers. But first of all, the piety, the morality, the social standing of the House demanded that the neighbors, who were supposed to be keenly watching its deportment, should see him go to church at least once each Sunday. And he went.

Newspapers were not allowed in the parlors, they were said to make a litter. Filippo, who loved children, and was particularly

attached to the baby, begged that he might occasionally bring her into the parlor, but, of course, his request was denied. There was no telling what mischief her little fingers might do. Filippo felt that the baby was the only human being in the establishment. All the rest of them marched their life through in a funeral procession, before the muffled drum of the House.

One Sunday, while sitting in the best parlor, it occurred to Filippo that while that room was extremely desolate, a warm sea of rich sunlight was rippling its glory against the closed and curtained windows. Acting on this suggestion he threw open the windows, and in tumbled a whole torrent of sun-splendor, to inundate with its bright waves, the grim majesty of the room. Hardly was this accomplished, when the entrance and remonstrance of his sister taught him that even the sunshine of heaven must not visit the House's cheek too roughly. Besides, the sun might fade its curtains. He gave a patient look around the room, and finding that all the furniture in it was equally under the iron rule, he bowed his head like a lamb and submitted. He saw that the House's chairs and sofas, though of a rich material, could not be seen, they were covered up with a cold and hideous linen cloth. That its mirrors, gas-fixtures, etc., though of the extreme elegance, could not be seen either, for the impenetrable, saffron-hued tarleton that enveloped them.

He sat down in a straight-backed chair—he had been warned against using the cushioned ones—and leaned his head back in dejection. Then and there his sister took occasion to tell him that his manner of sitting in her chairs was extremely painful to her. Leaning on the backs of the chairs rubbed off their gilding, dropping his hands tarnished their sides, and his habit of resting his heels firmly on the carpet gave a depression to the velvety nap of the same.

He meekly obeyed her as she spoke, sitting with his toes slightly touching the ground, his hands in a distorted clasp on his knees, and his spine bullied into self-support, rigidly and awfully upright.

From that moment Reason began to totter on its throne. He wandered about the House a mild and harmless idiot, the sport of the housemaids, the compassion of the children, the contempt of the heads of the family. His habits, his heart, his spirits were all broken.

Oh, gentle youth! thou wert not strong enough to bear the torture of custom. Regularity and punctiliousness have murdered thy peace. No more shalt thou whistle at the office, weep with enthusiasm at the opera, nor shall thy name ever more be set over sweet verses in the *Weekly Honeysuckle*!

Oh, gentlest of hearts, sweetest of tenor voices, most gallant of beaux! where art thou now?—treading the halls of Bloomingdale. Waiting for the time when thou shalt find rest in that Mansion, whose floors are paved with gold, that the world's idol and king may be trodden under foot, where the soul triumphs over fashion, where the perfectness of life blots out the rasping demands of rule and convention, and the only roof and walls is the pure, grand blue heaven of the gods.

## What do you think?

An aphorism-maker says, "The most frequent cause of celibacy among women is their being neither rich nor poor enough to get married."

We should have said that the most frequent cause of celibacy among women is their not being married at all.

## Turning over a New Leaf.

The *Tribune* of the 4th inst. protests against the extravagant salaries drawn by the Pages at Albany. If these unlucky Pages are cut by Greeley, they may as well take their Leaves, for are they not Bound Outside?

## A Short Road to Riches.

Take passage on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and if you arrive safely at the end of your journey you may consider yourself Well Off.

## The present Style of Ladies' Dress.

The Low and Behold style.

## Rotation in Office.

MAYOR WOOD'S MOTTO JUST NOW.—Sweet are the uses of diversity.

## Vinous.

If old wine is good, is Elder wine better?



## HELP! HELP! HELP!



most amiable lady of our acquaintance has asked our aid in a delicate matter—nothing less than an exertion of diplomacy and negotiation, that she may obtain *help*. In other words, as our grandmothers would have spoken it, she wants to hire a servant. We have concluded to advertise, and having called in the aid of all the most delicate literary scribes, who are also *housekeepers*, we trust that we shall find favor among the ladies who are about to engage a mistress with this application:

HELP WANTED.—By a lady—whose husband obtains his meals away from home, and who would only give trouble by being present in the evening and very early in the morning, and whose children

are boarded out,—a young lady to take entire charge of the domestic department. She can have her afternoons, evenings and Sundays to herself, with unlimited privileges for gentlemen's society in the kitchen. In that apartment are rocking-chairs and lounges, with a choice library of works of fiction. The beds are given out to make, the scrubbing is done by special contract, and the lady of the house cleans her own pots and washes her own dishes. She will also, if agreeable to the one who takes the situation, instruct her in the piano and guitar, with Italian and singing. Wages no object. Young ladies of the Hibernian nation would be preferred, especially those who come fresh from the green hills of Erin. Applications will receive immediate attention. Address, Laura Matilda, care of this Paper.

## Cool!

The *Herald* of the 1st inst., alluding to the fact that a negro was frozen to death in Brooklyn, says, "Southern Slaves are not permitted to suffer in this manner." We never heard of a negro's freezing to death down South, except in one instance, but then ice was forwarded from the North expressly for the purpose. The *Herald's* veracity, reliability, etc., however, must have weight: we venture to agree with the *Herald*.

## "Less than Kind."

"It is currently reported that our Star Millionaire permits a relative, whose name is Wolf, to remain in extremely necessitous circumstances.—*Travelling Item*."

Indeed! and what then?  
Drop thy scurrilous pen,  
Bohemian! he's doing no more  
Than, time and again,  
Has been counselled to men,  
In "keeping the wolf from the door."

## Not Posted.

A HOME WANTED.—In Brooklyn, for a man and wife, in a civilized private family, whose moral reputation is above suspicion. Parties not difficult.

The above appears in the *Herald*. As the advertiser is probably a stranger, we would politely inform him that "civilized private families," etc., never take boarders. Civilization and private board are incompatible terms.

## A Word to the Boy who expects to be President in A.D., 1900.

Refuse all instruction concerning the points of the Compass—since it will be absolutely necessary that you should "know no North, no South, no East, no West!"

## "All Talk and no Cider."

Governor Wise, we have had ample opportunity to observe, is endowed with the Sense of Speech, but who could ever discover the Sense of his Speeches.

## Ought to be seen to.

In nominating the Missouri statesman for President, the Republicans are merely hanging out Bates to catch Southern Votes.

## A Suggestion.

Why doesn't some enterprising writer of "Business Notices" say of the French Shirt-Maker in Broadway, "Though his name is A. Foa, his wares are A. I.?"

[That the Man on the *Sunday Mercury* who takes such an interest in our advertising arrangements, may not go into a decline about this ¶, we will state that it is inserted at the usual rates.]

## The Reign Wood longs for.

A Check-Rein on the Tax-Commissioners.



Beneath this capacious white vest reposes the gushing heart of the Honorable Member of the First Congressional District of Pennsylvania, the Protector of the Rights of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia. On all great questions of National policy "He was weighed in the balance, and not found" voting.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE-YUNK.



## MERCHANTABLE MISSES.



H A T portion of VANITY FAIR, which includes Our Best Society is, we learn, very much exercised just now by the fact that a number of marriages, in which several million-are involved, are on the tapis.

We do not suppose that any of them will compare in display, ostentation, vulgarity or publicity, with the great original Diamond

Wedding, about which so much has been said and sung; nevertheless, its effect upon the matrimonial market is making itself apparent. Jenkins is busy and mysterious, and is, we understand, about to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded, by publishing a Matrimonial Price Current, or *Brown's Bulletin*.

Some idea of the general character of the sheet may be gathered from the following paragraphs, which are already in type:—

"There is a more lively demand for Cubans among the holders of Fancy Belles, and as the supply is limited we fear that many who have refused to close, in expectation of a rise, will be obliged to carry their stock too long."

"Mrs. B—— has three young and beautiful misses who will be out shortly. They have been bred especially with a view to the English market, and will, undoubtedly, command a high figure. They will not be put in view, however, until after the advent of a cargo of English Noblemen, who are expected to arrive here in search of Domestic American stock."

"We heard a painful rumor yesterday, to the effect that Mary Jane, the property of Close Phist, Esq., had disappointed the expectations of her parents, who have bred her magnificently, utterly regardless of expense, by marrying a man without a dollar!"

"The only excuse she has so far offered for such unnatural, not to say criminal conduct, is, that she loved the fellow. The worthy parents are in great grief, and it is supposed, as one of their other daughters has a defect in her eyes (*Strabismus*), and the eldest has red hair, that the house of Close Phist & Wife must fail."

"The transaction has caused considerable stir, and fathers are anxious. One closed yesterday with a Mississippi Planter, at a lower figure than he had held his daughter at, for fear she might be indiscreet with a young reverend gentleman, to whom she has given evidences of attachment. We hope, for the sake of society's best interests, that the Love Distemper will not be epidemic among this season's stock, as the effect would be disastrous upon many families, whose sole expectations depend upon their daughters."

"The Washington Market will open immediately after the election of a Speaker. Several holders of fancy bred Blondes, are going on, we learn, with a view to opening negotiations with Members of the Diplomatic corps, should any of the body prove available."

"English Elder sons are buoyant."

"There is quite a fair demand for Southern Planters."

"Spanish Dons vary with their ages; the oldest pay best, and are consequently much sought after."

"The Count de Bonnc arrived in the city yesterday. His appearance in the Wife Exchange, last evening, created much excitement. We learn that he has already offered for Blanche, the daughter of Vice Scroo, Esq., but he did not reach the high figure at which she is held. It is thought, however, that she will change hands soon, as she is already slightly damaged by overhandling, and is quite shop-worn."

"A small lot of sixteen-year-old Brunettes went off last week, to city buyers, at moderate prices, but as the trousseaux were limited, and no settlements were made, the transaction is hardly worth mentioning."

## THE BENICIA BOY'S FAREWELL.



OME friends, a drink,  
and let no fear  
For me your hearts  
annoy,  
But let your bets and  
hopes be buoyed  
By your Benicia Boy.

I go to strive in honest  
fight  
For dear Columbia's  
pride;  
Nor shall, I swear, my  
courage ebb,  
Whatever may be  
tide.

For though I, too, may  
lose the fight,  
Like Paddock and  
like Brettle,  
What matter if we're  
foiled of "tin,"

We'll still have Yankee mettle.

So grasp again my bunch of fives,  
My shoulder-hitting hearties,  
Of all the arts, the manly art  
The highest style of Art is.

Already from the other side  
The notes of welcome come,  
And 'mid those honest Englishmen  
I know I'll feel at home.

Old Harry Broome has sent me word  
To come and join his crew, Sirs,  
He brews the finest kind of "tap,"  
I hear, for Yankee bruisers.

For Britons live on beef and beer,  
Like fighting-cocks, they say,  
But then, the grandest English fare,  
I know, is their fair play.

The English prize-ring looks with scorn  
On rough and tumble scrouging,  
On Derringer and Bowie-knife,  
On biting and on gouging.

But, man to man, they sternly try  
Which of the pair is bolder,  
And every gallant shoulder Blade  
Is rightly on the shoulder.

Old Berkeley says my guard is weak—  
That I'll be whipped by Sayers,  
But bless you, all such random talk  
This child but little scares.

I'll wind our colors round my loins—  
The blue and crimson bars,  
And if Tom does not feel the stripes,  
I'll make him see the stars!

And sure as eggs is eggs I'll whip  
The cream of British Fancy,  
And of Tom make a silly-bub  
As nice as any can see.

Then don't look glum my jolly pals,  
Say! Cusick and McKibben!  
You'll find that, though I never lie,  
I'm awful death on "fibbing."

For all this Berkeley's idle talk  
I do not care a button,  
I won't to Tom cold shoulder give,  
But let him "taste my mutton."

So here's one toast before I go,  
The Yankee land, God bless it,  
And for her sake, this Champion's belt,  
I hope I may possess it.

And each good fellow give me now  
A good grip with your feeler,  
And win or lose, just drink my health  
In Old Monongahela.





WAITER.—Have anything more, Sir?

DRAMATIC CRITIC.—No—aw, yes—give me another cup of coffee, extra strong. I have to see a new American Comedy to-night, and *must* keep awake!

#### OUR CANDIDATE.

Are we communicating any news to the general public, when we say that there seem to be irreconcilable difficulties in the way of a nomination for a Presidential Candidate, whose election will be a sure thing. Of the six thousand seven hundred and twenty-two prominent greatest men in the country, who are now before the public for that honor, we cannot put our finger on one and positively assert that he will be elected. There is something undoubtedly wrong in this, and our duty as conservators of the public good urges us to our best efforts that we may ameliorate the difficulty. With this view, and emulous of following the illustrious example of the *Evansville (Indiana) Journal* in its advocacy of Bates for the Presidency, we beg leave to bring forward Our Man, Mr. George Washington Turnup, whose name will be well known to many—not that we base our recommendation on that fact—is a man who must carry the united vote of every section. He must, as a necessity, carry the Republican vote, as he is now a Republican of the unquestioned stripe, before which, having been an Old Line Whig, he must receive the entire vote of that respectable and powerful party. The Native American suffrage we claim from the well-known circumstance that Mr. Turnup was once President of a Know Nothing lodge. Again, Our Candidate must take the Anti-Lecomptonites, when they remember the course that gentleman pursued in the Kansas struggle; and last, though not least, Mr. G. W. T. will carry both wings of the Democratic party, as a matter of gratitude for past services, he having faithfully stuck to that text through three arduous years in the Board of Aldermen, and a term in the State Assembly. We cannot see any man so well calculated to harmonize all parties as George Washington Turnup.

#### Turn-about is Fair Play.

Mr. Wood labors under a fatal load of obligation to the desperate and dangerous classes.—[Daily Tribune.

And very justly. Has not Mr. Wood labored to Come a Load over them, before now?

#### Sentiment by a Young Father.

THE "APPLE JACK" OF MY EYE.—My boy John.

#### The Last Rose of Summer.

Neg-roes.

#### Foreign Dramatic Intelligence.

We are happy to learn that the enterprising proprietor of the *Herald* has engaged a Professor of Languages to translate the Dramatic and Musical criticisms of that paper.

#### Modern Martyrs.

FOR THE TAMMANY MISSAL.

The martyrs of old  
From their virtues, we're told,  
Could alone, the bright calendar grace.  
Now, no matter the taint  
Each Buchanan-ized saint  
Is installed in the Heaven of Place.

#### Cruel.

Gerritt Smith is at Utica, slowly recovering from his mental aberration. The *Tribune* of last Friday says:—"We sent to him the files of the *Tribune* for a month and a-half past, which will be read to him." We predict a relapse.

#### That Clock.

With such a horde of time-servers about the City Hall, pray, why can't we be Served with the Time!

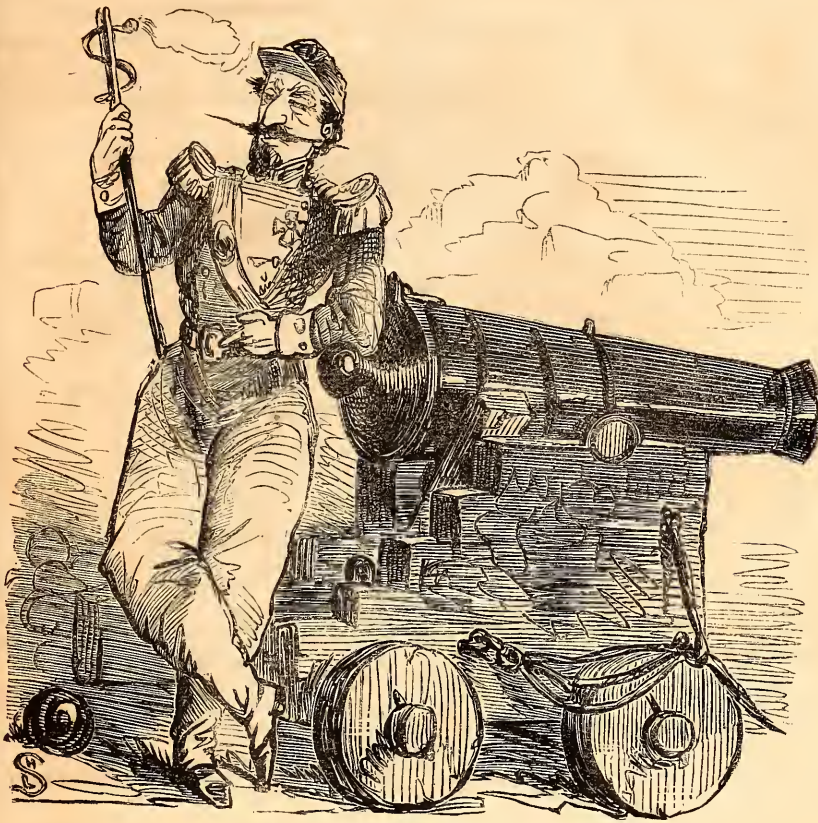
#### A Mem. for the "Boy."

A great many people in this world are Sayers but not Doers. It will be bad for Heenan if the English Champion should rank in both classes.



CURIOUS BULB,  
FOUND AT WHEATLAND.





L'EMPIRE C'EST LE PAIX-HAN.

## JONATHAN ON CLERKS AND CLERKIN'.

The man that 'tends store, an' scents up, and then dickers  
With women, a-sellin' his ribbons an' tape,  
A-smilin' at girls, an' a-chawin' his words,  
Ain't a hooter ahead of a dratted ape.

He's on hand with his lie, an' his smirk, an' his grin,  
An' he teeters araoun' like a fool in a play;  
And likely he helps his meen boss for to cheat,  
An' sells his small soul for a dollar a day.

Sam Laöucks left aöur taöwn for to clerk it at Stewart's—  
Where they peddle their things in a big marble store;  
An' he made a good clerk, for he waönt quite a fool,  
An' he knew how to jaw an' a plaguy sight more.

He went to his glass abaöut ten times a day,  
An' he went to his barber's nigh ten times a week;  
An' he got hisself up most surprisin'ly fine,  
With a plenty o' choaker, and a plenty o' cheek.

Sam hed a good time for some five or six year;  
He lived pooty high, an' his stomach enlarged;  
But biz'ness slack'd up, an' the consequence wuz,  
Along with a lot, the poor cus got discharged.

Said Sam, all to once-t, "Californy's the place,  
An' I'll ask my old boss for a good recommend;"  
So he went to old Stewart to open his mind,  
A-thinkin' how lucky he'd got sech a friend.

Said A. T., w'en he come, an' got rid of his arrand,  
"Mister Laöucks, we can't deöo it, an' so we won't try;"  
Then Sam, mighty mad, he drew back his right mauler  
An' hit Mister Stewart a dab in the eye.

Mister Stewart he flopped, like as ef he'd be'n shot,  
And abaöut forty clerks they wuz on a broad grin:  
"It's a twin!" hollered Sam, "come up after its brother!"  
So Stewart he riz, an' Sam daöwned him agin.

Then he left, an' walked daöwn to the Panama steamer,  
A-rubbin' his knuckles—quite keerless o' tan:  
You won't ketch him a clerkin' it aafter this date,  
For he's hefted his fist, an' he knows he's a man.

He'll farm it, or dig in the mines, or trade hosses,  
But you won't ketch him doin' his hair up in curls;  
For he's quit taking saüss from mean-spirited bosses—  
He's quit sellin' truck to old women an' girls.

## The Right Thing in the Right Place.

They have found an Oil-Spring at (come to think, we wont advertise the place) Crawford Co., Pa., from which one Drake, of Connecticut, is pumping oleaginous wealth at the rate of sixty gallons an hour. What we propose is, to lay a pipe (and there are lots of people who know how) from the oil placer to Washington, so that a steady stream may be discharged on the turbulent waves of politics, and also upon the wheels of Government, so that the confounded machine be got into working order sometime this year. If it ran during the term, the oil would very properly be called Term-Oil—and would, of course, produce its effect on the Homeopathic principle of "Like cures like."

## Within one of it.

THE ONLY "ISM" THAT THE TRIBUNE HAS NOT GOT. Aneurism.  
[Our Medical contributor begs to add, for the benefit of the rural districts, that Aneurism is the scientific phrase for having too much heart.]

A correspondent asks if we are influenced at all by Sects.  
Of course, by the Vanity Fair Sex.

## What the Bear said to the Chickens.

"I'm a Bruin, but you are a brood."

Handy to have in the House.  
Organization.

## Homespun Humbug.

The Speaker *pro tem.* of the Virginia House of Delegates, Mr. Christian, of Augusta, appeared in the chair on Tuesday, clothed in a full suit of Virginia cloth, made in his own town, Staunton. We shall probably hear, next Summer, that Mr. Christian has abandoned the use of brandy smashes and mint juleps, on account of the Northern product, ice, which is essential to their successful manufacture. An excellent thing, we have reason to believe, for Mr. Christian, but a terrible blow to the North!

## Poor Fellow!

Our Well-dressed Contributor, we regret to announce, is lying very low, and fears are entertained that he will become a raving and incomprehensible idiot. The cause of his prostration may be briefly told: Last Friday he met a man in Broadway who had on a pair of trousers of exactly the same pattern as his own.

## "Going the Whole Hog."

Though the Mormons resemble the Jews of old in the number of their wives they decidedly differ from them in their fondness for Spare Ribs.

## Domestic Item.

Adam should have been the happiest of men: he had no Mother-in-Law.

## The Pemberton Mills.

One thousand such Mills ought never to make a dollar.

The Coldest Seat in an Omnibus.  
The one nearest the Pole.



## PEMBERTON MILLS.

Through the Factory's storied rooms,  
Busily hum a thousand looms;  
Warp and treddle, shuttle and woof,  
Thrilling and throbbing through floor and roof;  
And the whirr of wheels, and the endless pant  
Of engines naked, and grim, and gaunt,  
Thrill with their motion the icy air,  
And shake with tremors the crazy stair.

Through the Factory's various parts,  
Busily beat a thousand hearts:  
Father and son, and daughter and wife,  
A microcosm of labor and life,  
All day long, from the rise of sun,  
Honestly work till the day is done;  
Nimble fingers and busy hand,  
Weaving and working for all the land.

Through the Factory's honey-combed walls,  
A Power subtle and snake-like crawls,  
Year by year, and day by day,  
This unseen Mystery feels its way  
Through crack and crevice, through beam and joist,  
Through weak foundations, sappy and moist,  
It filters through Factory's length and breadth,  
Its presence is Ruin, its name is Death!

Oh! swiftly, merrily, to and fro,  
The flashing shuttles they come and go,  
The weaver hums some workman's tune;  
The work-girl dreams of the time last June,  
The holiday time of hard-earned joy,  
When she walked the fields with her farmer boy;  
And children are there in their rosy bloom,  
But the roses are growing above a tomb!

A roar—a crash—and a sudden heave,  
Of every story from base to eave!  
The plaster shivers in massive flakes,  
Each casement, lintel, and door-post quakes.  
Then down—down—down—down—  
With thunder that echoes through all the town,  
Come floor and ceiling and murderous wall  
In one vast avalanche burying all!

Swift through street, and alley, and slum,  
Breathless the pallid populace come:  
The city is white with an awful fear,  
For Death! Death! Death is here!  
And mothers and daughters have left their home,  
To stand by that smoking hetacomb,  
And lay the curse that never departs,  
On those who have broken a thousand hearts.

A curse on ye, ye Millionaires  
Who sit at home in your easy chairs,  
And crack your nuts and sip your wine  
While I wail over this son of mine!  
A curse on ye who laid the stones  
That crushed my darling husband's bones!  
A curse on you who made the plan  
You more than devil, you less than man!

## The Complete Letter-writer.

We have heard of machines for converting tobacco into pigs, and cobble stones into gold dust; but never, until recently, of one for grinding old European files into Paris, Petersburg, Timbuctoo, and North Pole correspondence. One of these has, however, been several years in operation in a building at the corner of Nassau and Fulton-streets. With characteristic modesty the inventor experiments with it in his own garret, instead of giving the world the benefit of it. In appearance, it resembles a smut-machine.

## Pap(e) for the Emperor.

Napoleon's pamphlet is prohibited in the Papal territories. In other words, it can't go through the P. O. No no.

## Testamentary Testimony.

We have found that "a woman's will" always has a codicil.

## Motto for Club-loafers.

Domino dirige nos.

## SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

BEING SOME HEROICS APROPOS OF ONE MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE age must have its plaything, to abuse  
Or over-praise, a Science or a Muse.  
Some people think that Bonner's famous: so  
Was Dr. Brandreth—several years ago!  
Just as a child some idle hour employs  
In cutting rows of paper girls and boys,  
(Ethereal daughters, unsubstantial sons,  
"All stuck together like a sheet of buns,")  
So does the world from out of common clay  
Fashion its gods, the idols of a day,  
To kiss, to worship—and to throw away!

Once Martin Tupper—Phœbus! what a name!  
Stood on the tip-top pinnacle of fame:  
We wrote a something—*what*, good heaven knows,  
It was not verse, I'm sure it was not prose;  
And even Tupper did not know, though *he*  
Called it "Proverbial Philosophy."  
Whate'er it was, it could not have been worse,—  
Gray as a pall and cheerful as a hearse!  
And lo! the World, that sly, sarcastic elf,  
Made Tupper famous,—just to please itself.  
Lord! how it plied this dapper little man  
With praise from Jones, and tears from Mary Ann!  
Again Titania called Nick Bottom "dear,"  
And kissed the velvet of an ass's ear!  
Lord! how they fêted him through all the land,  
This mild poetic Bunsby from the Strand!  
—Just then, the World, to fine caprices true,  
Damned Mr. Tupper and his "Proverbs" too.  
Down, down he fell! so very far he fell,  
That where he went no man can truly tell:  
Some say to China . . . that he sunk clear through—  
I pity China, on my soul I do!

## Symptoms of Emigration.

DIMINUTIVE YOUNGSTER.—I say, Jimmy, how much is round hearts in Brooklyn?

JIMMY.—Why, five for a cent.

DIMINUTIVE YOUNGSTER.—Gosh! don't I wish I lived in Brooklynr.

## A Cure for the Dead Lock in Congress.

Hang Glossbrenner.

## The Neapolitan Problem.

How to Move the King.

## A LUSUS NATURÆ.

The *Tribune* of the 12th inst. made the following extract from the *Gazette de Helzinborg*, whatever that may be:

"In digging for the foundations of a gasometer a live frog was found at the depth of 15 feet, and at about the level of the sea, in a compact bed of sand. He had no mouth, or rather, his mouth was hermetically sealed by the growing together of his upper and lower jaws. Although his eyes were wide open he appeared to be blind."

We can't, for the life of us, imagine how this animal looked, but our artist seems to have an idea—





## A VOICE FROM COW-BAY.



My Joe he's up on the Island,  
And Sal—she'd better be there;  
And worse than all hags, is my wife in her rags—  
It's nothing but scold and swear.

The shanty is all full of rats—  
My baby is used to their gnawing;  
We've vermin and dirt—not a skirt nor a shirt—  
But plenty of fighting and jawing.

Old hats hide too much of the light,  
And they let in too much of the weather;  
Cold comes through the floor, thro' the window and door,  
And we shiver and freeze together.

They're hungry and sick every day,  
They fret and they curse every minute;  
They hate what they clutch, be it little or much,  
And the very Devil is in it.

I see the good things in the markets,  
And think, when I'm passing them by,  
Of my child and my wife, and this hell of a life—  
I wish to Heaven they'd die.

People come in fine clothes to ask questions—  
They give us a tract and a dime;  
They look in and look out, and they poke all about—  
They are ready to faint all the time.

I wish they had some other trade—  
I hate 'em, and all they bring;  
Let 'em go and buy toys for their girls and their boys,  
And keep up their Christmas till Spring.

What are all their thanksgivings and feasts—  
What are Christmas and creeds to me?  
'They are made for Broadway, they don't come to Cow-Bay,  
And to such scurvy beggars as me.

They're a-going to tear down the shanties,  
And make all the neighborhood new—  
Clear away all the rats, the black walls and old hats,  
And the vice and the misery, too.

We go with the mould and the dirt,  
With the rats, and the smoke, and the cold;  
And we'd rather be there, with our want and our care,  
Than be near you in houses of gold.

Why not settle the matter at once?  
If the way you are slow to determine,  
I'll give you a plan that will suit every man:—  
Burn us up with the rest of the vermin.

Come on with your men and your carts,  
Rake the eye-sores all off, right away!  
Yes, drive us all out, and then hunt us about;  
But there *must* be another Cow-Bay!

## INSANITARY.



NE day last week the able and elegant Washington letter-writer for the *Times* said—"The health of Judge Douglas was never better than at present, and his friends are in the highest spirits. The ridiculous attempts of the *Herald* to convert a fit of dyspepsia into a serious attack of gout, only show to what extremes that wretched paper is prepared to go in its efforts to injure the only man who can carry the Democratic banner to victory in the next election." Our indignation at the malignity of the *Herald's* effort to injure Judge Douglas by attempting to turn his simple dyspepsia into serious gout is equalled only by our curiosity to know how that newspaper proposed to accomplish it. This is a new feature in journalism, and a remarkable, if

not a gratifying evidence of the power of the independent press. People in public life will be a little alarmed to find that the *Herald* possesses the faculty of regulating their sanitary condition, and spreading diseases among them at will. Medical men will feel called upon to investigate the matter. Meanwhile, we may look, from time to time, for despatches from Washington somewhat after this style:—"Mr. Buchanan was yesterday seized with a troublesome toothache, which, for a while, occupied the attention of our most eminent dentists; but on the arrival of the *Herald* of to-day, it was discovered that he was to be otherwise afflicted, and that he must be forthwith treated for the measles."—"Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, was alarmingly taken, day before yesterday, with a rush of brains to his head. A consultation of physicians was held, to take into consideration those unprecedented symptoms; but their anxiety was assuaged upon finding, in the latest *Herald*, that Mr. Keitt's disorder should at once assume the aspect of a carbuncle on the nose, and nothing more."—"Mr. Seward stubbed his toe last week against the person of another distinguished Senator. Since that occasion, Mr. Seward has simply given himself up to slippers, with every prospect of a speedy restoration; but the unexpected determination of the *Herald*, that the casualty shall take the form of cancer in the stomach, has caused a general feeling of grief at the Capitol. Three prominent undertakers are already competing for the honor of constructing the coffin."

## History of Mexico.

1	1-2 dozen	" Liberal" Victories per annum.
2	"	" " Ill-liberal" "
1	1-4	" Sieges
1-2	"	" Conductas Robbed
28,379		" Broken Heads
40,284		" Bloody Noses

Balance struck, and accounts squared, every 31st December, starting *de novo*, as the lawyers say, on the 1st of January.

## Shooting Gallery Invitation.

Walk in and Ring the Bell.



## The Hunt of the Bounding Rabbit.



1. The Sportsman sets out, all duly equipped, with his double-barreled dog on his shoulder, and his gun running along by his side.



2. Should the game be near, he must not be in a hurry to shoot.



3. If the rabbit take the back track, amuse yourself while the dog is hunting him around.



4. No need of stirring a step when you have a good dog.



5. If the rabbit is to be caught, 10 to 1 the dog will have him.

## Harris on Happiness.

After the pleasant little scrimmage, last week, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Harris, of Maryland, undertook to pour some sweet oil on the troubled waters. "The very best evidence," he said, "that gentlemen could give of their own self-respect and dignified demeanor, was to organize the body and show that these excitements can be quieted as happily as they arise." All we want to know, is, where Mr. Harris gets his ideas of happiness, and whether he thinks he could pass a blissful existence in the interior wards of a lunatic asylum? Because, if not, wherefore?

## Personal—very!

We clip the following startling intelligence from the *Daily Times* :—

The Duke of Malakoff has arrived in London. The Duke, who travelled *incog.*, wore on the voyage across the channel what is called a "wide-awake hat."

As a brilliant and interesting *pendent* to this, we are happy to inform our readers that when Mr. Henry J. Raymond, of the *Times*, went to Albany to deliver his comic speech at the Union Meeting last week, he wore, on the voyage up the Hudson, a pair of what are called "pantaloons?"



6. And not only have him—



7. But bring him in.—A result only obtained by much training.

## NURSERY RHYMES FOR FACTORY STOCKHOLDERS.

Spin away cotton! on Factory's top,  
When the bricks part the walls they shall drop,  
When the beams snap the building shall fall,  
Down! come the operatives, crush'd one and all.

Cotton Spinner on the high wall,  
If Cotton Spinner chance to fall,  
All the stockholders and stockholders men  
Can't put Cotton Spinner up again.

Ride a high horse, to Lawrence let's cross,  
To see the fell ruin, the fire waves toss,  
Yells from the timbers, sharp screams and sad woes,  
The stockholder's music wherever he goes.

Jack and Gill worked in a Mill,  
Made of bad bricks and mortar;  
The Mill came down, and all the town  
Cursed Bigelow for the slaughter.

WHAT IS NEXT TO THE HEART'S CORE OF EVERY OPERA SINGER?  
An encore.

BASSFORD'S Last Billiard Cushion Challenges Phelan's for true angling.—*Herald*, Dec. 11.

This is a finished specimen of the allegorical advertisement, and as many taking the cue, will doubtless fish for custom with lines of similar elegance, we proffer a few hints to future advertisers; thus—

"Owen's new Drilling-Bore challenges Marshall Lefferts to a friendly trial of skill."

"Cyrus W. Field's Brown wrapping paper challenges Cora L. V. Hatch or any other rapping medium."

And so on *ad. lib.*

## A Scham-yl and a Sham Blessing.

European papers inform us that "the war in the Russian Caucasus is at an end." This is fortunate, as about this time the war in the American Caucasus is beginning.

## Beg Pardon, Reader.

To gentlemen about laying in their stock of Summer wine we would recommend Kossuth as the best Red Hungarian.

## A Dry Question.

Whither?





8. Accidents will occur, so always be prepared to treat them.

## Congressional "Mother Goose."

There was a new Congress,  
And what do you think?  
Their ballots meant nothing  
But *bah!* lots of chink!

Ballots and chink  
Were their chief-occupation,  
And still, this new Congress  
Shunn'd Organization!

## A Hint to Office-Seekers

However uninfluential your  
political friend may be, it is  
doubly inappropriate to say to  
him at this catarrhal season,  
"You have no Influence, sir!"

\*[We are charitable enough to suppose that the writer here intended to play upon the word Influenza.—Eds. V. F.]

## Two of a Trade. &amp;c.

The *Evening Express* of the  
12th Inst., calls our paper a  
"dismal publication." Do the  
astute editors see in us a rival?

## Flattery indeed.

Our Gallant Contributor  
asks: "If the Liman practice  
of making the foot smaller, by  
amputating the little toe, ob-  
tains among the ladies of New-  
York, what will the dear crea-  
tures have left to put in their  
gaiters!"

## Useless.

No matter how great a bore  
he is, never attempt to eject an  
amiable man from your apart-  
ment; he cannot be Put Out.



10. If the rabbit sees it, he will come up to nibble.



9. In such a case as this, hold grass to dog's mouth.



11. Now shoot, and bag your game.

## CABALISTIC.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* makes the following amazing statement:—Col. Forney is here, laboring earnestly for the adoption of Hickman as the Republican candidate. It is the very reverse of truth that Forney wishes to put a spider in Hickman's dumpling. The country will not be satisfied without the most thorough explanation of these extraordinary words. In the present complicated condition of affairs, it must naturally be supposed that they possess a deeper significance than at first appeared. Everybody knows how Mr. Pickwick was convicted of breach of marriage promise on the strength of "chop and tomato sauce." This seems to be a case of equal import. The peace of the nation demands that the mystery shall be unveiled. We venture to declare that the phenomenon of a spider in a dumpling, especially Mr. Hickman's dumpling—if that gentleman rejoices in a dumpling—which is a point yet to be settled—is very uncertain. And if he have a dumpling, admitting such to be the fact, for the sake of argument, why Col. Forney, of all other men, should be associated with it spider-wise, is a consideration not to be calmly overlooked. In justice to themselves, and to the country, these two gentlemen should come forward without delay, and define their positions. Mr. Hickman should not hold back his dumpling for a single moment, and Mr. Forney should either avow or disavow, in the most straightforward manner, the possession of any species of spider, with intent to make felonious use thereof, as regards the aforesaid dumpling. Mr. Forney certainly must not expect his spider to remain shrouded in a web of obscurity, and Mr. Hickman may rest assured that the public will not swallow the dumpling report without some positive knowledge as to the source. Stand out, gentleman, and deliver. Give us an "Occasional" letter about it, in the *Press*, Mr. Forney, and don't let it be all talk and no spider, but hit the mark at once, and Mr. Hickman, bring your dumpling before the House—you have a legitimate example in Mr. Egg Nogg Smith—and serve it up as hot as you please, only, Son John, give us dumpling, and not diddle, diddle.

## SOMETHING NEW.

**WANTED**—Heavy, Juvenile, and Old Man, walking gentleman, low comedian, and utility, leading lady and danseuse, for a first-class theatre. Apply between 2 and 5 P.M., room 64, Lovejoy's Hotel.—*Herald*, Jan 12h.

As the above searcher for Bi-Pedal curiosities had an eye rather to economy than florid description, we will briefly state for the benefit of the uninitiated the accomplishment usually requisite in like extraordinary individuals. We own to a weakness for Webster (unbridled) and will therefore adopt his concise mode of description.

**HEAVY** (Genus Villian).—Generally stout with a weakness for fights, slashed doublets, unusual uniforms, and small beer. Deep bass voice, with a faculty for rolling "r's" in unlimited quantities for lengthened periods. Fierce but rather varied expression of eye. Sufficient agility to ascend a small mountain, or tumble down a precipice without damage to the "properties." Able to go through a death of torture or agony with care and expedition, and an expert in that polite and considerate branch of sword exercise found upon the stage.

**OLD MAN**.—An indescribable nondescript. Unlike any model furnished by nature from Methuselah down.

**JUVENILE** (Female, Genus "Phenomena").—Of demonstrative and affectionate disposition in character, inclined towards rebellion and dough-nuts in private. Personates infants of fearfully moral and Philosophical tendencies. Displays unlimited foresight and coolness in danger and in last act ascends to the ske-ies in a blaze of fireworks, much to her discomfort. In every day life rather pale, wearied and thin in the legs.

**WALKING GENTLEMAN**.—Rather seedy, able to bow, waltz and say "How de do, me Boy," or "Good Heavens! De Vernon, cau-n this be!" with rapidity and expression. Fluent in Pantomime conversation with ladies at rear of stage, and sworn against onions and short hair.

**UTILITY**.—A waif of humanity expected to do everything and generally useless. Continually in active and Military Service, and a prominently unfortunate member of the Spartan Band who performed such astounding military exploits in the distance.





THE BUILDING OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.

## A DAY IN THE HOUSE.

[CONDENSED FROM THE DAILY PAPERS.]

WASHINGTON, January 12th, 1860.

MR. SHERMAN, of Ohio, who has thus far refrained from speaking with a special view to ultimately becoming Speaker, said that Mr. Houston, of Alabama, had been indulging in pleasantries at his expense. Mr. Houston had called him a burning, withering curse and shame, and had otherwise jocularly expressed himself. He desired to know if the gentleman from Alabama had intended to stigmatize him as a personal withering curse and shame, or merely as a political one.

MR. HOUSTON, of Ala., replied that no one but a raving and inexpressible idiot could suppose, as the gentleman from Ohio had done, that any personal application was intended. He simply considered Mr. Sherman a treasonable and infamous character, besides being stingy, and not at all manly. That was all.

MR. SHERMAN said every one ought to be satisfied with so noble a disclaimer. He had never concealed his opinions, and he would say to Mr. Houston frankly, and with the sincerest regard, whenever occasion demanded—"You're another."

MR. HOUSTON then observed that in a political sense, no one could deny that Mr. Sherman was flimsy and dishonorable, and also sullied in various ways to a considerable extent, to say nothing of his being foolish and incendiary from early infancy.

MR. SHERMAN agreed in the main with the honorable gentleman's sentiments, but suggested that it would be a personal convenience to him to have the resolution offered by Mr. Clark

of Missouri, now before the House, declaring him to be an offensive and ignoble object, withdrawn, because it interfered with his appetite, and gave him unpleasant visions at night.

MR. HOUSTON said that for his part he was a man of resolution, and he objected to the withdrawal.

MR. SHERMAN cordially reciprocated the honorable gentleman's friendship.

MR. CLARK, of Missouri, rose and announced a physical inability to sit still in his seat, so he would stand by his resolution. Without calling in question the integrity of Mr. Sherman, he would say that gentleman was not fit, politically, to iron shirts in a third class laundry. As he himself represented a virtuous community, he could only say,—what are you going to do about it?

MR. HARRIS, of Maryland, coincided with every body that had thus far taken part in the debate.

MR. CLARK, of New York, begged to call the attention of the House to a work entitled "The Impending Crisis," written by one Helper, in relation to which he would offer some feeble remarks.

MR. HASKIN, of New York, said the feeblest the better.

MR. CLARK said it was none of Mr. Haskin's business, and that he would then and there fight him for the beer.

MR. HASKIN remarked that his colleague was a very good circus-rider, but that he certainly could not keep a hotel, as he was ready to testify before the Supreme Court, or the bar of any house in Washington.

Some evil-disposed person here cried "Order." This was the signal for instantaneous uproar. The cry was echoed on all sides, with the natural and usual consequences. The Clerk grew pale with envy as the shouts of the honorable gentlemen overpowered the noise of his gavel. Mr. Haskin threw his revolver upon the floor, and invited somebody's nob. Then ensued rare pegging and stopping, unexceptionable clinching, teinting and planting of one twos on pimple and in wind. The Sergeant-at-Arms, having at length detected a foul blow on the part of an inexperienced new member, interposed, and said that if the disturbance continued he should be compelled to exclude the reporters.

MR. KERR, of South Carolina, said if people entertained civility towards one another, their true plan was to do as he did, and never let it be known.

MR. DAVIDSON, of Louisiana, dispatched a messenger for his broadsword and double-barreled shot-gun.

MR. WINSLOW, of North Carolina, suggested that the House proceed to business.

MR. CLARK, of Missouri, said Never! [Applause.]

MR. CLEMENS hoped that Mr. Haskin would be held politically responsible for throwing his pistol upon the floor.

MR. HASKIN explained that he had never before used a pistol, except in an honorable way, and he trusted that this single failure to put it to the legitimate use would not be visited too harshly upon him.

MR. CLARK begged to say that he had accidentally been discourteous. He wished to add, that in using the language he did to his colleague, he meant that he would fight him for the political, and not for the personal beer.

MR. ETHEREDGE, of Tennessee, observed that the House had passed a very pleasant day, and that such events would sometimes occur. So far as he was concerned, he would be very well pleased to have them happen oftener; but as all appeared now very quiet, and as it was growing very dull, he moved an adjournment, which was carried.



[JANUARY 21, 1860.]

# VANITY FAIR.



SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.







## FEMININE FISTIANA.



NEW era dawns upon womanhood. An era of truly equal rights. The avenues of employment have been too fast closed against the gentle and the fair. A new art opens wide its portals to receive them—God bless them.

It is the hitherto only Manly Art of Self-Defence.

The maids of Massachusetts have their sparring and their fencing-master. They are initiated into the mysteries of the upper-cut, and likewise

draw the claret the chin-chopper. They are instructed how to delicately, how to put in big licks, how to feint, how to counter, how to get away.

Let us endeavor to realize how it will be when this refined and elevated Art becomes part of every female's education.

A rough fellow winks at Sarah Jane in the street, or salutes her with a lively discharge of saliva, beautifully brown. Does she tremble and turn pale, or swoon gracefully in the nearest manly arms? Not Sarah Jane! She quietly consigns her duck of a bonnet to her companion, rolls up her chastely embroidered sleeves, and—pitches in.

Does an impertinent old gentleman in a car refuse to get up to make room for Laura and Laura's voluminous skirts? That bewitching thing, instead of pouting her rosy lips or telling the Conductor, lays hold of the venerable brute by the grizzly beard and the coat-collar, and eliminates him, administering, at the same time, by way of a reminder of his dastardly incivility, a reverberating rap in the senescent ribs.

Our sweet little friend Becky, who wears skirts of the vastest circumference, comes sailing down the narrow pave, completely filling the scene, and hopelessly frustrating the designs of all other pedestrians. A frail and delicate man takes the wall. What does Becky do, but just "let him have it," so often and so hard, that he is fain to make his escape into the nearest store, or else into the gutter, leaving her in undisputed possession.

A more important case. Mrs. Mason of Virginia and Mrs. L. Maria Child differ on the well-worn point of John Brown. Do they immediately indite very extended letters, which get into the newspapers and distress the mind of the whole country, as well as educe a Message from Governor Wise? Quite otherwise. A lonely spot is selected. In the gray morn the gray matrons meet. The bonnet-holders are Miss Martha Haines Butt and Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and at it they go. The result of each round, with the minutest details of the snappage of stays and the flying off of hair-pins is telegraphed to the most distant sections of the country, and the thing is settled before it is time for either lady to be getting breakfast ready.

## Bad for Greeley.

A certain reviewer says of Greeley's Letters from Pike's Peak (lately issued in book form), that they are entirely superfluous and useless. We have not read the book, but have seen it widely advertised, and presume that the reviewer in question founded his judgement on the fact that none but Uncalled-for Letters are Advertised.

## Shakespearean.

Would a Botanist classify the Ghost in Hamlet as a species of Deadly Night Shade?

## The First Settler in Europe.

Louis Napoleon.

LETTER TO KING JAMES, OF AMERICA.  
FROM KING QUENGUZA, OF AFRICA.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Du Chaillu, the traveller, we are enabled to present our readers with a translation of this letter, which was sent to his care, and only arrived the other day. The Anglicised version reads very well, and is possibly an improvement on the original, which certainly looks queer enough.

"GOMBEE, *Bembo Countree, Africa,* }  
"4th of July, 1859. }

## "GREAT MONARCH OF THE WEST:

"I have heard of you. Mr. Do-Shell-You, a subject of yours, has been here, and told me about you. He says you are better-looking than a Gorilla, and smarter than a Wild Ass. He informs me that you have twenty-five or thirty millions of subjects, and that I would certainly take an interest in three or four millions of them, as they very much resemble my own people. As for the white trash, he thinks I would look on them with contempt, as they are mostly slaves, but that the colored gentlemen are in very good odor. Of course you are colored.

"Could you sell me a few thousand whites at a low figure? From Mr. Do-Shell-You's account (who is a privileged white, himself) I have no doubt I could essentially better their condition in life—which I solemnly declare is my sole object in obtaining them. He informs me that by far the greater portion are the most miserable men now living. Many of them are slaves to white females—(could anything be more dreadful?)—and work from ten to fifteen hours out of the twenty-four solely for the benefit of their owners, who spend all the proceeds of their labor in ridiculous extravagance, and generally misuse them horribly besides, by never caring for them, and bestowing all their kindness on contemptible free whites, or else on dogs, cats, birds and fishes; while their thoughts run so much on dress and display, that they can scarcely ever turn their attention to the poor miserable wretches who are working their fingers to the bone for them.

"I am also told that many of these poor whites belong to Demons. I remember the names of two or three. They are: Money, Place, Appearance, and Fashion. The last two are relations, and I am informed are very cruel and relentless.

"Besides, a good many of them have taken to worshipping the Colored Man, and are so devoted to him, that they can think of nothing else—even their own suffering neighbors. And what is very odd, the farther off he is, the more they seem to regard him. This absurd idea can never be encouraged here. Our gods neither eat nor drink. He informs me that these idolators are very unreasonable in their demands, and call every one, who will not go to the same length, by the name of Doughface, which, doubtless, is sufficiently terrible. Send them to me.

"There is a superior kind of Wretch, of whom you have a plenty in your dominions, called (I think) Demagogue. I want a few, under my own eye, to work in my garden, as I am told they are fond of Place. It will be hot work; but they are said to have a deal of hot work in store for them, and it is well to get acclimated.

You have one slave for whom I would give his weight in gold. Your Chief Eunuch, I mean, who provides you with shaving-paper. His name sounds like Been-It, and is said to be characteristic, as nothing can be named of which it cannot be affirmed of him that he has *not* been it. His experience will be invaluable to me, and I want an ugly man, to frighten away the Gorillas.

"I should be glad to see you in my dominions; and Do-Shell-You assures me your people would be very willing to let you come, and would even pay you handsomely to start at once.

"There is one curiosity which it would be kind of you to catch and convey to me: I mean, an Honest American Politician. Do-Shell-You says they are rarer than the Phoenix.

"It is awful hot here. Thermometer 150 degrees in the shade. The moment a Gorilla puts his head into the sun, he shrieks and dies. Do-Shell-You will show you a lot of 'em, killed in that way.

"It is your Anniversary to-day, and I had a word to say about Freedom; but my friend tells me you take no interest in the subject, so I won't bore you with it.

"Your friend and fellow Monarch,

"QUENGUZA,

"LORD OF GORILLAS AND SUPERIOR BLACK MEN."

"To King James."

P. S. Could you lend me an umbrella? Send a mosquito net with it.

## Marry Come Up!

We trust that the coming nominations will not include any Old Bachelors. To be sure, a Single man might be expected always to regard the interests of the country with a Single eye, but, as Servant of the People, the President unquestionably holds a High-Monial situation.



## Why Bourcicault is so Successful.

He Takes.

## A New Reading.

The old proverb runs, "To the victors belong the spoils," but, in view of the incessant rows among the Democratic politicians in New-York, we should say, "To the victors belong the squabbling for the spoils."

## "NAKED ART."

CONSIDERING Chatham-street from a Bowery point of view, it may be regarded as a vast bower of fig-leaves. To the eye of the casual observer, the flourishing appearance of this great Vallambrosa of vestments would seem to indicate a degree of prosperity incompatible with any idea of "Impending Crisis;" notwithstanding which, certain critics—profound thinkers, who have graduated as prophets—are predicting the fall of the fig-leaf, picturing to us with sombre pencils a side-walk bestrewn with blighted broadcloths, desiccated dimities, withered waistcoats, wilted what-d'ye-call-'ems and sere and yellow raglans, all of which are about to rustle down, in the full button of their bloom, before the wind of "Naked Art."

According to these clairvoyant critics, this crisis is foreshadowed in the teachings of Page, of Powers, of Palmer, of Barbee, and of many others among our native artists, who, daring the undraped, have fallen back on the barbarous ages of a Buonarrotti—the wretch who found comfort in the contemplation of a *torso*. The works of these crring guides must be removed by us, say our prophets, else must we soon enter upon a sort of inverted millennium of morals, during which the influences of undraped art will dominate over fashion, and the bowers upon which fig foliage doth now most luxuriantly spread itself will fall into decay, in consequence of the relaxed demand for artificial integuments.

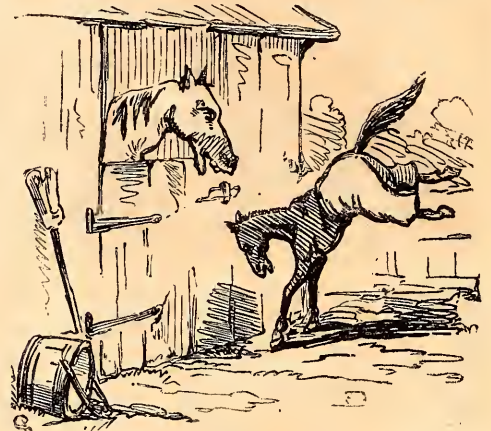
We hope that the warnings of these reformers will be listened to with respect by an immaculate community—which is Latin for New-York—for the frost on the panes reminds us that ours is no climate to be trifled with, and we should be afflicted to behold an immaculate community pirouetting on the Serpentine of the Central Park with nothing but skates on. Nor do we despair of yet seeing the Chatham-street principle carried out by our artists to a greater extent than now contemplated by the champions of that Palestine of paletôts. We may yet read in some future number of the *Crayon* such notices as the following, in connection with the annual exhibition of our National Academy of Design:—

"Roosters Proclaiming Dawn," by Penigianino W. McGilp. Five years ago, a subject of this class would have been treated after the



stark, immoral manner of the observant school of art. But the seed sown by us has prospered, and the crop of buttons has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. In this picture from the conscientious pencil of Mr. McGilp, the consummate skill of the artist is displayed in the manner in which he has rendered the plumage of his principal rooster subordinate to the texture of the small-clothes in which the lower division of the bird is encased; while too much

"His first Trouserloons," by Mannikin Muff. In this charming little bit of rustic life, Mr. Muff has fully equalled, if not excelled, his fine picture of last year, entitled, "Puss in Pegtops." The expression of innocent hilarity, beaming in the upturned heels of the foal is more than successful—it is masterly. There is another point which the connoisseur should not miss. The texture of the pantaloonettes with which the hind legs of the little creature are properly invested is so carefully elaborated, that we



would undertake to name the price of the stuff per yard, and hope we are not mistaken in saying that it is warranted to wash. Panting after nature was all very well for the coarse-minded painters of other days; but this, indeed, is panting after art. Mark the humor infused into the muzzle of the maternal mare, as she pokes her neck over the boarding, and half breaks her heart with laughing at the figure cut by her offspring.

## Necessary Qualifications of a Conductor on a City Railroad Car.

BY A PATRON.

- I.—Dirty hands.
- II.—Utter disregard of the domestic product, corn.
- III.—Farsightedness; or faculty for not seeing persons who wish to ride, until the car has left them three blocks behind.
- IV.—Inventive genius; or faculty for discovering what never exists in horse-cars, namely, "plenty of room."
- V.—Love of ventilation; or knack of keeping the front door wide open on cold nights while joking with the driver.
- VI.—Politeness mingled with authority of tone, so as to be able to say: "Now, step lively, old lady! Don't keep us waiting here all day!"
- VII.—Coolness; so that when he loses your quarter in the straw, he may know how to tell you "not to mind it—you can take it out in rides."
- VIII.—Humor; or a fondness for starting the car just before you step off, thereby causing you to shoot forth into the mud like Croton from a hydrant.
- IX.—Cleanliness; or a passion for cleaning his nails over silk dresses.
- X.—Mystification; or a capacity for mistaking 30th for 13th street.
- XI.—An eye to the beautiful; or habit of staring ladies either out of countenance or out of the car.
- XII.—Valorous turn; or fondness for "knocking down."
- XIII.—Disinterestedness—when the track is obstructed. This virtue will invariably lead the Conductor to a neighboring saloon until all obstacles are removed.

## Obvious Rhymes for the Wigwamites since the Secession of Fernando.

Tammany.  
Naminy-  
Paminy.

## Phenomena indeed!

The following appeared in the advertising columns of the *Herald* of the 6th inst.:—

SHOW-MEN, ATTENTION.—For Sale, one wax baby, born with two heads enclosed in a glass case; also, one Anaconda or Boa Constrictor, 12 feet long; also, one 6 feet long, with a Monkey entwined round a stump of a tree. Apply, etc., etc.

This is a flower of rhetoric to which we can add no perfume.



## RATS!

UNDER the roof, and down the wall,  
Through the cellars, and through the hall,  
Gibbering rats are masters of all.

Where the rafter  
Echoes the laughter  
Of the wretch in his drunken glee,  
There the stoutest of rats shall be,  
Watching and waiting merrily.

Down in the dark and sweating cell,  
That thief and murderer know so well,  
The cage of many a soul in hell.

In filth and grime,  
For committing the crime  
Of drinking too much of a villainous gin,  
A terrible curse and a terrible sin,  
Let the terrible sinner be tumbled in.

Look at the judge, with his terrible frown,  
As he orders the terrible sinner down,  
And hastens away to his mansion up-town,  
Lest his mutton be cold,  
And his Burgundy old  
Should not be decanted exactly right,  
For whenever his honor gets stupidly tight,  
'Tis respectably done, at home, and at night.

Hurry him down to the loathsome hole,  
The rats are awaiting their human dole,  
Awaiting the gorge of their fleshy toll.  
Tumble him in,  
Flesh, blood, bones and gin.  
While the vigilant pair, who have dragged him along,  
Are off for something both hot and strong,  
For the prison is cold—and their beat is long.

Gods! how they chatter, and gibber and squeak,  
How little they care for his groan, or his shriek,  
For villainous gin makes men very weak.  
His hands and his feet,  
When he fell in the street,  
Were frozen as hard as the stones of his bed,  
And perhaps—the fall may have injured his head,  
And perhaps—for the gin—it was something instead.

Aye! something instead, or nothing at all,  
That made the man falter, and stagger, and fall,  
Nothing at all—to give strength for a call.

Perhaps had he in,  
Of that villainous gin,  
The least little drop, it would nerve him anew,  
To battle the horrible, chattering crew,  
Whose poisonous fangs are cutting him through.

Perhaps—twas his heart that gave a great bound,  
Or the blood on his brain that ceased to go round,  
Or perhaps—when this terrible sinner was found,  
His brain was alive,  
And like bees in a hive,  
The atoms of thought were crowding its cells,  
Humming out all the past with a million of bells,  
And stinging its life with a million of hells.

Perhaps—when those eager-eyed demons in gray,  
Were cutting and tearing, and gnawing away,  
The heart and the brain were in desperate play,  
While the limbs and the breath  
Were locked, as in death,  
And never a sound went out on the tongue,  
And never a blow at the fiends who clung  
To his quivering flesh and fed their young.

## A Question of Moment.

When are we to have that new Clock at the City Hall?

## A Pat of Butter.

A sweet-spoken Irishman.

## Holiday Fare.

Fowl.



THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.  
AN UNSATISFACTORY HELPER IN THE HOUSE.





JEWISH PERSUASION.

## MR. RAYMOND AS A COMIC SPEAKER.

THE Editor of the *Times*, and ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the State, addressed a "Union Meeting," last week, at Albany. The telegraphic report of the event tells us that—"Mr. Raymond was called forward, and was received with loud cheers, and round after round of applause. When order was restored, Mr. Raymond said that he supposed the first business in order would be to return thanks to the Legislature for the use of this fine hall. [Immense applause and loud laughter.] He deemed it proper to say, at the same time, that the most appropriate place to meet and express devotion to the Union, was outside the Legislature. [Great cheering and laughter.]" Now, notwithstanding the opposite judgment of the four thousand Albanians who listened and laughed, we are forced to acknowledge a difficulty in seeing where the laugh comes in. If this sort of thing is considered funny up along the Hudson, we should like to collect the opinions of the people on the subject of funerals. A prayer-meeting must be an occasion of infinite amusement among them, and a Sunday-school a standing jest. A reputation for rare and precious humor would be easily acquired in that region, by carefully avoiding the slightest approach to genuine cheerfulness or fun. This would be about the proper thing in public oratory:—"Mr. Tumpkins was introduced and enthusiastically received. Upon the restoration of quiet, the eloquent gentleman began thus: 'Fellow-citizens, I rejoice to meet you here. [Applause and manifestations of merriment.] The subject which we come together to consider is a grave one. [Loud laughter and universal delight.] It touches us all deeply, and weighs gloomily upon every heart. [Convulsive screams of hilarity.] Gentlemen, it is a fine day, and this is a glorious country.' [Irrepressible conflict of cachinnation, drowning for a few minutes the speaker's voice.] When order was restored, he continued: 'I deem it proper to say that in the presence of an assemblage so distinguished for intelligence and worth—[Wild confusion of jollity, in the midst of which, several hysterical citizens were taken out in a state of suspended animation.]" We the more readily believe that this would perfectly satisfy the comic appreciation of Albany, because, on looking at the one really funny thing that the orator did say, we find no indication of a festive spirit on the part of the audience. Mr. Raymond remarked that—"For all practical purposes the Union was already dissolved. It was true that on the map the boundaries of the United States remained as they used to be, but this alone was not union. There was no Union. There was no fraternal and confiding feeling to bind the Union together." Considering the fact that the Ex-Lieutenant-Governor was talking with the express view of keeping the Union intact, proving its strength, and fortifying its bonds of fraternity, we think this is about as droll a sentiment as could very well have been uttered. And yet his hearers received it with profound solemnity.

Mere Mental Abstractions.  
Bourcicault's latest productions.

## Description Extraordinary.

One of the numerous Washington correspondents, whose letters infest the daily papers, in describing Mr. Campbell, Representative from Pennsylvania, gives him, among other peculiarities, "opal-tinted eyes," and "nostrils of the muscular kind." Considering that the opal is a milky stone, semi-transparent, with a dim reddish reflection from its interior, we imagine that eyes of the same pattern must give Mr. Campbell rather a distinguished look. The "muscular" nostril must also be something of a curiosity in the anatomico-physiological way. It indirectly suggests Strong Smells to us, and we cannot help associating nostrils remarkable for Muscle, with Clammy lips.

## Brilliant.

"Brutus never left the Presbyterian Church under suspicious circumstances. Helper did!—*Eve. Express*, Jan. 13.

We recommend the above remarkable discovery to the N. Y. Historical Society.

## A Cannibal's Motto—for Strangers.

"First come—first served!"

## Perils of the Social Creature.

In your circle of acquaintance there is possibly an Esculapius. Probably a physician. Some day your soul will expand with generous and genial emotions. The sympathetic chords of your nature will quiver to be struck. Your social arms will extend imploringly towards the Doctor. Every fibre of your humanity will thrill with desire for communion with him.

Restrain these warm outgoings of natural regard. Put a large lump of the ice of expediency into the toddy of fraternal feeling fuming fragrantly within. Don't call at all. If you do, expect acknowledgement of the attention in this pleasing form, at the end of six months:—

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Dr.  
To \_\_\_\_\_, M. D.,  
To Consultation, \_\_\_\_\_ \$1 00

## The Opinion of the Bird.

## THE POLITICAL POET TO THE EAGLE.

Whither, proud Bird, O, whither soarest thou?  
To the far Southern shore whose rocks are flecked with foam?  
Or seekest thou the Northern mountain's brow,  
On its high towering peak to make thy Eyrie home?

## THE EAGLE TO THE POLITICAL POET.

I soar—an eye-sore to such worms as thou,  
Whose talk of liberty is naught but froth and foam—  
Both North and South my glorious rights allow,  
But ah, in neither can I make my Ery home!

## The Deuce is in the Lemon.

The South boasts of its lemon groves blooming and bearing fruit but once a year. The North has its Lemmons blooming perpetually, and shedding plentiful fruit into legal hands. We thought those Lemmons were squeezed long since, but find from the law reports, that they have taken a new appeal, and gone up for Lemmon-aid.

## How-e Appropriate.

The Boston papers inform us that Dr. S. G. Howe intends filling up the time of his exile in Her Majesty's Canadian Possessions, by lecturing. He will speak at Kingston, C. W., on the Treatment of the Blind. We presume that Dr. Howe serves as his own "dreadful example."

## Saccharine.

What evidence have we that Adam used sugar?  
He raised Cain.





HOW DELIGHTFUL IT IS TO GLIDE OVER THE SMOOTH ICE ON A CALM DAY IN WINTER!



NO; ON SECOND THOUGHTS IT ISN'T!

#### ADVICE TO GREEN SKATERS.

Don't get "rockers," to begin with. They're not the things for a novice. Get a pair with straight bottoms, and remember the crease. As you value your neck, don't forget the crease. To be sure, tie a string on your finger.

Next, what is a skate without straps? Get 'em strapped. Buckles, rings, etc. Exercise your fancy as to curlicues—if that's the way you spell it—on the toes of your skates.

Don't waste your time beforehand in drawing fancy figures of beasts, birds, and fishes that you mean to "cut." You won't cut 'em, the first day. You will cut a figure, doubtless, but not on your preconceived models.

Go to a sensible worker in leather, and get a soft circular pad made, four or five inches in diameter and hollowed on the inside. Get it fitted carefully to the back of your head, and have strings to it. To remember to have it thick and soft, tie another string on your finger.

Now shoulder your skates; put your pad in your pocket (pocket-pistol in another); and find your way to the skating-pond—if you're smart enough.

Survey the scene of your meditated exploits. Select some graceful skater, and tickle your fancy with the idea that you will soon surpass him, in a thing apparently so easy to do.

Take a swig from your flask.

Now produce your pad, and bind it firmly to the back of your head, keeping your thoughts to yourself. (If you're an enthusiast in Astronomy, and desire to prosecute your studies in the day-time, you may omit the pad—as it may impede your progress in the science. Otherwise it'll pay to keep it on).

Bind on your skates. (This doesn't mean, to do anything on your skates, for you're not on 'em yet. To prevent ambiguity we will say, strap your skates to your feet).

Now commend yourself to some decent idol—if you have time before falling—and shove boldly, one leg at a time, disregarding the jeers of the bystanders.

If your pad strikes you (as) a little too hard, stuff your handkerchief under it.

As everybody will be certain to think you an ass, and drunk besides, (at least the ladies will) you may as well have the game

with the name; therefore don't neglect your flask. It will ease a fall (should you chance to slip up) very materially.

Console yourself with the reflection that even General Washington would have looked ridiculous on his first pair of skates. Fancy him on 'em, and take courage.

Drive directly home when you've broken your arm. It won't matter so much in case it's your neck.

Try it again sometime, unless you've taken an oath to the contrary.

#### Fascinating Manners.

How glad we are to see such an advertisement as the following, in that truly good and moral paper, the *Herald*:

YOUNG LADIES OF GOOD PERSONAL APPEARANCE and fascinating manners, can always obtain situations at the Gaities Concert Room, 600 Broadway, and by applying to Mr. Kelly, after 12 in the afternoon. Good salaries and easy work.

We know, after this, that no fear need be entertained that the fairer and more helpless portion of God's creatures, will receive due encouragement. "Good salaries and easy work!" Benevolent employers! Wishing only to encourage "fascinating manners." It is only necessary that they should be young, pretty and fascinating, to ensure the milk and honey of the land. Is it not strange that young, pretty and fascinating girls will sew and toil, when they can read the *Herald* and find out where they can get "Good salaries and easy work?"

#### Once More.

Mayor Wood objects to having a clock put in the cupola of the City Hall. Now he is in office, he don't want the people put up to the time of day.

#### From Our Own Correspondent.

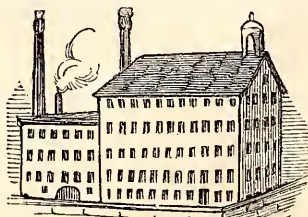
The Government contemplates furnishing us with a new cent as soon as the ore is smelt. It will probably have an odor of Mint.

#### Always on the Watch.

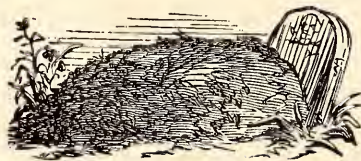
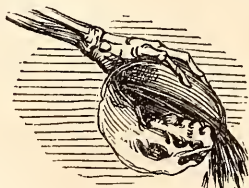
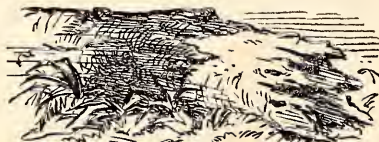
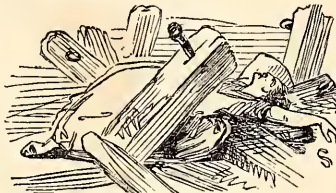
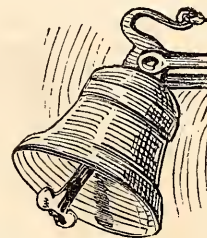
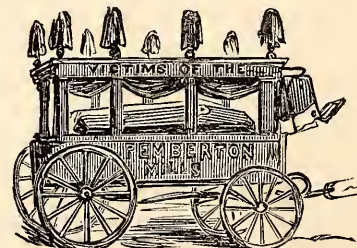
Peter Funk.



## THE HOUSE THAT BIGELOW BUILT.



This is the House that Bigelow built.

This is the sand  
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.This is the stone that lay in the sand  
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.This is the spring  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand,  
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.This is the fount  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand,  
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.This is the hand  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand,  
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.This is the beam all crumbled and worn  
That was split by the hand,  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand,  
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.This is the work-girl all forlorn  
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,  
That was split by the hand  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand, [built.  
On which was raised the House that BigelowThis is the father all mangled and torn,  
Who wept with the work-girl all forlorn,  
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,  
That was split by the hand,  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand, [built.  
On which was raised the House that BigelowThis is the widow with babe just born,  
Who wept for the father all mangled and torn,  
Who died with the work-girl all forlorn,  
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,  
That was split by the hand,  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand, [built.  
On which was raised the House that BigelowThis is the bell that on that morn  
Tolled death to the widow with babe just born, [torn,  
Who wept for the father all mangled and  
Who died with the work-girl all forlorn,  
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,  
That was split by the hand,  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay on the sand, [built.  
On which was raised the House that BigelowThis is the Architect, covered with scorn,  
Who heard the bell on that awful morn  
Toll death to the widow with babe just born,  
Who wept for the husband mangled and torn,  
Who died by the work-girl all forlorn,  
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,  
That was split by the hand,  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand, [built.  
On which was raised the House that BigelowThis is the hearse o'er which thousands mourn,  
That was filled by the Architect, covered with scorn,  
Who heard the bell on that awful morn,  
Toll death to the widow with babe just born,  
Who wept for the husband mangled and torn,  
Who died by the work-girl all forlorn,  
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,  
That was split by the hand,  
That filled the fount,  
Whence flowed the spring,  
That sapped the stone,  
That lay in the sand, [built.  
On which was raised the House that Bigelow





## HOW IT OPERATES.

Scene.—A Restaurant in Washington.

M. C.—H'm! let me see. Bring me some turtle soup, some salmon outlets, chicken sauté with champignons, and a bottle of Green Seal.

WAITER.—Excuse me, sir; but is the Speaker elected yet?

M. C.—What's that to you?

WAITER.—Beg pardon, sir; but we've got orders not to trust any one till there's an Election.

## THE GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS.

(FROM OUR WASHINGTON DRAMATIC CRITIC.)

THE extraordinary and astounding performances at the National Acrobatic and Equestrian Amphitheatre at Washington continue to excite the liveliest attention all over the country. The most daring and startling feats are there exhibited daily, and the unrivalled troupe of artists have already won imperishable laurels and things.

Among the most striking of these *tours de force* is that of the Original Strong Man, Mr. Sherman, who beats Monsieur Gregoire out of sight. This celebrated acrobat stands tolerably upright, apparently with great ease, beneath an overpowering load of responsibility, upon which is piled an additional weight of abuse, personal and political. Around his neck is hung a certain Compendium, which is of itself sufficiently heavy to crush a legion of giants, and in each hand, at arm's length, he holds copies of the *Globe* and *Constitution*, which bear down terribly upon him. If he should succeed in his aspirations, it is said that he will endeavor to sustain the entire Republican Platform, with Monsieur Seward (late from Paris) upon it. We can hardly believe this rumor, however.

The great equestrian feat of the season is that of Signor Hickman, the celebrated Anti-Lecompton Democratic artist, who rides two horses at once, in different directions. The animals are badly matched—one being black and the other white—but both travel remarkably well. This feat is so hazardous that it is confidently expected—if not hoped—that Signor Hickman will ultimately fall between his two steeds, and be trampled under foot by them.

Last week, Monsieur Pryor introduced his terrific knife-throwing feat, which produced a great furore. Mr. Sherman stood up against his platform, and Mons. Pryor hurled a volley of the sharpest and most dangerous knives at him, without inflicting the slightest wound, or touching him anywhere. At another performance, Mr. J. G. Bennett, an outsider, allowed Mons. Pryor to experiment upon him, and retained his position without injury—indeed, without exhibiting the least timidity.

The notorious Clown, Extra-Billy Smith, has been among the

most popular of the artists. His burlesque attempts at rough-shod riding, turning summersaults, and other legitimate tricks—mostly one-horse business—are wonderfully laughable. He has not repeated his egg-nog feat in public, since the Holidays, but still holds himself ready to talk a thousand follies in a thousand hours, as soon as the plurality rule may be adopted. Altogether, we can safely say that Extra-Billy is the most absurd and ridiculous clown we have ever heard of.

The minor performances, such as the extraordinary balancing, dodging, wire-walking and pulling, by the Anti-Lecomptonite Brothers from Indiana; the fire-eating by the Disunionist Wizards; the confusing and labyrinthine mazes, blindfold marches, promiscuous tumbling, inextricable twistifications and contortions by the entire troupe, are beyond all praise; for which reason, nobody praises them.

It is expected that this highly moral, amusing, and instructive exhibition will be kept up for some time longer, and we cordially recommend it to all who like to laugh out of both sides of their mouths.

## His New Game.

A paragraph to the effect that Capt. Henri de la Rivière has been compelled, by poverty, to accept a situation as billiard-marker, procured for him by Lola Montez, is going the rounds. There is nothing strange in this. The "gallant Zouave" failed to Make his Point by Playing Count, and it is no more than fair that he should take to Counting Points while others Play.

## Something he didn't Think of.

A Mr. Siddons is advertising extensively a lecture which he terms "deeply interesting," to be delivered at Clinton Hall, entitled, "How to travel in the Old World." We could suggest a far more interesting subject, and that is, "How to get the money."

## THE FIGHT THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

There was a little Marshal we all know well,  
Who, though he was chock full of news, declared he would not tell;  
He swore an oath, a wondrous oath, which to repeat were vain,  
That what he knew, he'd let them know, they should not know again.

By came a reporter, his name it was Stout,  
Who, just as these chaps sometimes will, went questioning about,  
Went questioning and asking, for shreds or scraps of news,  
Which made this little Marshal to shake in his shoes.

He began to shiver, and he began to shake,  
Because he was so hopping mad, he thought he'd have to break.  
Then up he came, so fierce and big, just like a war-yur bold,  
And to vamoze from those "diggins" Reporter Stout was told.

Reporter Stout felt stout enough to bid the war-yur stand,  
And told him that he'd catch it, sure, if he laid on his hand:  
Then spake this galliant Captain, a-drawing out his purse,  
"I'll bet a hundred dollars that I do not get the worse."

The galliant Captain hopped about like pop-corn in the pan,  
He squared and feinted, fibbed and drew, but didn't touch his man;  
And the reason why he didn't fight, when he had got the will,  
Was because he had no one to hold that hundred dollar bill.

And so the galliant Captain adjourned the fight with Stout,  
Who still continues questioning, and asking all about,  
But, when the Captain finds a man who stakeholder will be,  
He'll fight Stout for that hundred, and may we be there to see.

## Ambiguous.

Louis Napoleon's polite mode of informing the world that he would give freedom to Italy, began with "I take the liberty, etc."



## DEATH, THE BUILDER.



HERE is a Builder, whose name  
is Death,

A fearful one I ween ;  
He builds the frail walls with a breath,  
And blood 's the cement between.

"Can I not make them look strong?" saith he,  
"And save the owners gold ;  
While the dividend fat will be sweet to me,  
Whether paid by the young or the old."

He gazed at the walls with laughing eyes ;  
He kissed the death damp stones ;  
It was for the Lords of Enterprise,  
So he worked in the blood and bones.

"My Lords wish it cheaply built, they say,"  
The Builder laughed in glee ;  
"And I'll build so cheap that some fine day,  
A sorrowful sight they will see."

They shall all toil there day and night,  
Confiding in my care,  
But the World shall behold a fearful sight,  
When my villany is laid bare."

Then the mother will learn in tears and pain,  
Her sole support is gone ;  
And the gray sire's curse will rise in vain,  
Except to the Judgment Throne.

O, but Charity's mite will heal the wrong,  
The Builder did that day ;  
And the Martyr's blood will not linger long,  
For gold will wash it away.

## Balmy.

A young fellow, whose presumptive inheritance was dissipated through the extravagance of his father, now finds consolation in the proverb, "Ce n'est que le premier Pa qui coute."

## The Gem of the Sea.

In Ireland, we are told, pigs and their owners sleep together. In that case the pigs must get very dirty.

## Rising with the Birds.

Getting "high" on a lark.

## POLICE CIVILITIES.

Mr. Pillsbury, our \$10,000 article in the Chief of Police line, has opened communications with Mynherr Herron Speltz, the Chief of Police at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Germany, asking an exchange of matters of police intelligence. Mr. Speltz has replied that he will be happy to comply with the request. We feel proud of the enterprise of our Superintendent, and do not begrudge his salary in the least. Hereafter, we shall know what they are doing at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; it will, therefore, not be of the slightest consequence that we should know what is doing at Cow Bay, or among the ticket-swindlers along West-street. We have been favored with a sight of the first letter from Mr. Speltz, and feel great pleasure in giving it verbatim, in a literal translation.

"SIR.—In accordance with your wish, we proceed to give you items of police intelligence for last twenty-four hours at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

"Herr Spiffendonfer has just lost his little dog Sauer-kraut. Offers one thaler reward.

"Ian Schweitzer-kase drunk again. Fined forty kreutzers.

"Higgilsteufel and his wife had a row; old woman came off first best. Both locked up until to-morrow.

"Policeman Schawllowschmutt has had a bad turn. Cause unknown. Leave of absence one week.

(Signed)

HERRON SPELTZ,  
Chief of Police, Frankfort-on-the-Maine."

## Should be More Careful.

The *Herald*, a few days since, was careless enough to insert this paragraph in its columns:

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—We were shown yesterday a singular freak of nature, consisting of a hen with four legs and two tails; the two extra legs occupy a prominent place behind the natural ones, but do not touch the ground, unless the hen is frightened, or being chased, when she uses all four to hasten her speed. The two tails go off in different directions like the forks of the letter Y, but, unfortunately, she has lost part of one of them, owing to a dog having worried her; she is quite tame, and from her strut appears to be proud of her extra appendages. She was bought from a Long Island farmer by a gentleman of this city, for the sum of twenty dollars.

As an immediate result, all persons having natural curiosities were immediately anxious to exhibit them to the *Heraldic* editor. That gentleman has therefore, since the above insertion, been obliged to inspect a calf with two heads and eighty-four or eight fore legs. A kitten without any eyes, two dogs with six tails, a horse with his head where his tail should be, and a real genuine double-headed baby preserved in spirits. We hear farther that a Western gentleman is on his way to New-York with a lot of living rattlesnakes and a genuine horse with a snake in his eye. We await the result, which will unquestionably be a series of first-rate notices on Zoological subjects.

## A Debate in Mr. Pryor's Style.

Mr. Pryor, (Dem.) of Va., said the gentleman was a liar. Those who were at that moment resisting him (Mr Pryor) and his friends, were liars, and a mere miserable minority, any one of whom, if he had but safely in a Richmond bar-room, he would shoot like a dog. He (Mr. Pryor) spoke the Anglo Saxon language plainly, and he repeated that the gentleman had lied. Should the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Sherman, be elected he gave distinct warning that the country would run with blood.

Mr. —. —Does the gentleman from Virginia wish to cast aspersions on my veracity. If so, I can inform him that I am ready to meet them, here or elsewhere, as he pleases.

Mr. Pryor—rose to explain, he assured the gentleman from — that nothing was farther from his thoughts. He had not the slightest idea of anything of the kind. Wouldn't do it. Disowned any such intention. Was innocent of the imputation. Declined the responsibility.

## To Mothers of Large Families.

Housewives who object to the demolition of their crockery have but to borrow a hint from the railway official and Put Down the Breaks.

## Reprehensible.

A well-known actor in this city is accused of inebriety; it is said that he Gets On his Tights every evening.

## Bohn Mot at Columbia College.

"How much Greek have you studied, Tom?"

"Oh! Quantities."





## SCIENCE IN COW BAY.

DOATING MOTHER.—Bless his 'tittle heart! He has ways about him, he has, so like his own father. He takes to that poker as natural as if it was a jimmy!

## THE LAY OF THE OMNIBUS HORSE.

The route is long, the wind is cold,  
The stage-horse is infirm and old,  
O'er slippery Russ—through hillocked snow  
He slides or jerks, not sure though slow  
His teeth in front, his tail behind  
Are gone;—he's spavined, lame and blind,  
His piebald hide prevents his bones  
Alone from falling on the stones.  
Ah! clumsy wretch! can'st hardly pull  
Thine own short breath, much less, when full,  
The stage;—still open flies its door,  
There's always "room for just one more!"  
"Gee up, old soger! lift them legs!"  
"Now shake yer trotters; stones ain't eggs!"  
"Ecod! some horses does grow proud!"  
"When Fibsey's driving 'taint allowed;—  
"So hold yer mutton!" Whack! whack! whack!  
Each stroke draws blood from that poor back;  
At length an amble, then a hop—  
Perhaps a canter—now full stop.  
Again the whip falls—stumble on  
Old steed, or rather skeleton!  
The Park's in sight, the load weighs less,—  
He'll reach the Ferry yet, I guess.  
Jolt! splash! kebunk! whoa! steady! ho!  
"Fourteenth-street, if you're going, go!"  
The Astor's passed. Jounce through the throng  
Of carts and 'busses—clank along!  
Come, travel on old nag! let's brush  
By "Knickerbocker" with a rush!  
A smooth block here—so do your best!  
Away we go! we're breast to breast!  
Its "neck or nothing" now, old horse—  
Give them a touch of Fashion Course!  
"Hold up! ho! easy! down by Jip!"  
"That's 'Soger's 'leventh fall this trip!"—  
Says Fibsey nimbly getting down  
To where his hapless beast lies "blown,"—  
Hard heaving on the icy Russ.  
Small boys crowd round—policemen fuss,  
The harness freeing off the steed,  
Causing anew his wounds to bleed.

He kicks and struggles—"Lend a hand!"  
He's up! Alas! he cannot stand!  
That hind leg's broken—down he goes  
Upon his death-bed, I suppose.  
Tuck straw beneath him—give him room  
To kick awhile ere "crack o' doom"  
Relieves his pain . . . so let him lie—  
A moral unto passers by.  
Full many a sixpence has he gained,  
But for each one a blow sustained;  
Full many a trip in life he's made,  
The luckiest, though, was that which laid  
Him here in death,—beyond the power  
To know his woes another hour.

## All Full!

If we may believe the crazy commissioners of Massachusetts, the Bay State, from Berkshire to Barnstable, (including, by all manner of means, Boston,) will soon be one grand Bedlam. Some lands are invaded by locusts—this poor Commonwealth is beset by lunatics. "They are deserted," say the Commissioners, "upon our wharves; they are dropped in our streets; they are left in our depôts." There must be some misunderstanding here. It must be supposed that Massachusetts has been designated by Divine Providence as the Botany Bay of the Bewildered, or, to speak more kindly, as the Canaan of the Crazy. To remedy this mistake, we recommend the erection, upon the shores and upon the frontiers, of sign-boards, with the inscription—

"POSITIVELY NO VACANCIES FOR THE VACANT-MINDED."

## T. N.

AS "THE NOBLE WAMPANOAG."

The following item is going the rounds:—

The Secretary of the Interior has applied to the Sac and Fox Indians for a full Indian war-dress, to be presented, through the French Minister, to Louis Napoleon. The tribe has most generously responded with a splendid equipment; scalping-knife, tomahawk, peace-pipe, and various other articles of savage warfare. No expense has been spared by way of ornament and decoration.

Who could have imagined a more appropriate costume for His Imperial Majesty to wear to the Peace Congress? And how amiable he would look in it, wouldn't he?—







## SHAKSPEARE FOR THE COUNTER-JUMPERS.

You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.—MACBETH, Act 1, Scene 3.

## THE SYBARITES OF THE SHOP.

When Rinaldo found his manhood wasting in the voluptuous gardens of Armida; when the wise Ulysses—who, if he lived now, by the way, would have been a patent-safe man—awoke to the consciousness that the enervating atmosphere of Calypso's island, was robbing him of all vigor and energy, the one and the other made tracks, and forswearing embroidered slippers, French chocolate and "Bouquet de Jockey Club," donned their armor, shouldered their shields, went out into the world and were men once more. If Rinaldo and Ulysses had remained forever in their comfortable quarters, toasting their toes, and ironing out the crumpled rose-leaves on which they slept, what would we have thought of them? As it is, we have no great opinion of either Armida or Calypso, for admiring a great strapping fellow who could consent to sit down and make a molly coddle of himself.

We have quite a population of small Rinaldos and Ulysses amongst us at present; minus the deeds of arms, and the astute philosophy. They do not repose on rose-leaves, nor dwell in tropical gardens. Their bowers of pleasure are decorated with moire-antique, tulle, crinoline, and lace veils. They are curled and dyed and dressed and scented, regardless of all expense. They wear the shortest of boots, and look on peg-tops with a sort of awe, as a desirable consummation, but one which they have not yet summoned up sufficient courage to attain. Their hands are white and their nails oval. They all look as if each was the twin brother of the other. They are fond of smiling, and have a weakness for fancy waistcoat-buttons. They are fond of dancing at Perbaecho's, and do their steps with a terrible precision. They spend most of their money on clothes, and what they call "a spree" on some anniversary—New Years, for instance—and dine at a cheap restaurant for three months afterwards. We need hardly explain, after this enumeration, that we allude to dry-goods clerks.

These wretched effeminate, mostly uneducated, creatures, smirking and smiling all day long across a counter; these fellows whose highest ambition it is to be able to measure merino with a grace, and sell sarsenet with suavity; these muscle-less, slim-shouldered,

flat-chested bipeds are at the bottom of one of the greatest social evils of the present time. A man, if he be a man, is always sure of an independence by labor. His resources are inexhaustible. But his place is out in the free fight of Life. Woman, on the contrary—Lucy Stone notwithstanding—is limited in her sphere. Drive her out of that, and what resource is left? Ah! indeed, what resource? Tell it, guardians of the night! Tell it, hospital physicians! Tell it, matrons of the Magdalen asylums! Now the selling of silks and satins and laces properly belongs to woman. Yet this department is amongst us almost entirely usurped by men. If every great retail establishment through the land were to-morrow to substitute female for male clerks, what a vast vacancy would be opened to female industry! What a reformation would be worked in those flabby fellows, who now are merely called men by courtesy. The sad nocturnal processions of Broadway would cease to grieve us, with their melancholy painted pageantry; and Mr. Niminy, and Mr. Timiny, and Mr. Piminy, would be forced into becoming men after the Rev. Charles Kingsley's own heart. These few remarks are intended only as hints thrown out for popular digestion. The subject is one so important that we cannot, even if we would, be funny while treating it. But we do not intend to let it drop. We will, if we can, kill these heroes of the ell-wand by inches.

## Ca Va Sans Dire.

The "military editor" of one of the Sunday papers says that "there is a project for a parade of the entire infantry of New-York State, on foot." We should like to know if he ever heard of infantry parading in any other way.

## Excelsior.

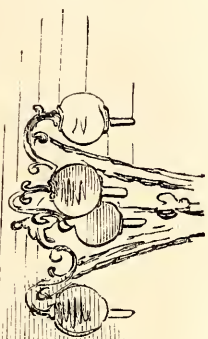
It is reported about town, that Tom Hyer got into a fight last week, with a workman in a ship-yard, and came off second best. Another proof, this, that "the laborer is worthy of his Hyer."

## The "Bone of Contention" in the House.

Jaw-bone.



# VANITY FAIR.



THE STOCKHOLDERS.



THE TWO HOMES.

THE COTTON-SPINNERS.

WENTON & Co.







## WORSHIP IN WASHINGTON.



RATIFYING is the fact that amid all the passionate excitements and giddy frivolities of the Capitol a spirit of devotion and of praise still exists. "Occasional," the most regular correspondent at Washington, writing to the Philadelphia Press, unfolds a touching tale of the religious affairs. "The church-going bells rang out in changeful melodies their invitation to the temple, the other Sunday morn," just in time, we pre-

sume, to pack up their clappers and be off to their own favorite sanctuary. Although "the Tiber that flows at the foot of the Capitoline Hill took up the week-day song of the House of Representatives, and losing its usual size of a mere thread of straggling water, in blustering and bloated strength, brawled and headlong rushed along"—although, indeed, the walking was bad, and the necessity for the most costly of cabmen urgent, "Occasional" wended his way, in company with some young ladies, to the Church of St. Aloysius. We are at no loss for the meaning of his rapturous exclamation. "In many climes, in crowded cities, and in the forests of the far West, in the Polar and in the Equatorial regions, I have bowed before the altars of many faiths; I respect them, but sincerely do I honor and admire devotion everywhere!"—at no loss to understand it, we repeat, when further progress confronts us with the affecting intelligence that "servant girls filled the pathways with their masters and mistresses; black, brown, and white complexions hustled each other at the crossings; high dignitaries of State walked side by side with the artizan, all on their way to the same place of worship." Will tyrants oblige us by trembling on their thrones? Will despots be so good as to tear their hair? The same place of worship for the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and the poor girl come down to Washington to be a part of the gaiety of the season! One footstool of penitent supplication, one confessional of weakness and necessity, for Judge Taney and Extra-Billy Smith! "Senators and members of the House, and their wives and children; men learned in the law, medicine, and science, and men and women prominent in Social life, "drooping upon their knees, with heads bowed in profound devotion," all in the closest contact with persons employed, perchance, upon the Capitol extension, with Clerks of the Departments, with the waiters at Willard's! Surely, republicanism needs no stronger recommendation than this, and whence should it proceed, if not from the centre of our happy system?

## A Cautious Witness.

At Lawrence, Mass., one Benjamin Coolidge, being examined by the Coroner respecting the House built upon the Sand, which fell with such a fearful fall, luminously answered: "As an engineer, I am unable to form an opinion. As an individual, I think the walls were strong enough." If Mr. Benjamin Coolidge had been in the building, as an engineer, he might, we suppose, have been killed, but as an individual he would certainly have been saved. With the work-girls, who were too poor to have more than one character, the case was fatally different.

## Modest

Most men "look out for number one"—Louis Napoleon only looks out for No. III.

## A Regular Jail Bird.

A Burglar, when he's a Robbin'.

## FINANCIAL REVIEW.

The dealings in New York Central were on a more liberal scale last week; this is a change for the better in the Board of Directors.

In several of the Stocks, and among some of the holders, there was no change of any account.

Bank Shares are held higher. Our Boy tried to get some of them, but found they were out of his reach.

Brooklyn Water Loan was without sales; so several holders were unable to raise the wind.

The U. S. Fives are firm, with a tendency to an advance. We report also the Fives of the Benicia Boy, which are gradually advancing to a favorable point, although we fear they will be quoted among the English Fancies.

A small lot of N. Y. Sixes was bought by Our Boy last week, but, as we had recently given an order for Havannas, there was no demand for them, so he closed with a penny-a-liner of the Express for a puff.

There was a brisk movement in VANITY FAIR Fours; we quote 25,000 at par, with an upward tendency.

A small invoice of Punch has been thrown on the Market; very little demand, and only saleable on account of previous reputation.

There has been a ready sale for original jokes since the first issue of VANITY FAIR: several parties have supplied themselves liberally with them without credit, but it is thought they will not be able to carry them long, the balances being heavy against them.

We report the Money Market as somewhat tighter since our last. Several calls for loans have been made upon us which were promptly declined.

## A Question of Political Economy.

A Georgia newspaper, we notice, thinks that the South will never prosper until it manufactures its own—shoe pegs! This is bringing the whole controversy to a Point. There are many doubts hanging on these pegs, but we especially desire a speedy solution of them, for the sake of sundry unfortunate people, who, unless Chivalry grows good-natured, are in great danger of hanging on something else.

## To Spongers.

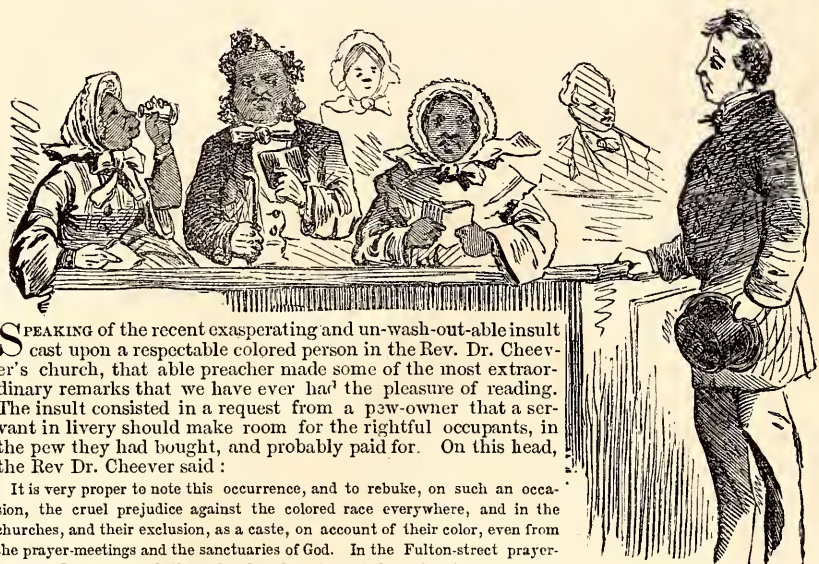
Though "Time is Money," it is no reason you should "Travel on Tic."



INDEPENDENCE.



TO THE PEW-OWNERS ALL THINGS SHOULD BE PURE.



**S**PEAKING of the recent exasperating and un-wash-out-able insult cast upon a respectable colored person in the Rev. Dr. Cheever's church, that able preacher made some of the most extraordinary remarks that we have ever had the pleasure of reading. The insult consisted in a request from a pew-owner that a servant in livery should make room for the rightful occupants, in the pew they had bought, and probably paid for. On this head, the Rev Dr. Cheever said :

It is very proper to note this occurrence, and to rebuke, on such an occasion, the cruel prejudice against the colored race everywhere, and in the churches, and their exclusion, as a caste, on account of their color, even from the prayer-meetings and the sanctuaries of God. In the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, I am informed, the colored and controverted subject is excluded by law, and we have had accounts of the removal of the black man to a quiet upper room nearer Heaven.

That the colored race should be excluded "everywhere, and in the churches," is indeed unjust, to say nothing of their exclusion "even from the prayer-meetings and sanctuaries of God." It leaves them rather a limited field in which to live, move, and have their being. We take it that when a man is despised "everywhere and in the churches," it must make very little difference to him about prayer-meetings and sanctuaries. If we were not permitted to exist anywhere, we think—with all due respect—that the churches would be of comparatively small consequence to us.

It is also a pity about the Fulton-street prayer-meeting. The "colored and controverted

subject," whoever he was, should have been permitted to remain there by law, even though his presence, with his friends, might have produced the effect above represented by our artist. The "removal of the black man (what black man, Dr. C.? the original controverted subject?) from the midst of the congregation to a quiet upper room nearer Heaven," we confess we do not quite understand. We rather envy the black man, for a quiet upper room is much more agreeable, generally, than the midst of a Fulton-street prayer-meeting; but we incline to the belief that this statement is metaphorical. Perhaps the black man was killed, and the Rev. Doctor takes it for granted that he found a place at least nearer Heaven than the corner of William and Fulton-streets. Perhaps they locked the black man up in the steeple, in which case the *habeas corpus* act ought to be brought to bear upon him, so as to let him down easy.

We are keenly aware that we may have entirely mistaken Dr. Cheever's meaning—if he had any—after reading his remarks twice, but really, we did not feel competent to comprehend anything whatever. In terminating, we can only say that we hope the colored and controverted black man was not killed, and if he is still confined in the steeple, that he is alive and well.

#### Pistol Practice.

Many Members of Congress, we understand, are in the habit of carrying revolvers. How much better it would be, if they all followed the recent good example, set by Mr. Haskin, and Dropped them.

#### LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.

(From Our Own Private, Particular, Personal, Exclusive, and Occasional Correspondent.)

Twelve o'clock is the hour—it is twelve by the cock;  
By rule it is time for the Speaker to knock;  
But when he arises, he says with a grin,  
That unless he is out, there is nobody in;  
Which funny, facetious, wise, witty remark,  
Is addressed to Tom Tit—from the West—and the clerk  
Now Tom—prudent Tom, at the moment of rapping,  
Was franking his boots home for heeling and tapping;  
Which caused a reporter, (*The Tribune's*) in fun,  
To call Tom *sole* member in more ways than one.  
Stern silence received this vile outrage on sense;  
Tom was fined punches round, and will pay—sometime hence.  
Yet heedless of warning, and reckless, the zany,  
Sent the joke to New-York, and was snubbed by Charles D—y.†  
And now, having swallowed their boiled, fried, and toasted,  
Read the papers, and found themselves flattered or roasted;  
Having chewed, smoked, and talked, till there couldn't be more said,

And paid their respects to the cocktails aforesaid,  
They remember, thus settled their private affairs,  
That their time is their country's, and not at all theirs.  
Arn't they paid for attendance? for coming and going?  
When they blow their own trumpets, who pays for the blowing?  
For motions profound, and for speeches surprising?  
For keeping their seats, and, alas! for their rising?  
Their fun and their plights? their Philipppics and figures?  
For attacks upon white folks?—attacks upon niggers?  
For setting their lives on the chance of hair-triggers?  
For running the risk of occipital taps?  
Of nasal disgrace, and of facial slaps?  
For franking Smithsonian volumes profound,  
To men who don't know that a circle is round?  
For swearing our aquiline screamer divine is,  
From his blood-thirsty beak to his feathery finis?  
Our bird who can whip, by his voice and his eye,  
The lion long-tailed and the unicorn spry!  
For vowing, unless such and such a bill passes—  
The Yeas being Solons—the Nays (of course) asses—  
That the country will go to the greenest of grasses?  
For proving the man, who is doomed for his sins,  
To be snubbed by the Outs and soft-soaped by the Ins,

To live in a House that is queerly called White,  
Where he does nothing wrong—where he does nothing right,  
A saint or a scamp, a poltroon or a hero.  
Than Washington wiser, more wicked than Nero,  
With a head like a piris, and a heart below zero?  
The House comes to order; the Journal is read,  
Of nothing accomplished and everything said.  
(Mr. Clerk has left out of the record the shindy  
"Twixt Major Tom Touchwood and General Windy,  
Although you can see that fresh plasters lend grace  
To the natural beauties of Major Tom's face;  
While the General's off, but will speedily write,  
From some far distant land, Major Tom to invite  
To partake of the glee and the glory of fight.)  
And now come petitions, five hundred or more,  
From the hungry and houseless, the sick and the sore,  
From people half-witted, and people half mad,  
Declaring the country has gone to the bad.  
With these come remonstrants unnumbered, and they  
Hope the House, in its wisdom astonishing, may  
Refuse every boon for which other folks pray.  
Like the donkey, who stood between two stacks of hay,  
Too embarrassed to eat, but not too much to bray,  
Poor members may weep for the sad boon of choosing,  
May be damned if they grant, and be damned for refusing.  
A single wrong move at the coming election  
May put them in peril, nay! lead to rejection;  
May change all the glories that now so bedizen them  
To the gloom of the poor-house—in fact, may imprison them;  
May leave them ex-members, the scorn of mankind,  
And all for mistaking the way of the wind!  
And so for three rights they take solemn position—  
The right to their pay, and the right of petition,  
With the high constitutional right to go out,  
When a question is taken and they are in doubt.  
If detected, of course, they need only indite  
A letter ingenious to set it all right—  
A letter so long, and so fearfully able,  
That rather than sift out its facts from its fable,  
Any reader not crazy would vote for the sable  
Old gentleman known by his hoofs, tail, and smell—  
So he votes for the writer, which answers as well,  
And is safe, for His Majesty really don't care,  
With friends in such numbers, to speak for him there,  
To figure in that part of VANITY FAIR.



Mr. EMBER then rises, that fire-eating fellow,  
 Who comes from a district in which the duello  
 Is considered religious—in which people fight—  
 Like the dogs who in barking and biting delight—  
 With six-shooters and sword-canes, and bowie-knives bright ;  
 And where, of a morning, sweet vengeance is taken,  
 Before one sits down to his corn-cake and bacon.  
 Mr. EMBER is furious—says he has borne  
 Outrageous insults, mountainous scorn ;  
 Has been knocked down and trodden on, tripped up and kicked,  
 And his own sunny land most uncommonly licked.  
 “What to me is your flag? What to me are your stars?  
 Your goose of an eagle? your gridiron bars?  
 What to me is the jabber about constitutions?  
 I go in, yes I do, for some new resolutions.  
 And I swear—(cries of “Order!”)—I guess now I do—  
 (More cries of the same)—Who in h—— cares for you?  
 I swear, I repeat it, whoever may dare  
 To call me to order, I’m into his hair!  
 Blood—victory—glory—defiance!” (The Speaker  
 Has been hammering long, but is now growlag weaker.)  
 “I defy the whole crowd—there is one wretched dog  
 It would give me particular pleasure to flog.”  
 Mr. TRAY : “You mean me?” Mr. EMBER : “I do, sir!”  
 Mr. TRAY : “It is false.” Mr. EMBER : “’Tis true, sir!”  
 Mr. TRAY : “You’re a liar and knave!” Mr. EMBER :  
 “Do I understand rightly the words of the member?”  
 Mr. TRAY : “Do you think I can find you in brains?”  
 Mr. EMBER : (Throws inkstand.) “Take that for your pains!”  
 They grapple, they wrestle, they scratch and they bite ;  
 There’s a fountain of blood flowing rosy and bright ;  
 Now EMBER is down, and now TRAY has the floor ;  
 The House never saw such sweet gouging before ;  
 The Speaker in agony calls for the Sergeant-  
 At-arms, who is absent on business urgent,  
 So they fight till they’re tired : we really can’t say  
 Whether TRAY “wollop’d” EMBER, or EMBER flogged TRAY ;  
 But the House at the outrage felt so much concerned,  
 That it, *nemine contradicente*, adjourned.

\* It is twelve by the cock—that is, by the cock-tails. The desolate condition of the House, alluded to in the next couplet, is thus accounted for : *Sin. tal. aux.*—there can be no legislation. These are sometimes called Tails of My Landlord, although it is not certainly known that Sir Walter Scott ever drank one of them. See Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON’S fine poem on *Main Imbibation* :

“Barman, fetch the cock-tail fine,  
 Which with sudden greatness fills me,  
 Pour for me, who in my spirit,  
 Fail in courage and performancee.”

For the benefit of pharmacy, we subjoin the following formula :—

26

Of that white liquor which Van Winkle bore  
 To treat Dutch ghosts at bowls—the same, I ween,  
 Which Byron vowed the only Hippocrène,  
 Take thou of fluid ounces three or more !  
 With this, O boy ! the gelid water pour !  
 Then let the rosy droppings intervene,  
 Beauteous but bitter—Stoughton ’tis I mean—  
 With peel of lemon like Pætolian ore !  
 Of sugar next from Cuba’s smiling coast  
 Snowy and powdered throw in *quantum suff!*  
 From brimming beaker then to beaker tossed,  
 The whole commix till all’s commix’d enough !  
 Then, if a shilling in my purse remain,  
 Prepare another, while the first I drain !

† So pronounced by the respected Commander-in-Chief of the Tributitial forces. The name is derived from *Dan*, signifying Master. Latin, *Dominus* ; Spanish, *Don*. Hence Spencer :

*Dan* Chaucer, well of English undefiled,  
 though the poet does not here refer to *The Tribune* by any manner of means.

‡ *Vide* those beautiful epigrams addressed to the President by ACARUS PALM, Esq.:

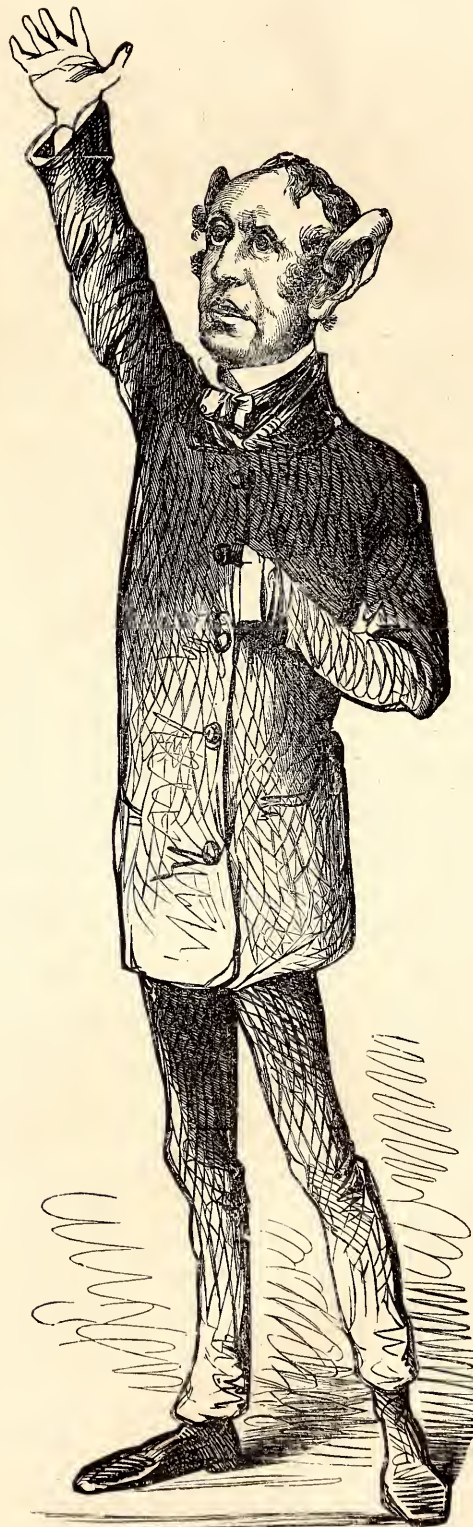
Hail ! mighty statesman ! champion of Columby !  
 Who doats not on thee must himself a hum be !  
 In private life I love thee—how much faster  
 Would be my friendship if I were Post-master !  
 If I for nothing now so much revere,  
 Think of my love, if paid for by the year !

Monday.

Liar ! apostate ! and no doubt a thief !  
 The century’s scandal, and thy country’s grief !  
 Fiend, sent above this sorrowing land to hocus,  
 Some call thee *Loco*, but I call thee *low cuss* !

Friday.

N.B. The nominations were sent in on Wednesday, and need we say that A. P. Esq., was forgotten



A WENDELL PHILLIPPIC.





NOT OBVIOUS.

1ST PASSENGER.—Have a seat, sir? Plenty of room.

#### A POET'S LINES FALLEN IN PLEASANT PLACES.

Except the purple-clad and ambrosia-sucking bards attached to Mr. Robert Bonner his *Ledger*, the announcement that Tennyson has been paid ten pounds a-line for a poem has profoundly impressed all the singers of songs. Rolling in wealth as they are, what care Emma Alice Browne, Sallie M. Bryan, and James Gordon Bennett for this advance in the Pegasus livery rates! Only pausing to hint that the effect of the pounds will be to dispel the pensive spirit which breathes autumnally through our daily poetry, the imagination inflates with the results of Tennyson's Ten that are yet in the swaddlings of futurity.

Poets will arise in clouds, in constellations, on the horizon of our literature. They will settle in three or four thicknesses on every fresh and fair thing. The letters of lodgings will be run down with applications for unfinished attics of inspiration. Itinerant beggars will suddenly become the objects of adulation, with a view to dry crust, the nourishment of Genius. Epics will occupy the exclusive attention of one editor in every well-regulated literary emporium. Idylls will be set up by every compositor. Odes, musings, fancies, verses, and lines will be picked up by pedestrians, will flutter down undried from upper stories, come in envelopes directed to the Lady of the House, and poked under doors. Everybody will drop a line, in the hope that it will fall in the pleasant place. VANITY FAIR will be compelled to close its doors against a tumultuous mob of men and women with disheveled hair, brilliant, sunken eyes, and rolls of MSS. protruding from their pockets and reticules.

And this will all be the result of Mr. Tennyson's ten-strike.

#### Very Proper.

Fernando Wood, upon discovering a stereoscope in his house, immediately ordered it to be destroyed. He objected to anything that showed up people with double faces.

#### An Inspiring Sight for Glaziers.

The early dawn when it Breaks In the windows,

#### A Fighting Cock.

The Cock of a Pistol,

#### The Clergyman's Constant Companion,

Bronchitis.

#### The Pugilist's Deity,

Nox.

#### The Fine Arts.

The prevailing epidemic has extended to Rhode Island, and it is proposed to erect, in Providence, a bronze statue of Gen. Greene, who in life was a brave soldier, and in death was buried nobody knows exactly where. The General Assembly thinks of indulging in five thousand dollars' worth of monumental luxury. When the sculptor has been selected, let him follow our advice. If the General was tall, make the statue Tom Thumbian—if the General was fat, make the image Calvin-Edsonian—if his nose, in the flesh, was small, make it in the brass Slawkenbergian! Any blunderer can turn out a fair enough face, but the artist of genius will shine in the epaulettes. Should there be an insane intention of casting an equestrian statue, in the name of the injured horse, we move a reconsideration. There are too many brass horses already in this country, in the most cruelly tormenting positions—agonizing to the spectators and possibly so to the most metallic of steeds. We propose, therefore, to mount the General upon a camel, or hippopotamus, or elephant, or rhinoceros, or some other animal not calculated to hurt the feelings of the accomplished and sensitive ostlers of Providence.

#### College Honors.

We notice that the undergraduates of Harvard College have held a mass-meeting, and unanimously voted young Forbes (who, with his billy, nearly murdered the University watchman) to be the undoubted possessor of the principal cardinal virtues. The fractured custodian still lives; but in the event of his death, another meeting of the juvenile associates of this promising boy will, we understand, call for his admission to all the literary honors from A. B. to S. T. D., including the rather significant one of A. M., making him, in fact, a Panglossian Plug Ugly.

#### Nap's Soliloquy.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a (Holy) Sec of troubles, etc.

#### "Misery loves Company."

So does Bridget.



HOW OUR NATIONAL MEERSCHAUM HAS COLORED.



STERNUTOGRAPHICS,  
A POÏE,  
WITH CATARRHAL AOCOMPANIMENTS.



I knew you'd be uddeasy, dear,

But, uppid by sode, I swear I could dot cub.  
These ageeds should codvise you I'be sidere;  
So calb your jealous fears; I've dot bid dear  
Eliza Tibs, dor ady other girl sidse last we med;  
But id by roob, ad id by bed—

*A-tee!*

I've cursed this code, and log'd for thee.

You do, by dear, how bad the weather's bid,  
First sto, thed raid, thed sto agaid we've had;  
So hard id early born id froze, that boys have sid  
Alog the walks, udtill 'twas difficult to stad;  
Ad whed the sud had gaid his dootidde power,

Ad with the sald ad his warm rays dissolved the sto',

Still, spite of slush and sald I'd go

*A-tchay!*

Ad by thy side beguile the day.

I could dot write how bad I'd beed;  
Coltillial tears that dibbed by eyes rolled down by choeg,  
I could dot dab them, by tears, I mean,  
Nor could I digdade, as I could dot speeg.

Id short, by dearest, could those bright eyes have seen

My plight, ad had'st thou knode 'twas for thy sake I caught this  
code,

Thou'd'st near have thought me false, dor showed—*A-choo!*

Thou could'st e'er believe me aught but true.

Excuse by sneezid; it must be a bore,

To hear such paroxisubs oft rebated;

I cnd dot helb it; I wish I cnd; I'be sure

I've taked drugs enough; but leds be seated;

Ad you bust talg, by dear, for I cnd say do bore—

Indeed, I'de better go: oh, heav'ds! I'be goid to sneedge agaid—

*A-choo!*

By haggerchiefs are all used up—all five; adieu.

Farewell, till I fare bedder; oh, dear! by döse

Is albast off, frob hard ad frequed blows!

Perpetual Motion.

The "point of order" in the House.

THE PUFF ELECTRICAL.

The wisecracs of the telegraph, after long practice on the trembling wires, have undertaken musical criticism. Thus the accomplished Boston operator, on the night of the seventeenth of January informed the New-York journals that Adelina Patti was at that moment, in *The Barber of Seville*, "electrifying" the Bostonians—a despatch aromatic of the shop. This is a good idea—but who pays?—the press, or the impresario? We would suggest the establishment of a regular operatic line between the two cities, when news like the following may be transmitted to an anxious public, during the fascinating Adelina's next Boston campaign:

Boston, Monday 8 o'clock p. m. The lovely Adelina has just come on as *Amina* in *La Sonambula*. At her utterance of *Care compagne, e voi*, the editor of our *Journal of Music*, burst into tears. He said he could not bear the thrilling tenderness of her *portamento*.

Sh. 30m.—The youthful Adelina has given the Duetto *Dci di che i nostri cori*. The encore was tempestuous. The editor of our *Musical Journal* said to his nearest friends: "*Mon Dieu!* what *scherzando!* what *con tenerezza!* what *con brio!*"

Sh. 45m.—Rodolfo has just entered with two postillions, whose jack-boots are admitted to be much finer than those worn at the New-York Academy.

Sh. 10m.—The *Son mio bene* was exquisite. Upon the words *perche Conda te da*, the fascinating Adclina executed a run in hemidemisemiquavers, including three hundred and twenty-eight broken octaves, in *brioso* style.

Sh. 30m.—The First Act is over. The triumph of the bewitching Adelina is complete. When she fell into the arms of Teresa, young Spoon, of Beacon-street, was seen to leave the Theatre, *con agitazione*.

10h. 10m.—Spoon has returned with two baskets of flowers and his grandmother's best brooch.

10h. 35m.—The slumbering *Amina* has just taken her perilous walk. The chorus gave the "*Ah!*" magnificently. The excitement was intense.

10h. 45m.—The exquisite Adelina has finished *Ah! non giunge* in an unsurpassed *legierissimo* style. Spoon completely emptied his flower-baskets. When he threw the brooch, as it fell heavily on the stage, he was mistaken for an assassin and led away by a policeman. His cries of *Viva Amina!* were affecting in the extreme. *Buenä notte!*

A TUPPER FOR THE B'HOYS,

A writer in one of the Sunday papers of this city prepares, weekly, for the regalement of his readers, a column of facetious and aphoristic wisdom seldom equalled and never excelled. Not to have seen it, argues an ignorance of some of the finest performances in the whole catalogue of our newspaper literature. Though his facetious efforts challenge admiration, yet it is in the aphorism line that this Sabbath-day scribe most luminously shines. His oracular gems are set in the choicest of metropolitan slang. If the reader has a fancy for commonplaces in the rowdy dialect, he may take his choice from among the following:—

"Throw a brick-bat at your enemy, and ten chances to one he will dodge it; but throw a bit of slander at him, and he can no more avoid being injured by it, than he can evade dying when his time comes."

"A man with a mind, however small its calibre may be, cannot be neutral in politics. He must think, and the least one of his thoughts will inevitably lead him to favor one party or the other. It comes to this as naturally as a jackass does to a peek of oats. I wouldn't give the snap of a rusty musket-lock for a cart-load of these fellows who call themselves neutrals. They are either great hypocrites or arrant fools. There is no more independence in them than there is in a knock-kneed cripple with a broken crutch. That's so."

We wont undertake to say how many of these "chunks of wisdom" we could accomplish per hour, but we have tried our hand at it, and produced one or two, which we think are quite equal, in point of lucidity and logical construction, to those of our illustrious model:—

"Put a hippopotamus in your neighbor's soup-plate, and he may not discover it; but call him a Foofoo, and his gastric juice will be impaired forever."

"There is a class of men who go through the world and abase themselves before everything that is in power. They are cringing hounds. I would not give the scrapings of a grease-pan for them. But "such is life." How preferable is the condition of him who, in his intercourse with his fellows, speaks gently to the erring. If you do this, reader, Bully for you!"

Favorite Ejaculations of Philadelphians.

Ho's(e)!

Theatrical Prescription.

Change of Scene.





CONSOLING.

BIDDY.—There, ma'am; if I am going to leave yez, yez needn't take on so. If yez git up early in the mornin', an' set the table for breakfast, an' make the fire in the dining-room, an' sweep the stairs ov a Friday, you may get another gur-r-l as good as meself as will consent to come an' live wid yez.

#### NATURAL HISTORY. THE COUNTER-JUMPER.



THROUGH the kindness of that eminent naturalist and profound philosopher, Herr Potstausend, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following veracious account of a curious animal. It will be found to possess much interest to all scientific persons, and especially, perhaps, to the fairer sex:

GENUS, *Homo*: SPECIES, *Counter-jumperi*.

This truly singular and beautiful animal exists throughout the civilized world, but is only found in perfection in large cities. Its favorite haunts in this region are about the middle of the metropolis—in Broadway, Grand and Canal-streets, the Bowery, and vicinity. It is generally about the size of the human species, and bears a resemblance to man, as well as to the ape tribe, with which it is often classified, I think erroneously. So far as my studies go, I consider the COUNTER-JUMPER no more an ape than a man; but belonging to a distinct tribe, somewhere between the two.

In external appearance, this is one of the prettiest subjects of the Animal Kingdom. Its hair, which grows luxuriantly upon its head and face, is long, glossy, often curled gracefully, and of different colors in different individuals. Its eyes are rather small, but have a beautiful languishing expression. Its skin is exceedingly white, soft, and fine in texture, particularly upon its paws, or hands, of which it takes the most scrupulous care, as it also does of its hair and teeth. Indeed, its principal characteristic is an excessive neatness and love of personal adornment—a trait which places it considerably above the ape.

A great peculiarity with the COUNTER-JUMPER, and one which it

would be almost impossible to believe, were it not firmly established as a fact, is its total want of sex. It is neither male nor female, though its manners are more feminine than masculine, for which reason, probably, it is a much greater favorite with the ladies than with us. [Can the learned Professor intend a bit of sly sarcasm, here? Eds. VANITY FAIR.] Another curious peculiarity of this animal is, that it is endowed with neither heart nor brain, those organs having, apparently, no function to perform in its economy.

When properly trained, the COUNTER-JUMPER goes through with various entertaining evolutions and tricks. It manœuvres with a yard-stick and a pair of scissors, in a wonderfully dextrous way, chattering, rolling its eyes, showing its teeth, and evincing much delight. Its chief pleasure lies in tumbling silks, velvets, laces, etc., about, and in attending to its paws—two amusements which certainly do not exhibit much sagacity, but after all, I do not hesitate to pronounce it quite as intelligent an animal as the orang-outang.

When irritated, it becomes pale, chatters sharply, trembles, trots back and forth nervously, and sometimes cries like a child. It is easily pacified, however, and has never, except in a few rare instances, been known to offer violence to those who annoyed it, although it threatens to kick and strike its enemies, on the slightest provocation.

The dens of the COUNTER-JUMPER exist in great numbers on the East side of the city. They are mostly situated on the attic floors of cheap boarding-houses, and for so neat an animal, are singularly ill-conditioned, being often dirty, close, and unwholesome. This is comparatively unimportant, however, as it only seeks its den for sleeping purposes, retiring late at night and crawling out early in the morning.

Many of the handsomest specimens become quite intolerable on the least encouragement, and it is to be regretted that they are frequently petted by inconsiderate ladies. The COUNTER-JUMPER, thus spoiled, changes from a harmless, pretty, and agreeable creature, to an insufferable, chattering, noisy nuisance; and goes strutting about, with airs of alternate self-admiration and contempt for others of its kind. The punishment for such cases is termed "snubbing," and it rarely fails to bring the animal to a properly crest-fallen appreciation of its absurd position.

Much has been said about the usefulness of the COUNTER-JUMPER, as a domestic animal, but I know of nothing that it does, which might not be much better performed by human beings—say young women, for instance. As ornamental objects, it is true, they are well enough, though I prefer poodle dogs generally. In fact, now that the subject has become a topic for investigation, I fancy that the whole race will soon pass from the face of the earth, and the children of Science, some centuries hence, will consider a fossil COUNTER-JUMPER as the most interesting relic of past ages that can adorn their cabinets.

#### THE NOBLE ART OF FLINGING FILTH.

As soon as the necessary arrangements can be perfected, a spirited exhibition of mud-tossing will be given by those eminent champions of scavengery, Scotch Jimmy and the Virginia Tricks. The success of their last encounter was so great as to occasion a universal demand for its repetition; and as neither of the combatants was ever known to shrink from such a call, a speedy response is expected. The parties may be considered as, upon the whole, tolerably well matched. The Virginia Tricks has youth and vigor on his side, and possesses the very essential capacities of selecting the most offensive mud, and of knowing precisely where to direct his shots to greatest effect. He has sometimes been accused of planting foul blows, but his friends say that in these matters it is not best to be too nice. On the other hand, Scotch Jimmy has great power of endurance, and from long experience, is equal to probably a greater amount of punishment in this way than any man alive. He is also distinguished for rare fertility of invention, and a knack of discovering fresh devices of offense on each new occasion. His tact in overpowering his antagonist by endless repetitions of a peculiar attack has been often remarked. Both parties understand perfectly the established proprieties of the contest, the first law of which is that the earliest applications of filth are to be directed to the mouth and to the heart, in order that the one may be defiled and the other blackened at the very outset. And neither, it is confidently asserted, will be restrained by the only considerations which ever impede the practical development of this order of Art,—Manliness, Decency, Dignity, Truth and Honor.

#### Query.

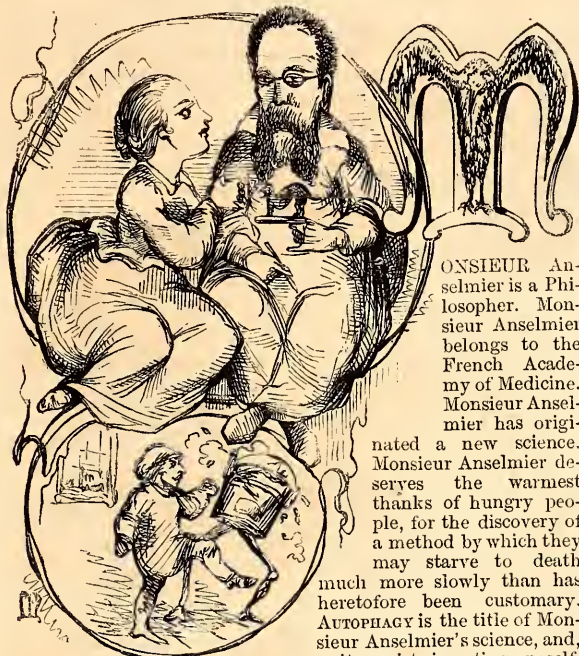
Are Pebble Spectacles good for Stone Blind people?

Napoleon's Pamphlet.

Man's Essay on Pope.



## ECONOMICAL STARVATION.



MONSIEUR Anselmier is a Philosopher. Monsieur Anselmier belongs to the French Academy of Medicine. Monsieur Anselmier has originated a new science. Monsieur Anselmier deserves the warmest thanks of hungry people, for the discovery of a method by which they may starve to death much more slowly than has heretofore been customary. AUTOPHAGY is the title of Monsieur Anselmier's science, and, as it consists in eating oneself,

we suggest the addition of "Every Man His Own Breakfast," as a sub-title. In a paper which Monsieur Anselmier recently read before the august body to which he belongs, he proved "that the most economical method for this self-consumption is to keep up the ordinary processes of nutrition by slight bleeding and drinking the blood. Of two animals in a similar condition, one of which he starved, and the other fed upon its own blood alone, the latter lived several days longer than the former."

This is a very handy fact to have in the house. It would almost supply the place of cold victuals. "Economy is wealth," we understand, and the most economical way of starving to death cannot fail to enrich all who are in the habit of indulging in that mortuary exercise. Hereafter, let no grisette or ouvrier resort to the gaseous exhalations of a charcoal-furnace, to get rid of the expensive luxury of starvation, for Monsieur Anselmier has shown how it may be accomplished at a great reduction. We feel exceedingly grateful to this eminently practical philosopher for his discovery, and beg to assure him that, if we ever have occasion to starve, we shall do so in accordance with the plan he recommends.

## NO ONE TO BLAME.

Come ye jolly Stockholders, all over the land,  
Give conscience the go-by, and tip us a stave,  
In union there's power, so join hand in hand  
And sing a gay requiem, over the graves  
Of our victims. Ha! ha!

The funeral car  
Jogs drearily on; 'tis to us all the same.  
We've nothing to fear—  
At least while we're here—  
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

On the broad Western rivers, our boats gaily steam,  
And a race, if we win it, sends upward our stock,  
So toss in the resin, till the mad fires gleam  
Like the hell which gapes wide at the murderous shock  
Of the boilers. Ha! ha!

The funeral car  
Jogs drearily on; 'tis to us all the same.  
We've nothing to fear—  
At least while we're here—  
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

O'er its iron laid course speed engine and train,  
With a rich human freight. Now, hurrah for a freak!  
See! another one comes! Rush! crash! and the twain  
Are mingled pell mell, 'mid groan, yell and shriek,  
From our victims. Ha! ha!  
The funeral car

Jogs drearily on; 'tis to us all the same.  
We've nothing to fear—  
At least while we're here—  
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

Now the best fun of all. Here's a trap that's worth while!  
This rotten old Factory, founded on sand,  
See the seams in the walls! no wonder you smile,  
But you'll fairly guffaw at the hecatomb grand  
It will soon be. Ha! Ha?  
And the funeral car  
Will jog briskly on; 'tis to us all the same.  
We've nothing to fear—  
At least while we're here—  
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

There! look! see, it totters! sinks! falls with a roar!  
The beams snap like twigs, and so do the bones  
Of the thousand poor devils, working floor above floor,  
But the hissing-hot fire soon quiets the moans  
Of our victims. Ha! ha!  
The funeral car  
Jogs drearily on, 'tis to us all the same.  
We've nothing to fear—  
At least while we're here—  
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

Then quaff down your wine, boys, be jolly and gay,  
Have no thought for the morrow, nor stop once to think,  
Life's only a bubble, that must soon pass away,  
But there's substance, brave boys, in the gold which we chink,  
Ten per cent, Boys! Ha! ha!  
The funeral car  
Jogs drearily on, 'tis to us all the same.  
We've nothing to fear—  
At least while we're here—  
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

## Geometrical.

What figure is that which, if cut in two, becomes nought?  
The Human Figure.



## SIGN OF OPULENCE.

ERRAND-BOX.—That's a fust-rate weed you're a smokin' of, Jimmy.

SUOE-BLACK.—Well, I guess it oughter to be, if it ain't, allowin' I buys 'em by the box, an' pays fifty dollars a thousand for 'em at that.



## JONATHAN ON BIDDIES.



Y Gosh! ain't I glad I daon't live in New-York!

An' 'specially 'long with my brother! I'll be hanged ef I'd deeo it for all he is wo'th—

An' 'Zeke ain't a poor man, nuther.

went daown to see how the feller got on,

An' he kep' me as good as he could; ut I like to 'a' died o' the vittles an' sech,

For I didn't git anything good.

The cook wuz the best 'Zeke 'd ever hed, An' he'd changed every fortni't stiddy,—

But, Ge-mo-ny-cracky! what blaisted mean stuff

Wuz b'iled, stewed 'n' fried by that Biddy!

I sha'n't be as well as I wuz afore, Ef I live twice-t as long as I ought-to:

Says I, "Brother 'Zeke, air you goin' to stan' it?"

Says he, "Brother Jon'than, I've got-to.

"It don't do no good for to cuss an' git mad;  
I'm right sick o' the job, an' no wonder:  
I've jawed till I'm lame, an' my wife's done the same,  
An' I've got the dyspepsy like thunder."

"Some on 'em jaw at my wife, an' some cry,  
An' some on 'em cus like a trooper,  
An' some on 'em praise the last place where they wuz—  
But the hull lot go in for to dupe her.

"There's a raow daown below pooty nigh ev'ry night,  
An' when they ain't jawin' they're eatin';  
With a pa'ssel o' cousins they hev a nice time,  
Or else they go off to their meetin'.

"Their faces are mean, they smell bad, an' loo worse,  
An' they lic 'baout the least little thing;  
They bawl to each other all over the haouse,  
An' haow they deeo yell w'en they sing!"

After all 't 'Zeke pays to keep clean an' look nice,  
His palace is dirtier'n p'ison;  
And haow he kin stan' it, year in an' year out,  
Is re'ly confaounded surprisin'.

No two ways abaout it, the cus is a slave  
To this terrible Queen o' the Kitchen;  
He's daown in the dust, with her foot on his neck,  
An' it's no use-t a squirmen' an' twitchin'.

She hedn't no chance, t'other side o' the drink,  
For to show her fine talent for reelin';  
By jingo! when Liberty called her across,  
How she quit all her meelin' an' dreolin'!

It's a fine independence to saiss an' be mean,  
But it's jest her idee o' what's proper;  
She holds up her head, an' goes on, her own way,  
An' the Devil himself couldn't stop her.

I'll bet you 'Zeke wishes he'd hung araound hum,  
An' helped me an' dad in the dairy;  
I know what he thinks, w'en he sighs an' looks hard  
At that nasty old goat in the ary:—

That he'd hev a clean hum, healthy vittles an' sleep,  
And a wife that wa'n't lazy n'r giddy;  
He'd take his work easy, he'd look like a man,  
An' he wouldn't be slave to a Biddy.

## Our Opinion.

It is about time the Clerk of the House ceased "calling the Members to order," and their constituents commenced calling them to account.

## Union of Church and State.

President Buchanan has an Administration Pugh in each House.

## THE CONGRESSIONAL AID SOCIETY.

We call this a valuable suggestion. It is from the Washington correspondence of the *Herald*.

"Mr. Douglas would draw to-day an audience of two thousand at a dollar a head; and if there were any authority in the federal constitution thus to tax the people for charitable purposes, it would be a good plan thus to devote a popular speaker to some benevolent object, such as a deaf and dumb asylum, or a retreat for superannuated old soldiers, or politicians, or lobby-men."

In pursuance of this plan, Mr. William Smith, Extra, might plead on behalf of a Home for Inebriates; Mr. Roger A. Pryor's melting eloquence might flow for an asylum for Abused and Improperly Protected Females; Mr. Haskin might urge the claims of a Free Hospital for Congressmen wounded in their country's service, while "the deaf and dumb asylum," mentioned by our genial scribe, could be magnificently endowed, and fully equipped with trumpets, tubes, etc., by the combined oratory of the Members at large, sustained by the voice of the whole country.

## MUMMERY.

The Reverend Guinness, the gentle shepherd whose crook the lambs and sheep of The Flock now follow, in Philadelphia, will have no music but that of his own voice, and is the Grand Stop of all the organs. Had he lived when his Great Master went about doing good, and when Nature was the only sanctuary from which the heart adored, confessed, and worshipped, Mr. Guinness would probably have bidden the birds in the branches hold their gill, and commanded the brooks to cease their tuneful song. Standing in the throbbing vast of Nature, he would have requested the winds from the hollow of the Almighty's hand to stop blowing, while he piped his little tune, and would have tried to put his foot upon the soft pedal of the exuberant and resounding sea, while he let his thin "views" trickle out and run into the sands. While, however, he objects to the sound of a "glad noise unto the Lord," Mr. Guinness sees appropriate solemnity in the sale of a photograph of Mr. Guinness in the lobbies of the church.

## Cock-Shooting in Virginia.

Since the abjuration by Virginia of every thing suggestive of a "North," a favorite pastime among her F. F. V.'s is knocking the N's off the weathercocks of her time-honored spires with their six-shooters and repeating-rifles.

In connection with the above, a Cockney "party," by whom our neighborhood is infested, suggests that "'En-shooting" would be a more correct designation for the sport in question than "cock-shooting."

## A Mem. for Grant Whyte.

Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is almost certain that Shakspeare was a Broker, no one having furnished more Stock Quotations than he.

## Literary Ma(4)ze.

The Corn-hill Magazine.

## Queen of 'Arts.

Rosa Bonheur.





ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

CENTRAL PARK SKATER (who in executing a spread eagle, backwards, has run over Old Gent and cut his finger off).—Excuse me, sir, but I think you must have dropped this.

## NEW GUIDE TO THE CENTRAL PARK.

If you will take the trouble to visit foreign parts—but don't do it on our account—you will now and then come to a Park. That you may know it when you see it, we will remark that a Park is a clean place, all fenced in, where they keep deer, trees, fountains, ruins, etc., to look at. Some of the Parks are neat little boxes of two or three thousand acres, or the like. Parks are useful. There is a Park in London, mostly under water, in which—we have it on good authority—"12,000 persons sometimes bathe on Sunday mornings." Now, this wash-tub is a great convenience. Perhaps it is all that keeps these 12,000 individuals from getting too dirty to be recognized by their friends. From the language quoted, it would seem that, as it is, they only go when they begin to fear for their own identity. Then, too, it's a fine place for artists to study the nude figure.

New-York was fast forgetting all this—if it ever knew it—when Geo. Downing, Esq., the accomplished oysterman, spoke to the Mayor, and had one made directly. This Park is certainly somewhere on the island, for we've seen it. It is called "Central," in consequence of its being way up town. It contains no "deer, trees, fountains, ruins, etc.," but a man is making 'em, as fast as he can, down in Centre-street.

It is rather a tough job to go over the Central Park, just now, considering the season, and a little risky on account of what is described to be "an extensive cannonading, in which about forty kegs of powder are used every day,"—in fact, we'd rather go over the Central Railroad; but the place is a real curiosity for what it *will* be, in a few hundred years, or possibly by the time your children are old enough to appreciate it: and that isn't saying they will, or that you'll ever have any. But you should see it once, by all means—or, at least, by the means we shall now take the pains to mention.

Take a cheap hack—if you can find one (and there, perhaps, is the rub)—and after mildly but firmly insisting on the Milesian Jehu's keeping on driving, with his eye fixed on the North Star, relapse into your cushioned seat and fall asleep, if you feel the least inclination. Be sure to start while it is raining; for it *must* clear before you get to the Park. By the time your patience is all gone, and its place is filled by a fierce, gnawing hunger, you will come to it. The Greek won't know it when he sees it; but *you* will need no other token than his horses falling over the wall.

If you are short of money—and it is a kindness in us to speak to a poor man—we will now make known to you, on competent authority, that "the Park may be reached by the Third, Sixth, and Eighth Avenue railroads." That is, supposing you don't live in Harlem or Tillytiddlem, but are merely a curiosity in the Museum—which we should think likely, if you've never been to the Park. It will cheer you to be assured that, contrary to the impression gathered from our last quotation, it is only *one* of the three railroads you need take—so there is ten cents for spending-money. The Third takes you

by it, and the Eighth to within a mile or so of it. If you go by the Eighth, you may foot it up from the terminus, if you choose and your rubbers do not leak, or you may walk "until you *meet* which you may or may not," (says our authority) a small car. What the meeting a small car has to do with getting to the Central Park, or how it affects one's feelings, we don't know; but on reflection we advise you to peg it along—stopping, if you choose, to admire (and patronize) the elegant Hotel de Finigan—and then resolutely and fearlessly pursuing your humble way. On further reflection, take the Sixth Avenue cars. After leaving 'em—supposing you still not too old to walk—"turn to the left, and enter at the first or second stile," or in any style you choose. You'll find yourself in for it at once.

To an imaginative and credulous person it's all worth seeing. In fact, pursuing our authority, on account of the changes the Park undergoes from week to week, no directions as to routes can be given; but you can manage to get along *without much danger* by asking your way of everybody you meet. It'll pay you to be short, as it's a fine to talk to anybody.

## CAUTION.

Mind your eyes, if you want to "pick any fruit, flowers, leaves, nuts, or berries," or to touch any "sticks, roots, stones, stakes, or broken stakes or boards, shavings," or in fact "any rubbish or supposed trifles of any kind whatever." And look out how you throw any stones. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but "many persons have been heavily fined and imprisoned" for meddling with these supposed trifles. So, if you happen to see any of the above-mentioned toothsome luxuries—and we don't see why you shouldn't, if they're there—master yourself and shut your eyes immediately, if you can't, go home. The best way is to keep your hands in your pockets, and your tongue busy repeating the familiar maxim, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

If you hear the Foreman—whoever he is—yell, "*All clear!*" you'd better clear, if you don't want a ton of gneiss whacking you on the head. The Commissioners give notice that whatever happens, they won't come down with the rocks. Probably because they won't go up with 'em.

You are requested to write to the Office, if you catch a man blowing himself up by a blast.

When you're so tired you can't stand, and so hungry you wonder how you do, leave; and don't blame us, if you are not satisfied.

We shall give a description of this fine Park in some future number.

## The Tad-Polar Regions of the North.

The New-Orleans *Crescent* designating the Black Republican party as the Tadpole party, says that there is little difference between the ultra Abolitionists and the so-called conservative Republicans, and adds: "The End of both classes of these men is the same." If the first part of the *Crescent's* statement be true, we see no reason to doubt the latter.

## Rows without Thorns.

Rowing is recommended by the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* as a good exercise for ladies who wish to develop the bust. Why not have called it a Robust exercise, at once?

## Zoological.

We hear a great deal about the white porpoise on exhibition at the Palace Garden. A white porpoise may be very well in its way, but we prefer Myer's Green Seal.

\* We suggest that unless our citizens are content with the old charge that "republics are ungrateful," it would be doing the handsome thing to allow Mr. D. to have a branch in the Park





THE COMET OF 1860.

"It seemed to take a Southerly direction, and appeared to be rapidly approaching Charleston,"

## DISORGANIZATION VERSUS HONOR.

A CONGRESSIONAL COMEDY.

(Scene.—In front of Willard's.)

SMITH (*Republican from Anywhere.*)BROWN (*Democrat from Somewhere.*)SMITH, (*angrily*) to BROWN.

Well, sir, you called me, last night, in the House,  
A coward and a thief: did you intend  
That I should take those terms as personal,  
Or but political?

BROWN, (*defiantly.*)

Why, personal,  
Of course, sir; and I now beg leave to add,  
That I likewise consider you a fool,  
A liar, and a great big no such thing.

SMITH, (*quickly.*)

Ha! you're another!

BROWN, (*slapping SMITH's face.*)

Very good—take that!

SMITH.

Villain! Wilt fight?

BROWN,

Yes!

SMITH.

Where?

BROWN.

O, anywhere.

SMITH.

Come on!

BROWN, (*hesitating.*)

But I'm afraid—

SMITH, (*scornfully.*)

O, ho! Afraid?

BROWN.

No, not afraid of you! I meant to say,  
That I had fears I could not fight as yet—  
In fact, not till the clouds that lower about our House  
Are all dispersed, and it is organized.

SMITH.

What's this? Not fight till we are organized?  
Why, man, we shall not fight till Judgment Day!

BROWN.

But I no pistol-balls nor powder have—  
And ammunition is not sold on tick:  
Until we organize, and get our pay,  
I cannot vindicate my name and fame!  
Behold my reason.

SMITH.

And behold a peace,  
For if we wait till ballotings succeed,  
There's little fear that either one will bleed!

(EXEUNT, arm-in-arm.)

THEATRICAL RUMOR.—It is reported that Mr. Lester Wallack, of Wallack's Theatre, and Mr. Thomas Hanlon, of the Circus, at Niblo's are to exchange places for a few nights. New and surprising feats of agility are expected from both gentlemen.

New Magnifier Invented in Philadelphia.

The "Continental" Hotel-escape.

Our Way Out of a Disputed Territory.

An(n)exit.

The "Commonwealth of Virginia."

Chiefly in Bonds.



OVERPOWERED BY HIS MEMORIES.

"Cover up her face—mine eyes dazzle. She died young!"



[FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

VANITY FAIR.



MR. S-W-D.—Look here, Miss Sherman, you've rather too much crinoline.







## THE SONG OF THE SHIRTLESS.



ITH garments scanty  
and torn,  
And eye discolored  
with blood,  
A Sweeper stood at the  
gutter's brink,  
And wielded his  
broom in the mud.  
Mud, mud, mud,  
In the walks and the  
roads knee-deep,  
And still with a sigh for  
each passer-by,  
He sings this "Song  
of the Sweep."

Filth, filth, filth!  
While Councilmen pull  
at the purse,  
And filth, filth, filth,  
Till they squander the  
bright yellow curse.  
The people, tho' taxed,  
are petitioners,  
For release from this  
gathering slime,

But contractors alike, and commissioners,  
At present can't really find time.

Wait, wait, wait!  
Till the gutters run over the brim,  
Wait, wait, wait!  
Till Teddy has served his friend Tim.  
When the jobbing for contracts has ceased,  
No filth in the streets shall remain;  
But they'll heap it in rows by your doors,  
For March winds to scatter again.

Oh! men with daughters and wives,  
Let us draw a healthy breath;  
'Tis not the filth you're sowing,  
But a harvest-field for death.  
Mud, mud, mud!  
A field for the pauper to reap,  
In his hovel of woe, where the putrid streams flow,  
To poison his lungs in his sleep.

Mud, mud, mud!  
To teem in each crowded lane,  
From morning sun, till day is done—  
Then vapors to breathe in again.  
But these paupers can bear it, you know,  
They've no heart, no affection to chill;  
Death tenderly strikes them a blow,  
And—there are five feet of earth more to fill.

With garments scanty and torn,  
And eye discolored with blood,  
A Sweeper stood at the gutter's brink,  
And wielded his broom in the mud.  
Mud, mud, mud!  
In the walks and roads knee-deep,  
And still with a sigh for each passer-by,  
He sang this "Song of the Sweep."

A Pryory Write.

The treatment of the Essence of Young Virginny, Mr. Roger A. Pryor, by the journal whose Editor's wife he saw chivalrie and gallant to blackguard from the floor of the House, is generally admitted to out-*Herald Herald*, and it may be doubted whether the young gentleman sleeps comfortably under such daily Bennettdictions.

Land of Song.

County of Coos.

(Suggested by the leading article in the February *Harper*.)

Jewelry for the Jew.

Mosaics.

## THE PEACE CONGRESS CONDUCTED ON AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

By despatches received at our office, a little in advance of the event itself, we are enabled at very little expense to lay before our readers a report of the first day's proceedings of the Peace Congress at Vienna.

The proceedings were opened by Count de Morny with prayer, after which Lord Palmerston rose and said—

That he had an important preliminary resolution to propose, and begged the attention of his august audience. He had lately been enlightened by a perusal of the proceedings of the American House of Representatives, which account he gleaned from the columns of the *New-York Herald*, and so charmed was he with the delightful freedom of discussion which characterized those debates, that he begged to offer a resolution to the effect that a similar graceful license of speech should be permitted during the present deliberations.

The proposition of the noble lord was warmly seconded by the Emperor of Austria, and passed unanimously.

Count de Morny then rose and demanded to be informed what they were assembled for. The only Peace he believed in, was peace-soup. There was but one France, and Napoleon was its prophet. He had no hesitation in stating that the noble delegate from perfidious Albion was a cowardly bully and a trickster. In fact, he might say that he was, in the most offensive sense of the phrase, a John bully. He hoped shortly to have the opportunity, on the white cliffs of Dover, of physically proving to the noble lord the contemptible physical inferiority of the Saxon to the Gaul, by putting both his ministerial eyes in mourning. As far as Italy was concerned, he trampled upon it, and upon the drivelling idiot who filled the papal chair. He, the Pontiff, was characterized by the mischievousness of the ape without his agility, and the rapacity of the vulture without his courage.

Lord Palmerston rose to reply. He was ready at all times to meet his distinguished antagonist. An Englishman was always able to lick three Frenchmen. They were a filthy, frog-eating race, wore wooden shoes, and coined brass money. He would beg to say, in three words, Agincourt, St. Helena, Waterloo.

His Holiness, the Pope, here arose, in a most agitated manner, and said that in the few remarks he was about to make, in reply to the brutal and loathsome attack of the Count de Morny, he should endeavor to preserve that Christian forbearance which was the characteristic of his holy religion. The French Emperor was a dissolute and loathsome plebeian, who kept an army of occupation in his beloved Italy, and fulminated, through the miscreant pen of Guerronniere, slandering slanders against himself. As for the Count de Morny, he had no words to express his loathing for that unclean villain. He wished he had him in the Inquisition, and then he'd let him know.

At this stage of the proceedings, to the great consternation of the assembly, a double-barrelled gun, loaded to the muzzle, dropped from His Holiness's pocket.

Francis Joseph instantly drew a pen-knife, and placed himself in an attitude of defence. The utmost confusion prevailed. Count de Morny produced a Derringer, and retreated to a corner. Lord Palmerston took off his coat, and squared at everybody.

The Pope, while apologising for the premature display of his weapon, begged to state that he held himself personally responsible for everything and anything. He ended by throwing his mitre into the ring and challenged anybody to come on.

A scene of the most terrible disorder prevailed for at least fifteen minutes, and the Congress separated in confusion.



CATCHING A GOOSE.





#### INTEWESTING—VEWY.

GORGEOUS SWELL.—Ma deah fellah, what an exquisite pair of twousahs! 'Pon honor, the effect is quite stwiking.

MORE GORGEOUS SWELL.—Why, ya-as, I fancy they're rather a neat thing; but then they're so hawid old. You'd hardly believe it, but it's the third time I've worn them.

GORGEOUS SWELL.—Weally!!!

#### AN EVANGELICAL SHARP-SHOOTER.



humiliation, cannot suffer more acutely than the man who is confidently looked to at all times to reverse the order of nature. As one throws a crumb of comfort to the poor Punster, gasping at existence between his own good things, and as the Classic Clown at the Circus is not wholly denied our consideration and sympathy, so it is impossible, in perusing the report of Mr. Beecher's remarks,

HE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture, not long since, on "Politics and Religion," and the *Tribune* gave a report of it. Mr. Beecher is an Anomaly. An Anomaly cannot lead an altogether comfortable life. It must be harder, in general, to be an Anomaly than to be a Phenomenon. Mr. Beecher is a Phenomenon. To be both an Anomaly and a Phenomenon must be very hard. The Professional Punster, great type of human

to withhold commiseration from the man, and equally impossible to deny one's self the infinite heart's delight of the matter.

We will dwell only upon one point. "He told a story of his father shooting at one snipe and killing ten. And he said that whenever a preacher took aim at one man, he might be sure that he would hit twenty." Old Mr. Beecher shot snipe. Young Mr. Beecher pops away at souls. He never brings down less than twenty! What a cheerful view of the clerical calling is here presented? There is divine precedent for fishers of men, but Mr. Beecher knows a trick worth two of that. He wanders through his well-stocked preserves, with his finger on the trigger of grace. All are fair game. No sign forbids trespassing on the premises. His eye is quick. It sees four and twenty plump spirits sitting in a row. Pop! Twenty of them roll over, their feathers fallen and their breath clean gone! A fine young soul starts up. It goes singing into the infinite Heaven of hope. Bang! He shoots it as it flies, and down it comes, poor broken thing! fluttering vainly, to his feet, and he bags it, and loads up, as the smoke clears, while a shower of unexpected destinies, at which he never aimed, descend upon the pulpit.

We may imagine Mr. Beecher summing up the results of a day's sport in something like the following condensed form. The day, of course, should be a dry, mild one, for on such alone do these juicy birds of paradise, the Fair Weather Christians, fly:

Whole Number of Immortal Souls Bagged	1,859
Wings of Faith Clipped	2,859
Souls Brought Down, but lost in the high grass of the aisles	9,900
Souls Blown to Small Bits	—

#### Classic Query.

May not the Feminine Spiritualists be appropriately termed modern Lassie-demonians?

#### Grade of Congressional Ability.

Retrograde.

The Most Melancholy Portion of Domestic Furniture.  
Sad Irons.

#### THE NEW COMEDY AT THE CITY HALL.

The novel and interesting performance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which had been expected to take place one afternoon last week at the City Hall, was postponed, in consequence of that gentleman's indisposition to appear. A vast crowd, consisting of nine reporters, the Common Council and the populace at large, suffered all the agonies of hope deferred. Public expectation had been greatly excited, owing to the announcement that on this occasion Mr. Bennett would be called upon to tell the truth, a line in which he has not of late been accustomed to claim distinction. It is supposed that a praiseworthy diffidence restrained him from venturing too abruptly to assume a rôle so foreign to his inclinations. Although the interest was centred mainly in Mr. Bennett, yet some entertainment was anticipated from the minor actors in the comedy, the Councilmen, who, it was supposed, would manifest discontent in case the principal performer should chance to achieve a success. The grief of the sacred Nine and the populace at large was only assuaged by the assurance that in the course of a few days, affairs would be so arranged that Mr. Bennett should unflinchingly appear; and that any further indisposition on his part, would be treated by the Eldridge-street practitioners in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his prompt restoration.

#### LOCK IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Locke on the Understanding.

WHY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES SITS EVERY DAY.—Because a House divided against itself cannot Stand.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—Southern opinions just now.



## LORD LOVE YE ALL.

A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

AIR: *Lord Lovel.*

S. A. Douglas is a very great man,  
And a very great man is he,  
But it's not in his natur for to be much greater,  
In spite of his Democracy, cy, cy,  
In spite of his Democracy.

Oh! when the great Douglas became a repealer  
Of the law of Eighteen twenty,  
It wasn't thrown out in course as a feeler  
All for the Presidency, cy, cy,  
Oh! all for the Presidency.

And now the great man, he will if he can,  
Leastwise it is his intention,  
To pass a new law, as a bait for the maw,  
Of the Charleston Convention, ention, ention,  
Oh yes, of the Charleston Convention.

But oh! Mr. Douglas, you can't honeyfugle us,  
Although you're a very good talker;  
It's our modest impression, that you're a real Hessian,  
Or a sort of political Walker, alker, alker,  
Or a sort of political Walker.

We've tried Mr. B., and we really can't see  
That D.'s any better at all,  
So we cannot do more, than our best to restore  
The Douglas at once to his hall, hall, hall,  
The Douglas at once to his hall.

## YOUR AUNT OR YOUR UNCLE.

The *Tribune*, after a rigid investigation, professes to have discovered that the Zoyara of the circens, at Niblo's, is not a Mademoiselle, as the play-bills declare her to be, but something else. Precisely what else, we are unable to discover, the *Tribune's* exposition leaving the matter in rather deeper obscurity than it originally was. Listen to the *Tribune*:

"The fact in relation to this remarkable creature were simply these: Some years ago, a circus proprietor in England, an American by birth, named Stokes, picked up a fair-looking young German boy of five or six years of age, and taught him the art of circus-riding. To enhance the child's attractions, he dressed him as a girl, called him Ella, and brought him out as an infant phenomenon. Little Ella grew up in womanly graces, was constantly dressed as a girl, taught as a girl, made a sensation in the ring, was greatly admired for her beauty and grace, and became the recipient of a good many valuable presents in the shape of jewelry from her admirers. By the time she reached her sixteenth year, etc., etc."

If there be anything in literature more distracting than this, we do not know where to look for it, except, perhaps, in the files of the *Tribune*. What the Zoyara's sex may be, or whether the Zoyara have any sex at all, it is difficult now to understand, however simple it may have been before. If the Zoyara should be directly applied to, as to the possession of particular distinction as to sex, the answer would probably be—"None to speak of,"—which would be satisfactory, so far as it goes. The fault of the *Tribune* is that it goes a great way, and is not satisfactory at all. For all the information it imparts, it might as well have spoken thus:—

"The truths concerning this remarkable creature was simply those: Some years ago, a circus proprietor picked up a young German boy, and taught them the art of circus-riding. To enhance her attractions he called it Ella, and brought them out as an infant phenomenon. Little Ella was greatly admired for his beauty and grace, and received many presents from its admirers. By the time she reached his sixteenth year, they determined, etc., etc."

So the question whether the Zoyara is playing Achilles, or is an injured female, still remains unsettled; and as it is one in which the community is profoundly, not to say painfully, interested, we must beg the *Tribune* to try once more, and, if possible, to shoot its rifle a little clearer.

## HAZLITT IN THE DESCENDANT.

That oracle of the tea-table, and companion of every intelligent Bostonian's buttered toast, the *Evening Transcript*, is surpassing rapidly all its cotemporaries of Athens in the important point of dramatic criticism. Wherever else is displayed pedantic affectation, stubborn dogmatism, dreary ignorance, or a fulsome spirit revelling in superlative adjectives, in these cool and easy columns we are always sure to find that nice discrimination and genial regard which most surely correct abuses, and, in spite of Mr. D. Bourciault's favorite theory, render the Press the true (left) handmaiden of the Stage. Thus, in speaking of that very gentleman's last quilt, "The

Octoroon," the gentleman who does the theatres for the *Transcript* observes:

"There are some painful scenes in the piece, which naturally very much enlist the feelings of the house, but they are not over long, and the play is put upon the stage in such a manner,—both in scenery and acting,—as to elicit general commendation."

What a different tone our criticism would have if this style were generally adopted! In regard to "Lesbia," for instance, we should learn that "there is a great deal of that excitement in it which plot and passion naturally create, especially when they have play in a picturesque age and romantic climate, but the audience is entirely relieved of all such emotion by the music, which is very badly played by the orchestra." So, of the next new comedy, the next-morning verdict would be, "there is not wanting in the piece a great deal of humorous material, but the superb dresses of the characters give the mind active employment, and enable the spectator successfully to resist all temptations to mirth."

An Abandoned Creature.

John Sherman.



THE ORIGINAL SQUATTER SOVEREIGN.





Boy.—Blag ye boots, Sir?

RANK ABOLITIONIST.—No; can't patronize you. You signed the call to the late Union Meeting.

#### ANTI-POLICE-POLITENESS PLEDGE.

We have it! We know all about it! The Commissioner isn't to blame. The Mayor isn't to blame. The Croton Board, nor the Custom-House folks, nor the Tammany Committee, are not to blame. No, the state of the streets cannot be laid at any of those doors. The horrid cause lies deeper. Don't you see; it is the Police! Yes; ever since it became fashionable for pretty women to nestle against blue coats with metropolitan buttons, to be escorted across Broadway, in bad weather, the pavements have been terrible. We have often envied those minions of the law. They have to carry the prettiest girls across, we notice, in their arms. How can we expect them to permit Broadway to be made passable? No. They have bribed everybody not to do it. But it all rests with the other sex. If they will cut out this pledge, and circulate it for signatures, we will guarantee a speedy abatement of the nuisance:

#### PLEDGE.

I do hereby solemnly vow, swear (civilly) and promise, that I will not permit any policeman or policemen, patrol or detective, day or night service, to carry me, support me, steady me, guide me, or in any way touch me, or come within twelve feet of me, before, during, or after my crossing of any street or streets in the city, until such time as said streets are made thoroughly clean, and assurances given that they will be kept cleanly thereafter. (Signed.)

Highways of Travel

Balloons.

The Worst State in the Union.  
State of the Streets.

#### THE COUNCILMAN OF MANHATTAN.



His broken head. O dear!

Oh! what a Councilman was here.

He did his duty by the town,  
In silent, solemn wise;  
He weighed too much, when fairly down,  
For trifling talk to rise;  
He pondered honestly, and gave,  
His mind made up, a single grave

NCE in Manhattan  
dwelt a wight,  
In Crayon's history  
known,  
Who did not dream he  
had the right  
The public cash to  
bone.

Ten breeches dignified  
he wore,  
While from his mouth  
the smoke would  
pour  
Instead of words. O  
dear!  
Oh! what a Coun-  
cilman was here.

Hissnapps at home—  
a sober glass—  
He quaffed with his  
good frau;  
He did not think the  
power to pass,  
Meant right to  
break the law;  
And so it never  
chanced to him  
lay in station  
houses grim

Decisive grunt. O dear!  
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

And so, without a grain of guile,  
Too simple to be sly,  
He did not deem it worth his while  
One doubtful vote to buy.  
He took his place, if called to take,  
And if he lost it, did not make  
A mighty muss. O dear!  
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

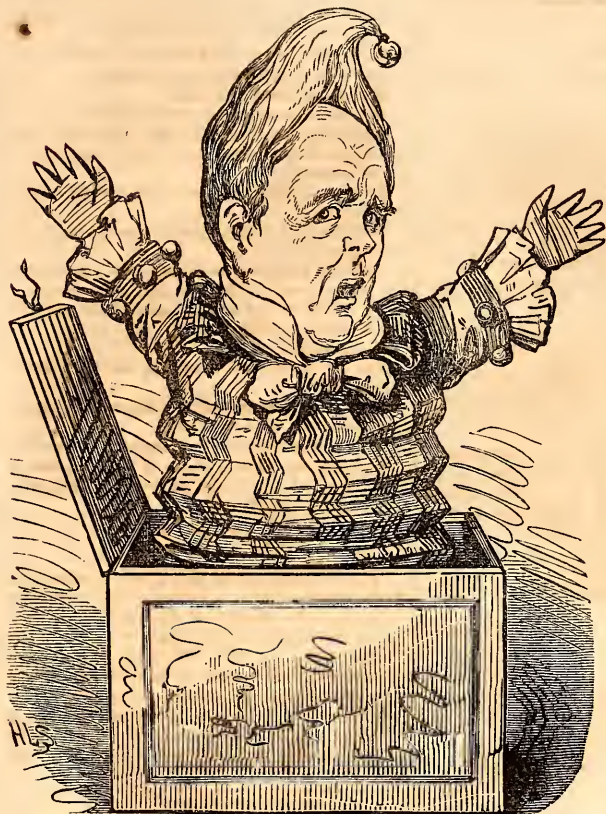
No bruiser-band in pay kept he,  
To bully and to box;  
For such, he had the gallows-tree,  
The whipping-post and stocks.  
For in those patriarchal times  
The thieves were thieves, and crimes were crimes.  
And so said he. O dear!  
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

And when at last his toils were o'er—  
No scrimmage docked his days—  
The mourners, as his dust they bore,  
In silence smoked his praise:  
And thought no Dutchman left could be  
More doughty or more dumb than he—  
This burgher bold! O dear!  
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

#### The Sergeant-at-Alms.

The disorganical and exasperating gentlemen who are amusing themselves at the expense of the public in the House of Representatives, will certainly reflect Mr. Glossbrenner. There are various reasons for this course whispered about, but we believe that it is entirely owing to their good-nature. They cannot refuse to reflect a gentleman who has Made Advances to them.





H A !

## FROM THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[Correspondence after the manner of the *New-York Times*]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1860.

As my pen now kisses this virgin sheet, the House is a bewildering and somewhat fascinating maze. The ladies' gallery sighs beneath the wealth of accumulated beauty which it has gathered into its generous bosom. As I listen, I hear the crushing of a thousand crinolines, like the whispering of the forest winds in early Autumn; as I gaze, I behold ambient swarms of saccharine divinities, stretching illimitably before me, and gently agitated with the flutterings of anticipation; as I inhale through my nostrils, I am intoxicated with the odorous incense that the thoughtful breeze is wafting unto me. I do not hesitate to say that mignonnette predominates, although patchouli is also fully represented, and I detect an occasional puff of jockey-club. The tender soul may revel now in ecstasy. Loveliness of color, perfectness of form, endlessness of change, are here concentrated. Dainty eyes and billowy hair, of every hue known to the heavenly herald which proclaims the inutility of umbrellas and the return of good walking; gracious countenances specially revealed by inappreciable bonnets; garments of the rarest texture, and jewels whose dazzling lustres yield only before the optical koh-i-noors which gleam among them; vast masses of measureless and marvellous feminine treasure, heaped profusely around, and stirred by excitement to continual motion—forever and ever (as the poet hath it)—

"Bobbing around, around, around!"

—a palpitating and distracting throng of expensive decorations, elegantly fashioned raiment, smiles, blushes, pink kids, pearly teeth, beating hearts, fragrance, and good breeding.

'Tis now the hour of noon, and the agreeable confusion having reached its extremest height, the clerk reads prayers. Then rises hoary-headed Davidson, of Louisiana, and in cold blood calls upon the gentle visitors to withdraw. Chivalrous Clemens, of Virginia, protests in haughty tones, and waves defiant crutches at the unkind mover. Extraneous Smith, of the same stalwart State, adds deprecatory words, and insists at least that his kind administratrix of egg-nogg, whose eyes are resting on him, shall be excepted. But Burton Craige, of North Carolina, who never had egg-nogg prepared for him, and whose blood is getting chilled by age, opposes this.

Stanton, of Ohio, now flings his heroic gallantry, backed up by Vallandigham and Killgore. Then fainting hopes revive again, and the reportorial heart descends a little way from the mouth into which it had risen. Smiles circulate. A little foot peeps out once more from its seventh sphere of heavenly flounce. But lo!—the attack once more sets in. Theaker, and Burnett, and Barksdale, and Garnett, and Curtis, assume brutality, and advocate exclusion. De Jarnette, of Virginia, lost to all sense of honor, talks of "a mob of women." Then clamor claims preëminence. The first voice heard is that of the Extraneous Smith, who, tearfully, again implores consideration for his bibulous benefactress. But finally Ashmore, of South Carolina, starts to his feet, and empties whole traps of rhetorical rats among the petticoats around. This is too much. Hasty skirts are gathered up, indignant farewell frowns diffused, and the exodus begins. As I gaze now, I see the little foot once spoken of—inches five of fascination—twinkling away like a fading star;—

Glossy black, of shape divine,  
Light and free it nimbly paces;  
Arched and curved with dainty graces,  
True in every tapering line.\*

Now the indignation which all right-minded men feel towards Mr. Ashmore would carry less of wonder with it, were he antique and facially repulsive, or were he the morose slave who compelled Don Juan to do the Zoyara business in the Sultan's palace at Constantinople, or if he seemed in any respect to be wanting in an eye for beauty, or a heart open as day to melting loveliness. But I find, on investigation, that he is not. He is good to look upon, and the report of a wart upon his nose must have been disseminated by a political enemy. His hair is not red, and his eyes, especially by gas-light, reflect the emotions of a susceptible heart. It is, however, rumored that he is in the habit of using rouge upon his cheeks, and that although this practice has escaped masculine detection, yet it was a few days ago discovered by feminine scrutiny, and exposed to the world;—and this may account for his exhibition of bitter acrimony to-day.

As soon as order replaces chaos, Sydenham Moore, of Alabama, addresses the House. Sydenham is a man of marked dignity as to bearing, though singularly irregular in features. He has no teeth, with a single exception, and that not of the usual size. His beard is yellow, except in spots which are always blackened by his custom of wiping his pen upon it. He usually wears shirts which button on the side, lest, in the excitement of oratory, he should burst them open and expose his bosom. His gestures are free and significant, and whenever he is seen to affix the thumb of his right hand to his nose, and to writhe the fingers thereunto appertaining, no person entertains the slightest doubt of his meaning.

Mr. Jenkins, of Virginia, who follows, is a man of not less, though differently, impressive presence. The luxuriance of his curls, which are rigorously papered every night, strikes the beholder at the first glance. That bald spot over his left temple is significant. It was thence that one of the fairest daughters of the capital severed a raven lock, only a few days ago, with a new pair of scissors purchased expressly for the purpose. As a speaker, the effect of his delivery is somewhat impaired by his attitude. A habit of keeping his hands in his trousers' pockets had so grown upon him that he found stringent measures were necessary to check it. He therefore caused the aforesaid pockets to be sewed up; but, on rising to address the House, he found himself unable to utter a word, so long as his hands remained free. Since that occasion, he has regularly, when speaking, seated himself on the back of his chair, with his feet in the seat, and concealed his hands in his boots, which he wears very high, with the trousers tucked in.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, next arises, and in grave accents withdraws his name as a candidate for the Speakership. While he speaks, a pin is heard falling. Order is soon restored. Mr. Sherman's manner is dignified, and his method of expression admirable, notwithstanding an impediment in his speech which prevents him from using consonants, and obliges him to confine himself wholly to vowels. His remarks were listened to with acute attention.

The telegraph will supply particulars, and as it is now late, and as I can write no more without touching upon subjects of real importance, no more for to-day.

BUSTBODY.

## Itching for Notoriety.

The Scotch gentlemen who participated in the late Burns festival at Springfield, Mass.

The Man who always has a "Brick in his Hat."

The lecturer, H. Clay Pate.

\* This is not prose, but verse.



## LATEST FROM POLYGAMUTAH

The following paragraph has lately been going the rounds of the press :

Brigham Young does not appear in public much of late, as is supposed, on account of ill-health. When he is seen he has his head muffled up in a handkerchief.

Of course he has. The Mormon Hierarch has long been playing a game of "blind man's buff" with the government of this country—a game in which we are sorry to think the government has allowed itself to be so utterly cornered that the muffler should, long since, have been conferred to Presidential features. But matters are now so bad at Polygamutah, that even Brig. Young himself declines, perhaps, to give his countenance openly to them, and, therefore, keeps the blinker on so as to be blind to what is going on about him. And, indeed, he must have had the handkerchief tied on pretty tight, by all accounts, if we are to believe the following item culled from the latest dispatches from Fort Leavenworth :—

The Salt Lake Valley Tan says, of over two hundred murders committed in that Territory within the past three years, not a single offender has been committed or punished.

All the salt in the Valley commingled with all the Valley Tan, would be inadequate to save the bacon of such a Territory as this demi-semi-demoniac Polygamutah. Of this double hecatomb, sacrificed to the murderous propensities of the Salt Lake gorillas, we should like to know how many were "gentiles." Also, whether the presiding Pan of the Salt Lake Pandemonium, muffle his head as he may, has not at least one eye wide awake to business when he winks at these atrocities.

It is high time for that Pan to be "brought over the coals." Territories are less savage when abandoned to their primitive bears and indigenous buffaloes, than when subjected to the half-civilized influence of such a socialism as the Mormon megatherium : and we doubt if the Valley of the Lake of Salt, in the days when no footmarks fell on its crystal-frosted soil save those of the fierce beast of the mountain and plain, ever displayed, half so beastly a sight as that of the grizzly goat-herd, Brigham, leading his hooved and horned flock to the sound of his Pandean, polygan pipe.



THE VEILED PROPHET OF POLYGAMUTAH.

## Another Consulship.

We have no desire to be considered facetious in recommending the Administration to establish, at once, an American Consulship for the protection of citizens of the United States travelling through New Jersey. The aggressions of the inhabitants of that country, during the last few years, seem to have rendered such a measure imperative. The salary should be large, in order to bear a relation to the dangers risked by holding the office, and an extra allowance should be made to the Consul in case passports are required from travellers by the government of the country.

## A Fool's Maxim.

Absurdity is the spice of life.

## Recipe for the Building of Modern Factories and Tenement-Houses.

First find a scoundrel for the builder.

Get him to give you an estimate.

Beat him down one-half.

Let him choose his own architect.

Snub any architect who may approach you with absurd propositions to superintend the work himself.

Encourage the builder in the use of bulgy bricks.

Let him put homœopathic doses of hair in the mortar.

Old and seasoned wood will be found best for beams and joists, the older the better ; even if it is so old as to be a little wormy, it need make no difference.

Have single walls.

Put in plenty of windows, as they save brick.

Never use wrought-iron pillars when cast-iron ones can be substituted.

When the building is completed, insure it for twice its value ; then, if it falls, and a few hundred people are killed and mangled, you will be the gainer.

## Not up to the Scratch.

The Scotchmen at the Burns Festival at Springfield, Mass., after enthusiastically drinking the health of Queen Victoria, refused to respond to the toast, "to the President of the U. S." Waiving the simple question of the want of politeness toward the Executive of a Country whose laws protect them, it is somewhat remarkable, among so large a body of Scotchmen, not to find one ready at any moment to come up to the Scratch.

## Q. E. D.

We have got at the secret at last. We know now why we can't have THAT Clock—and the tax-payers of the city shall share our discovery with us. The reason is simply this : if we have a clock, the clock will probably have a pendulum, and how is the latter going to work, we should like to know, when Mayor Wood is determined that he alone shall have Full Swing at the City Hall?

## Ye Fruits of Idyll-ness.

Dedicated to A. Tennyson, Esq.

"Ten pounds a line!" O Poet Laureate lucky! Thy Publishers were either plucked or plucky, To buy thine "Idyll" rhymes with pounds for pence,  
Ten Grains of sterling gold for one of sense!

## Signs of Spring.

It is supposed that the surprising feat of agility exhibited by Mr. Lester Wallack in the Romance of a Poor Young Man, is entirely owing to this being Leap Year.

## A Question for Tailors.

How is it that Lasting buttons have to be renewed so often?

## Motto for our Police Magistrates.

Fine by degrees.

## One of the Anti-Slavery Strongholds.

A Garrison.

## The Aggregate of Humanity.

Homo sum.





BOY.—Why, Jimmy, are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock.

JIMMY.—No, you mutton-head. I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?

#### LINES TO ZOYARA.

Is 't true? what we have read in sundry papers,  
That you, *Miss*, are a Master of the capers  
You nightly cut in all your various dances,  
While round the "Gutta Percha" nimbly prances  
The well-trained victim of your false pretences,  
Firmly convinced in all his equine senses,—  
He bears a "maiden fair," a "thing of joy,"  
'Stead of that half and half 'twixt man and boy.

Hobbelehoy!

(Our Grandam called us when the two we fused,  
Whereon we thought ourselves most vilely used.)  
Is 't true; Oh riddle worthy of the sphynx,  
That you, who look the archest little minx

That e'er sent cupid's dart  
Through greenhorn's heart,

Art, 'stead of Female, blooming young and tender,  
A tough young scion of the "Breeches" gender?  
Who is't, as lady's maid, that dons thy clothes?  
Secures thy sandals, garters thy sweet hose,  
Thy sash, with tastic majestic, nightly ties,  
And links the destinies of hooks and eyes?  
Who taught thee all thy fiddle faddle.  
Thy simpering leer; and how to kiss thy "daddle?"  
Who curls thy hair in imitative grace  
Of Phalon's waxen Hebes? Who doth paint thy face?  
Doth villain barber ever soap thy chin  
And shave thy young moustache, so frail and thin?  
How did'st thou learn (a thing on which we dote)  
To suit thine amble to a petticoat?  
Restrain the gait, that nature meant for man,  
To steps diminutive as smallest span?  
Who was the wretch, (O may he e'er be "cussed")  
Reversed Man's law? Man goes upon a "Bust"  
Instead of that, (may he ne'er know a spree)  
The swindler "goes" a double Bust on thee!  
Did'st take it quietly, with "nary" tustle  
When first they cram'd thee in a monstrous bustle?  
Or did'st consent, from beauty's curve to win a line,  
To wear in peace Hermaphroditic crinoline?  
Hast ever yet received a true love token?  
And heard some spooney's vows in whiskers spoken?  
If so, I pray you tell me if you can,  
What were your feelings then, *Miss*, as a man?  
Who on the *Tribune* found you out? speak freely,  
Was it the pure and philosophic Greeley?

Now listen, youth, and take a friend's advice,  
Throw off the frippery you think so nice,

#### A Sin of Omission or of Commission.

Manager Stuart's deeply affecting announcement of "Oliver Twist," just produced at his theatre, has won the profoundest sympathy of all right-minded and poetic readers. The only objection that can be brought against it, is that the glowing promise of the opening descriptive paragraph is not carried out in the practical distribution of characters. Mr. Stuart says of C. Dickens:

Long before aught of his found a home in print, little Paul, and little Nell, and little Oliver, had found a home in his big heart, and there he warmed them, and warmed them, until the fire caught the mind, and the mind touched the heart, and forth sprang a story—

—Which story, we are told in a series of sinuously wreathed sentences, was "Oliver Twist." It is evident, however, that the author did not "warm them, and warm them" quite up to the melting point, as in that case they would have been rendered suitable for casting; whereas we find that with the exception of Oliver, the little people above-named have no place in the list of persons represented. Mr. Stuart should either avoid mentioning those well-known characters of "Oliver Twist," little Paul and little Nell, or else explain why it is that he omits them in his "warmed-up" adaptation. Why hold out illusive hopes?

Pitch to the winds your furbelows and feathers,  
'Stead of "Lace pantys" sports a pair of Leathers,  
Smash up your stereotypes of clap-trap wiles,  
Cut woman's mimic smile—smile as man "smiles."

#### THE NON-INTERCOURSE DODGE.

The following highly inflammatory paragraph is copied from the *Savannah Republican* of the 28th ult.:

"PUNCH ON THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.—For want of rich food at home, or, perhaps, because we have more dainty dishes, on this side the water, the London *Punch* has served up for its readers a feast of materials taken from the American Congress. A man dressed in woman's attire, and leaning leisurely on a broom, graces one of the pages in the last number, under the title of 'the Greatest Plague in Life—An unsatisfactory Helper in the House.' Another illustrates the character of our House of Representatives by a synopsis of a day's proceedings, which we copy elsewhere."

That *VANITY FAIR* should be the earliest victim of the South's heroic resolve to ignore the North, to have and to hold no intercourse with her misguided inhabitants, to calmly wither with a high scorn her institutions generally, including her Satanic press, is a calamity that, however unforeseen, we may summon sufficient fortitude to bear.

But to be confounded in any way with *Punch*, is an affliction under which we fail, and for which we positively refuse to be comforted. It is a cut at our essential vitals. It nips us untimely in the bud. It is a chilling blast that wilts our fair young ambitions, crushes our eager hopes, and lays low the golden grain of our imagination. The whole South is informed, in a voice of thunder, that *VANITY FAIR* is a *humorous* paper, and that the gentleman who designed "The Greatest Plague in Life," and the gentleman who reported "A Day in the House," are deeply, perhaps hopelessly, wounded, to find their productions accredited to a serious source. Has the *Savannah Republican* the magnanimity to correct its statement?

Out of His own Mouth, etc.

In the Board of Aldermen, the other day, Mr. Farley swore that one of his associates was a "bloody liar," and, in the same breath, that he had never committed himself. This looks very much like self-contradiction, to say the best of it.

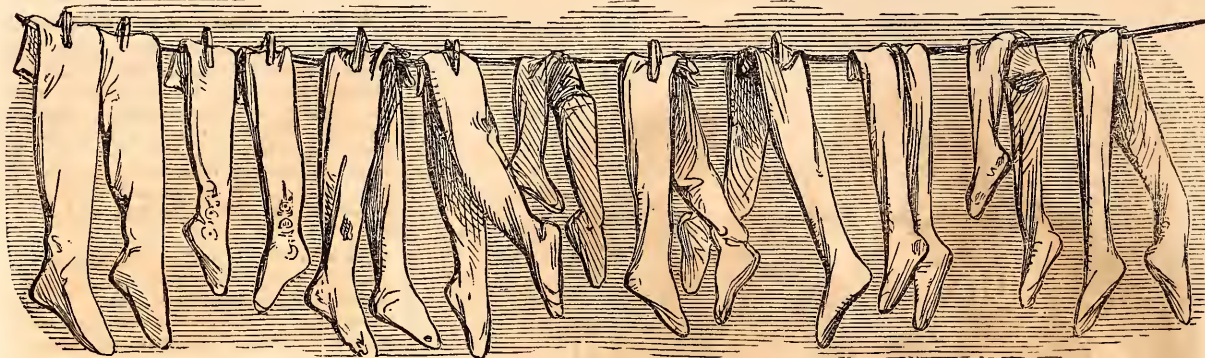
What the Hive said to the Bear.

Let me Bee.

The First Man who Jumped to a Conclusion.

Sam Patch.





THE RESULT OF THE MUD IN THE STREETS.

## THE TOWN.

"That city has ever had my heart from my infancy; and it has fallen out, as of excellent things, that the more beautiful cities I have seen since, the more the beauty of this does still win upon my affection; I love it by itself, and more in its native being than in all the pomp of foreign embellishment; I love it tenderly even to its wants and blemishes. I am not an American but by this great city, great in people, great in the felicity of her situation, but, above all, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of commodities; the glory of America, and one of the most noble ornaments of the world."—[MONTAIGNE, slightly altered.]

## THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN COSTUME.

I have seen sometimes when I have been exiled to the rural districts, turned out too grass, Independence Hall, and the grave of Franklin at Philadelphia; or pastured in Mr. Faneuil's Hall and Mount Auburn, many sneers at the streets of my beloved Manhattan.

Peasants of Market-street, and shepherds of Tremont Row have said to me, with absurd self-glorification, "Regard, O unfortunate metropolitan youth, regard the cleanliness of our streets; you might eat your dinner off from that there pavement." Just as if a man wanted to do any such thing, while cheap cafés flourish.

I acknowledge, to a certain extent, the verity of the statement of the provincial youth. The streets of Boston and Philadelphia are purer than those of Manhattan; but wherefore?

It is because hardly any one walks therein.

I wish some of these scoffers were here now. How delightful is the present condition of Broadway! How dry the pave! how sweet and clean the trottoir! Why, one might walk from Union Square to the Battery in white satin boots, and reach the end of his journey with his pedal extremities as fresh and as clean as the character of a Common Councilman, freshly purged by special resolution.

But the ladies, and even the men—such is the abject worship offered to fashion—affect to think that Broadway is muddy. CAROLINE-JENNIE has gone and done and spent (I quote her maternal parent) as much as nine dollars for a pair of bang-up (COUPON-DORÉ) Balmorals, laced up in front, having high heels, and copper-fastened all round the soles. When she came down stairs the first time with them, the governor, who was asleep over some of that particular sherry which old FIRST-MORTGAGE gave him, thought it was a charge of cavalry, and jumped up, crying "Fire!"

And COUPON-DORÉ, too, he must exchange his shooting-shoes—the natural continuation of peg-tops, just the same as café noir comes after the sweets—for a pair of long fishing-boots, which make an elegant young man look like a lamp-post, so that you always feel like looking on the side of his head to see what street you are in, and have an irresistible inclination to post a letter in the pocket of his paletôt.

Now really, and according to the eternal fitness of things, CAROLINE-JANE and COUPON-DORÉ ought to be shod with thin silk gaiters, paper-soled, and patent leather dress-boots, which would be neat, comfortable, and quite the thing for the Broadway promenade just now.

That was the style in the earlier days of the Republic, when we got all our fashions from Paris, an Imperial city, distinguished for its democratic simplicity. Now, the fashionable men and women of the present day imitate the effete and broken down British aristocracy. CAROLINE-JANE insists upon being chaussée and juponée à la Balmoral; COUPON-DORÉ gets his things from Regent-street, and the tailors and boot-makers submit to be called tradesmen, and drink the health of the Queen, God bless her! as enthusiastically as the editor of the *Albion* himself.

Where are the days of frock coats, tight trowsers, and patent leathers gone? It is awful to think of. As Mr. GENIO SNIP says,

"Let me arrange the costumes of a nation and I care not who makes its laws."

The boot-heresy spreads like Puseyism. The humblest household is not safe from the insidious wiles of the British cordwainer. The very foundations and supports of the Mothers and expecting-to-be Mothers of the Republic rest upon foreign sole leather, and are shielded from the mud of our common country by the skin of the British calf! While the Star Spangled Banner apparently waves above our heads,—while Mr. J. G. BENNETT maintains the most unceasing vigils over the compacts of our glorious Constitution,—while our flag floats in every sea except the Arctic, Antarctic, and a few more,—while we make our own crinoline, and get up our own babies,—the British Lion, jealous of the American Eagle, which it cannot "lick," seduces the Goddess of Liberty, replaces her *Pallium* with a scarlet petticoat, and substitutes for her sandals the ankle-boots of despotism, the shooting-shoes of Balmoral!

Has the era of republican simplicity, draggled skirts, muddy trowsers, italicised gaiter-boots, wet feet, and the national bronchitis, to saw nothing of our own sore throat, our particular pneumonia, and our reserved consumption departed forever?

If so, we may as well elect Extra-Billy Smith Lord of Chivalry, crown Mr. Pryor in the Capitol, and proclaim Mr. Buchanan as James the First, borrowing the "properties" for occasion from Sister Victoria.

PENDENNIS.

## Ode to Gov. Wise.

You lucky cuss; you fitin' F. F. V.; you son  
Of Mars who was agoin' for to go with twenty men  
And take possession of the Capitol, and ride  
Ruf-shod thro' Mexiko. You tall son of  
Accomac; you mi'ty Govener who hung John  
Brown—Ossawatimie Brown—you have  
Gone an' dun it—you've drawn the "Village  
Blacksmith." All hale! grate F. F. V.! What'll  
You take for the picter?

## The Body Politic.

In the U. S. Senate, the 2d inst., Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, said of Mr. Douglas, that—

When he put on his hat, it did not cover the entire brains of the Democrat party, nor its entire heart when he buttoned his waistcoat.

For this reason Mr. Fitch denied that Mr. Douglas ought to run well as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. But if it were a question of running, it strikes us that it would have been more appropriate, as well as more significant, for Mr. Fitch to say that "when Mr. Douglas put on his trowsers he did not envelope the entire Democratic legs." This would also have been more in accordance with Mr. Benton's theory.

## A Physician's Rule of Reversion.

Patients under a monument.

## A Prophecy for James Buchanan.

March Fo(u)rth!

## Marshal Rynders' Course.

Sinew-ous.





## AN OVERWORKED CLASS.

MERCHANT IN THE RETAIL DRY GOODS LINE.—So you would like to engage with us eh? Well, what department do you usually fill?  
COUNTER-JUMPER.—I—ah—stand at the door and smile.

## QUERY.

If a man walks the street in a manner so wild and incomprehensible that people halt on their way to grapple at him; if a man pays no possible respect to the decent rules and regulations of society; if he is abrupt, boisterous, rude; if he inevitably fails to purify his face and his finger nails, as also to give his hair and his dicky and his boots that close attention which gentlemen of nearly all climes find so conducive, not only to their own comfort and complacency, but also to the peace of their observant and sensitive associates; if he takes all manner of playful liberties with one's name and personally fondling or smiting one with violent humor; if he plunges boldly into the stream of conversation, and directs it from its legitimate channel; if, in fine, and of course, he behaves in the most untimely and outrageous manner, is he "a little eccentric," or is he a little brute and a big bore?

## Another "Word from the Wise.

Governor Wise, in one of his recent speeches, reminded his audience that, by keeping all their valuable products to themselves, they would sap the foundation of Northern prosperity. He concluded his discourse with the ominous words, Verbum Sap.

## A Chance for the Incorruptibles.

How glad the M. C.'s must be that the House is organized and their votes have a market value at last.

## Dyer Revenge.

Sprinkling your enemy with Prussian Blue.

## Croton Board.

Water gruel.

## TO GENTLEMEN OF ELEGANT LEISURE.



E, the undersigned, beg leave to inform our friends and the public generally that, owing to the rapid increase in the number of transient and permanent boarders at our well-known Establishment on Blackwell's Island, additional accommodation has been deemed necessary.

To meet this want, there is now in course of erection a large and handsome edifice, which will be ready for occupation in a few months. It will be finished

after the most approved style of modern architecture, fully insuring ample room, good ventilation, and perfect cleanliness—matters usually deemed of especial moment by our fastidious patrons; nor will any feature in its internal arrangements be wanting, which can heighten their comfort or enjoyment.

The domestic cuisine (a thing of paramount importance in itself) will, we venture to say, surpass in variety and completeness that afforded by any fashionable hotel in the country. A well-drilled

corps of servants will be ever ready to wait upon guests from the moment of arrival until the eve of departure; any inattention on the part of menials, if at once reported, will be promptly punished.

In returning thanks for past favors, and soliciting a continuance, of the same we would merely add that our prices will remain unchanged. The qualifications for membership of this, so to speak, "Unitary Home," are too well known to need repetition; in most cases a proper certificate from a Justice of the Peace, or other qualified functionary, will insure the applicant a warm reception.

Perhaps it may be well to remind the public, however, that Paupers, Vagrant Children, and persons of no immoral character cannot, under any circumstances, be admitted to this Institution—other quarters, better suited to their vocation and tastes, being already established on Ward's Island.

Very respectfully,  
THE CITY FATHERS.

## Rather Far-fetched.

A female cook in Stockholm, on the 5th ult., was sentenced to imprisonment for life for attempting to poison the family by whom she was employed.—*Foreign Item.*  
Though we are not informed that this woman believed in the Swedenborgian doctrines, no one can doubt that, in case of success, she would have been a Sweden Borgia.

## Not much of a Sacrifice.

A Western exchange makes a great deal out of the fact that Prof. E Bush has become a teetotaler. We are glad of it, on the Professor's account, but are in doubt as to where the credit belongs. The Professor may have discarded wine, but every one knows that "Good wine needs no Bush."

## Ship Music.

The Strain of its timbers.

## City Hardware.

Tax.



## A Batch of Valentines.



SENATOR DOUGLAS TO COLUMBIA.

I'm black or white, or red or blue,  
Whichever is your favorite hue;  
Chameleon like at your command  
I'll change my color on demand,  
I care not if I'm dark or light  
So that you'll let my House be White.



MAYOR WOOD TO THE ALBANY REGENCY.

O cruel, cruel, cruel fair,  
You'd better of my wrath beware.  
If Albany the Mayor annoy,  
I'll hire the wooden horse of Troy.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT TO ROGER A. PRYOR.

Virginian hero of chivalric fame,  
Manly traducer of a woman's name.  
Your native goals some day your tale shall tell,  
A Prior must be destined for a cell.



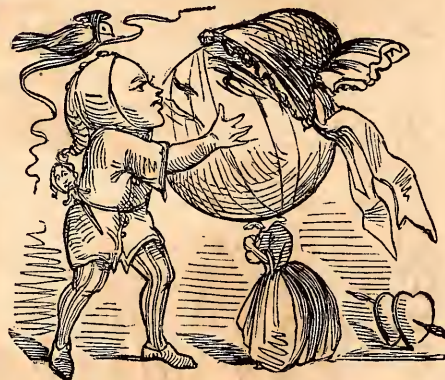
THE TRIBUNE REPORTER TO MARSHAL RYNDERS

Oh Rynders of the pugilistic paw,  
Who sought to put me under Marshall law,  
Staking money from the public till,  
Manfully said you'd fight me for the bill,  
To cool the fever of that doughty head  
You'd better diet upon Graham bread.



THE BENICIA BOY TO SAYERS.

As I'm better, dear Tom, at a fist than a hand,  
I will only just say that I'm yours to command.  
I hear that your left is a terrible scarrer,  
Yet I'll fight for a lark with the great English sparrer,  
And if to my colors I cannot prove true,  
Why at least I will leave you the red and the blue



VANITY FAIR TO THE WORLD.

Good world, you think me harsh no doubt,  
And given too much your faults to flout,  
But all our satires on your blindness  
Are really meant in thorough kindness,  
But if too bitter was the cup,  
Why let us kiss and make it up.

## THE SCHOOL-MASTER vs. THE POST-DITTO.

A postmaster in Virginia lately condemned an Ohio paper, called the *Religious Telescope* (!) to the flames of indignant virtue. Writing to the Reverend editor of this pious journalistic spy-glass—which, we presume, was intended to magnify the beauties of religion—the irate P. M. makes use of the following expressions:—

"I think it due that I should inform you that, as Postmaster, I am no longer permitted to deliver your paper to subscribers in this community. It is unlawful for me, as such, to deliver any paper to subscribers holding the views your's does upon the subject of slavery. They will hereafter be committed to the flames."

Do we understand this aright? Do we properly comprehend the rules and results of Southern non-intercourse? We fear not. Let us see. As Postmaster, this gentleman is no longer permitted to deliver the *Religious Telescope* to subscribers. So far, so good, but now, as *such* (subscribers of course), it is unlawful for him to deliver any paper to subscribers holding the views that the editor's subscribers does—is that it?—on slavery! Now for the poser. "They will hereafter be committed to the flames!" Unfortunate subscribers! Wretched innocents, who have unsuspectingly put

down their "\$2 per annum; payable in advance," to have the delights of piety focussed through the exemplary lenses of the Spiritual Spy-glass! They must perish in the flames, and all on account of some mysterious power, that does not permit the postmaster to do certain things!

We are aware—and our hearts bound with joy at the thought—that it may be only the "views" which "will hereafter be committed to the flames." Whether these are stereoscopic views of slavery—double, those of Senator Douglas seem to be—or, as appears more likely, Telescopic views, we are unable to say. We do wish that this doughty and holocaust-loving mail officer would inform us all about it, and tell us whether or no the burning of all Southern subscribers to Northern journals is to be a part of the Dis-solution programme.

Prints of Darkness.

Mourning calicoes.

How to Punish Inebriates

"Give 'em rats" when they're taken in.





## OUR POLITICAL SNAKE-CHARMER.

DOUGLAS—YOU PERCEIVE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT THE CREATURES ARE ENTIRELY UNDER MY CONTROL. (*Aside*) SAY, FORNEY, HOPE THE BRUTES WON'T BITE!







## OURSELVES AS SEEN IN A MIKE-ROSCOPE.



UR readers are informed that "We Americans," are a remarkable people—in the eyes of Dr. Cahill. That gentleman, now visiting this country, has written to the "Small Tenant Farmers of Ireland" several letters, well calculated to make those Lilliputians feel smaller still in their own estimation, at the same time furnishing them with food for astonishment concerning Yankee (particularly New-York) institutions, manners, and the like.

We should not venture to dispute anything the able Doctor

chooses to vouch for, were it not that he, in his last epistle, alludes to the possibility of his falling into some trivial mistake. In such case he says:—

"I shall correct that mistake when better informed by a longer residence, or by more accurate information."

We are unable to "inform" him "by a longer residence," but will gladly do so by giving him "more accurate information," if he desire it. Of course he does. In the first place, this "Republic" is not a "Kingdom," as is implied in this extract:—

"A drunken man is abhorred, and a ragged idle man is despised and hated in this Republic, perhaps with a more intense feeling of disgust than in any other Kingdom on the globe."

The following statement puzzles us somewhat—in fact we desire to be "informed by more accurate information" relative to it.

"The tradesmen can dress as well as the President; and the laborer, if he be present, can appear in clothes little inferior to the shopkeeper, or storekeeper, as he is called here."

We would like to know what the laborer's dress is when he is not "present." By all means let us have the "naked truth."

Everybody will be delighted to learn that, despite our climate, Dr. C. is physically sound, and, better still, intends remaining so.

"I am in excellent health, and I shall publish every week this bulletin of myself."

The City Fire Bell Towers call forth the following remarks, which may enable the world to estimate the height of "Nelson's" pillar in Sackville-street.

"They (the New Yorkers) have built in different and judicious parts of the city, fire towers (as well as I could judge) about thirty feet higher than Nelson's pillar in Sackville-street. Three men, in their turn, stand on the top of these towers day and night."

There is a deal of sarcasm in saying "fire towers as (well as I can judge)." As for the "three men standing on the top of these towers," we can't say that it is strictly true. However, the point may be left open for discussion.

The Doctor's eloquence grows absolutely burning when discoursing of the valiant deeds ascribed to our "Fire Laddies"—hear it!

\* \* \* \* \* "They have sometimes poised themselves from the tops of ladders, and from the middle of the street have dropped themselves into the upper stories when the blazing under stories would not permit the ladder to be placed against the house in the ordinary way. Thus tying and hooking each person to this ladder or other appliances, they have saved whole families, and then saved themselves on many occasions by creeping along the tops of houses like cats till they were out of all danger."

The members of "Cook's Royal Circus" had better leave the city at once. They can never hope to "drop from the middle of the street into the upper stories" of burning buildings. The latter sentence compels us to ask again that we may "be informed by more accurate information"—can any of "70's" boys translate its meaning?

We anxiously await the next irresistible effusion from the Great Narrator. Meantime we take the liberty of suggesting that he would do well to shun his previous "informers," as they have already succeeded in getting him on rather a long string.

P.S.—For facts concerning our "Peculiar Institution," Dr. Cahill might consult the Apostle of Light, Wendell Phillips, and his opponent, the Apostle of Darkness, Charles O'Connor; he would then be capable of forming a just opinion of the all-absorbing topic.

## THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH BY THE QUEEN'S EDITOR.

The following announcement we copy *lit., et verb., et punct.*, from the *London Court Journal*—a very nice paper for weakminded people to become gradually idiotic over:—

"Rumors of a painful nature, as to the elopement of a lady connected by marriage with the county of Tipperary, with an officer, has been circulated within the past few days."

Has they? We are indeed pained to learn that such "rumors" "has been circulated." On the whole, however, we think that it is the officer who has been circulated, though we were not aware that rotation was the rule in Her Majesty's Army. We should really like to understand about "the county of Tipperary" and its marriage relations. Has the lady married the county—or is it a misprint for Count? Is there a Count of Tipperary? Or, is it the lady only who is "connected by marriage," and who has eloped with the county? Did she elope with both the county, or count, and the officer too? Whatever these rumors are, they are certainly of a very painful nature, and we don't see how the *Court Journal* man can bear to repeat them in such painful language. We hope that, if the county of Tipperary is really the rightful husband, it may succeed in getting a divorce from the lady—or the officer—or whoever is the delinquent concerning whom the "rumors has been circulated."

## Heartrending Occurrence at the Free Academy.

The Free Aecademy building, we see by the dailies, has been examined by three architects and found to be safe. We may not be able to say as much of the mental equilibrium of its students if they are so readily permitted to draw books from the Library of the Institution as they have been of late. Last Friday a "character" who had entitled himself to the privileges of the Library for one week by the requisite three months of excellent deportment and scholarship, succeeded in getting a long-coveted volume from the Cerberus who guards the bibliotecal treasures of the F. A. He had no sooner obtained his prize than he scuttled off with it as fast as possible, for fear Cerberus might repent and demand it of him again. Reaching home, the young man was discovered by his parents to be in an unusual condition, mental as well as physical. His eyes wandered and his whole frame trembled as from suppressed emotion. Medical aid was summoned, and the young man's nervous system was found to be completely prostrated.

To allay the raging pain in his head anodynes were proffered him, but he refused them all, saying he had had enough of A Nodine already. This was regarded as the crowning point of his lunacy.

At the present writing, this ill-fated youth lies a gibbering idiot in his father's house, and his recovery is looked upon as more than doubtful.

## A Brand Plucked from the Burning.

The proprietor of the *Ledger* makes this announcement:—

"If we are not burnt out oftener than once a week, the *Ledger* will never be delayed in its issue."

This is certainly the most flaming advertisement that Mr. Bonner has yet given to the world. He might, however, add to its effect by proclaiming that at no time has the *Ledger* been known to exhibit so much sparkle and brilliancy as on the occasion of the recent conflagration, and that probably it will never be known to be so sparkling and brilliant again. It would hardly be fair, however, to expect him to admit what is popularly believed:—that the number of *Ledgers* destroyed was so infinitely greater than that of the other suffering hebdomadals, simply because of the exceeding dryness of that publication.

## A Rush to the Head.

The ladies of New-York cannot expect to entirely succeed with their latest fashions. It is painfully evident that the new bonnets are too much for them.

## A Problem.

If, as physiologists tell us, the human body is seven parts Stearin and one part water, how is it with the pilots on the East River ferry-boats?

## Father of the Cereals.

Pop Corn.

## An old Street Van.


Delevan.





HERN AND THERE.  
OPENING ANDANTE.





charms. We know all about Here, but There is the untried. We have an instant respect for a man when we hear that he is "thar." It is true that Themistocles might be supposed to have been an advocate of the antagonist of There; when he said, "Strike, but hear." But I am sure that if he had been struck, he would have wished himself There. Although, on the whole, as I have said, I prefer being There, you will, I think, find me Here very frequently. I am, in fact, of a fickle disposition, and must have variety, which substance is usually considered to be the condiment of existence. And this is all that I have to say on this topic at present. There!


 Dramatic agility seems to be the order of the day. In the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," at Wallack's, Mr. Lester takes a flying leap off a tower, which feat, on his part, is really a *tour de force*. While, not to be outdone, Mr. Jordan, in "Oliver Twist," in the interesting character of *Bill Sykes*, performs a "perilous act" in the last scene of the play. If this state of things continues, a singular transformation will shortly take place in the acting drama. The leading light comedy man will play *Rover* in tights and spangles, and Mr. Lester will be advertised in the bills as the Bounding Ball of Babylon. Following this professional example, Mr. Jordan will perhaps be known to the public as Gambolling George, and the leading old man at Wallack's Theatre as India-Rubber Blake. A performance of the last-named gentleman on the tight-rope will, it may be, be announced as to take place between the acts. These performances will, of course, require some practice, but there is one acrobatic feat in which a good many of the dramatic artists will require no instruction. Most of them are fully qualified to give a performance on stilts.

 Judging from the barbarous state of the streets, I think that our street commissioner should have a syllable added to his name, and be known henceforth as Delevandal.

 The Northern dry-goods dealers prescribed by the South have all taken to quoting "Hamlet." They mournfully cry, "List! O List!"

 A philanthropist meeting the owner of a tenement house, the day after the late awful tragedy in Elm-street, asked him if he remembered that one of the ten commandments which says, "Thou shalt do no murder." To which the wealthy proprietor answered, with a sneer, that the commandment was not in the ten he meant.

 Mademoiselle Ella Zoyara's favorite instrumental accompaniment in her equestrian acts is said to be the Haut-boy.

 Certain tax-payers of this city are in a fluster about the appropriations for the Central Park. It cost too much, they say. Poor

VERY BODY must be either Here or There. This law is inevitable. To be sure we sometimes hear of men that are neither here nor there; but this phrase is used in an abstract and purely philosophical sense, and has nothing to do with the dynamics of locomotion. For my own part I prefer being There. Here is all very well for a time, but there is an indefinite mystery about There, which attracts and

fellows! What a shame it is that they should be obliged to pay for fresh air for the people. What do they want with fresh air? They don't use it, or want to use it. Give them their anthracite, and their registers, and they are content. Like Mithridates they have lived on atmospheric poisons so long that they cannot conceive anybody relishing other than a toxocological existence. What is the health of Brown, the mechanic, and Brown's wife and children, who, when that blessed Central Park is finished—and it *will* be finished—breathe freely at least once a week, and come back to Monday's work purified through that silent talk with Nature—what is all this to old Croesus, in comparison with the hundred dollars a year that the corporation takes from him to give to the poor mechanic in grass and trees. I do believe that there are men who, if they were in a gas corporation, would put the sun out if they could, to better their business!



A HINT FROM GREELEY.

"He (Mr. Charles O'Connor) is the African Knife-Swallower of this exciting drama."—*N. Y. Tribune, Feb. 1st.*





SO ANNOYING !

JEALOUS HUSBAND (supposed to be out of town).—Midwife, what's this I see?  
WIFE OF HIS BOSOM.—This—my dear—Oh! only my grandmother—I—I mean my cousin.

## ROOM WANTED FOR A GENTLEMAN.



are considered. It affords a sweet and cooling contrast to the loud and fiery conduct that has of late prevailed in the halls of representative wisdom. How much better shows Virginia pleading, through Mr. Clemens, for the ladies' rights on the floor, than Virginia devastating the innocent family of the editor of a paper, (whose lot in life, at least, should command the tender pity and respect of men,) and breathing inextinguishable hatred to the whole North, through young Mr. Pryor! How much more becoming to the Old Dominion is this graceful and courtly attitude, than that which assumed recently by her Smith, to the exasperation of all of U.S.!

It is hard, in view of the amenities which distinguished this memorable occasion, to breathe a syllable that may even seem out of keeping with its chivalric spirit. But one inference is irresistible, and we make it at the risk of our reputation for gallantry, which the flourish of knightly lances in the Preface to VANITY FAIR got up.

## THE EPICURE'S LAMENT.

Through streets and squares I hear a sighing,  
As if a wounded spirit wailed;  
Sad tones upon the air are flying  
In melancholy accents crying  
"Delmonico hath failed!"

Ah, many a dear delicious dinner  
Within thy classic walls I've hailed,  
But now, each mortal dining sinner  
Must peak and pine, wax thin and thinner—  
Delmonico hath failed!

Alas, for *canard, dindon, poulet*—  
In long and luscious ranks detailed—  
Alas for wines, decanting coolly—  
The fiat hath gone forth, and truly  
Delmonico hath failed!

No more shall he my palate tickle  
With well-plucked game or fish well scaled,  
No more his aromatic pickle  
Shall cool my throat: Ah, fate is fickle—  
Delmonico hath failed!

Alas, that he whose quills were splendid  
Before his debts should e'er have quailed!—  
That he, whose fame was so extended,  
Should live to mourn his glories ended;  
Delmonico hath failed!

Well, since the gold has fled thy coffers—  
Since thy estate is sore entailed—  
The poet's sympathy he offers—  
Hushed be the sneers of cynic scoffers;  
Delmonico hath failed!

Our Advice about Lotteries.  
"Don't speak to the Man at the Wheel."

Who Govern the South?  
The Masses.

What is the matter with the women? Are they possessed, all of them, of a busy devil—a restless demon—Imp Atience? Has their curiosity forever got the better of their delicacy? Have an overpowering majority of them lost all sense of public propriety? How else shall we account for their tumultuous presence in scenes where really there is little if any demand for them? Is it not a notorious fact that whenever a sermon is advertised to be preached to young men, the pews are pervaded by young *vice versa*? Is there a public funeral, a civic celebration, a formal reception of a municipal guest—the sidewalks, the windows, the grave-stones, all available spots are thick with the gentle and the fair, enduring tortures from the mere mention of which they would shrieking shrink in private? "About forty ladies" hear themselves discussed upon, hear the *pros* and *cons* taken upon their proposed ejection, and make no move from the place where their country has said they shall not be, until their presence is no longer a physical possibility, and then they disperse slowly, and probably poutingly, and perhaps huffed!

Our feeble remonstrance is offered. This is a land of beautiful creatures of one sex, and polite and attentive ones of the other. "Dear woman" is the only toast that we really celebrate with gusto. We love, yes we love, the beaming eye and the blooming cheeks. But there are moments when our tender chords refuse peremptorily to vibrate to the touch of beauty. Let us have a fair share of room! We are of an inferior mould, but do not entirely crowd us out!

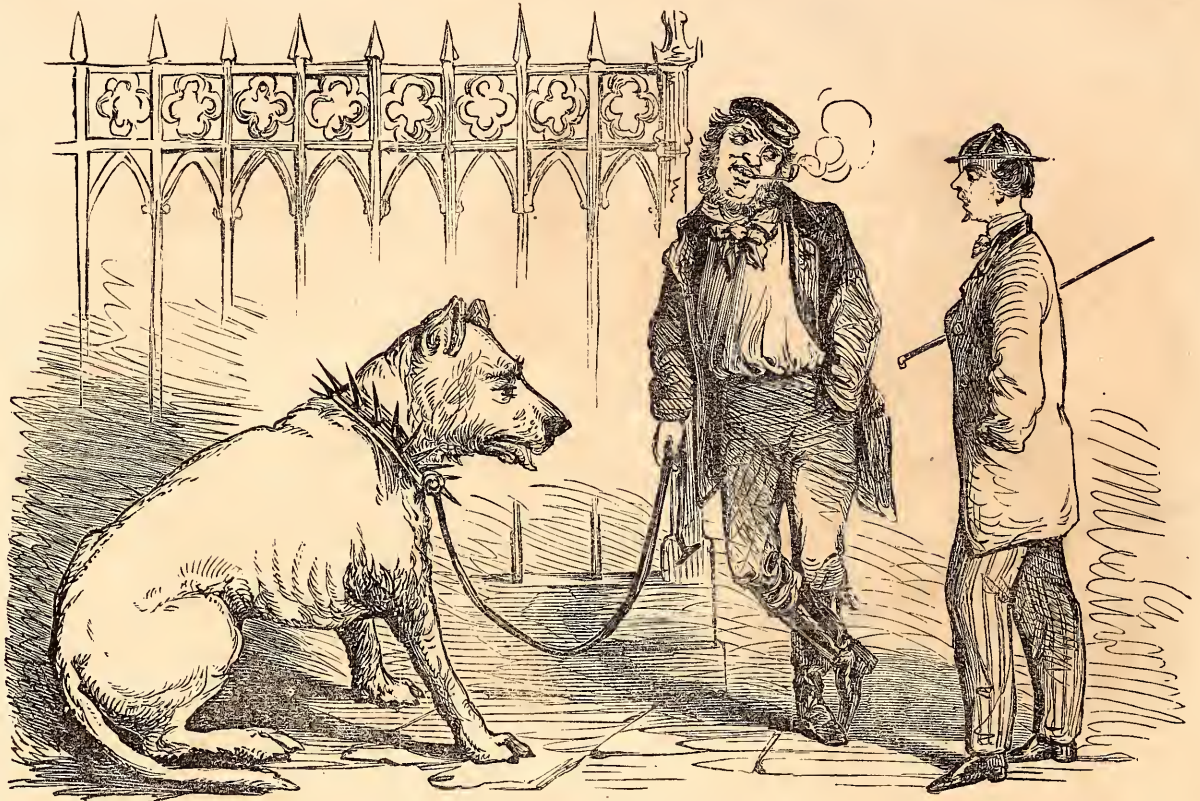
## The Milling Boy.

There was a jolly Miller  
Went off across the sea,  
To fight Tom Sayers with might and main,  
So stout a boy was he;  
And still the burthen of his song  
Forever used to be,  
"I cares for nobody, no, not I,  
Nor Johnny Morrissey!"

## General Stagnation.

The Nation presided over by an old Buck.





LIVE AND LEARN.

**DOG DEALER** (*responsive and sarcastic*)—Rayther large for a pup of his age—is he, now? It's much *you* know about tarriers? Why, if we hadn't a kep him back by puttin' gin in his milk, he'd bin nigh as big as his father afore now.

#### THE LAST BOSTON EXCITEMENT.

It is only in Boston that the Christian virtues reach their fullest development. In that placid town, where the joys and woes, the glories and shame, the daily duties, habits, and food of each of the inhabitants, are promptly and definitely known to all the rest, a young lady recently drew the strap of one of her skates too tight, while revelling on Jamaica Pond, and was accordingly more or less frozen. A calamity so startling could not be calmly passed over. Boston palpitated with sympathetic anguish. The newspapers reflected the public feeling. Paragraphs of pathetic tendency circulated freely. The imagination of journalists was brought to bear, and it was presently proclaimed that the young lady's foot had succumbed to destiny, and been dissociated from her frame by surgical appliances. Then arose laments for the lost foot. Elegiac lines to its memory set in with great persistency. But in time came a reaction. It was discovered that the report of amputation was premature. The *Transcript* relieved the community by the assurance, made on the best authority, that nothing had been lost, except a toe-nail. People then smiled once more, for a toe-nail lost was not an irreparable injury. Time, the great restorer, would attend to that. But public sentiment was not thoroughly settled until after the appearance of a leading article in the *Courier*, which operated upon it after the manner of fish-skin upon coffee, and in which it was declared that the young lady had, to the editor's "certain knowledge, been able to walk, to run, to dance, and to skate," since the period of congelation. "The misfortune of losing one of her feet," added the *Courier*, "would have been felt very keenly by her friends, of whom she has, deservedly, a great many." Here is a farther proof, if one were needed, of the universal tenderness of heart which animates Boston. In another place, such a misfortune would probably have been felt by the lady herself. Here, on the contrary, it would have been felt by the lady's friends. The only similar case on record, which, curiously enough, also bears reference to the amusement of skating, is that of Mr. Winkle, who, when his beloved leader, broke through the ice, implored him, "for his (Winkle's) sake," to keep his head above water. But the Pickwickian record is tame, compared with this example of Bostonian devotion.

#### PUT HIM OUT.

In the United States Senate, on the 1st inst. :—

Mr. CLAY, of Alabama, offered a resolution calling on the President for information in regard to Proposals for heating the Capitol, etc.

It would have been more to the point if the honorable senator had called for information in regard to cooling the Capitol. So far as we have been able to discover, that edifice has been, during the whole of the present session, in altogether too fiery a condition for comfort. That one of its occupants, of all other men, should encourage the prospect of additional fuel, betrays an inflammatory condition of temper that is quite alarming. Mr. Clay himself has not hitherto been behindhand in supplying combustible material in the Senate Chamber, and he cannot have failed to observe the quantity of incendiary matter that has been provided by the Republican members. Does Mr. Clay consider that further baking will speedily convert him into a brick? Or is that his aim? In any case, the resolution seems superfluous. If the glowing rhetoric indulged in, the warmth of expression into which gentlemen are continually admitting that they have been led by the heat of debate, the general intensity of feeling which prevails are not sufficient to elevate the Congressional thermometer to the requisite height, it does not appear probable that any outside arrangements can effect that object. We look forward with dismay to the time—too rapidly, we fear, approaching—when honorable gentlemen cannot be spit upon without sizzling. Then, indeed, our Congress will be a burning shame and a hissing reproach among men. We hope that Mr. Clay's attempt to cast a firebrand into Congress will be duly rebuked.

Con.

(By a man who has lately had his head shaved.) Why is the first Shad of the season like humor?  
Because it's bad-in-age.

The Road to Ruin.

Hellgate.





## KNOW THYSELF.

MANIPULATOR.—I find the reasoning and perceptive faculties very small: language, self-esteem and secretiveness large; combativeness and veneration small; acquisitiveness very large; amative-ness large. This character is vain, mean, selfish, greedy, sensual and sly, talkative and cowardly. This individual would be eminently successful as a retail dry-goods clerk.

## DOUGLAS'S SERENADE.

Air, *Molly Bawn*.



O Polly Tix, why leave me pining,  
All lonely waiting here for you?  
The Stars and Stripes are brightly shining,  
And pray, why shouldn't I shine too?  
O, Polly Tix! O, Polly Tix!

The Black Republicans are snarling,  
They take me for a thief, you see,  
They know I'd steal a march, my darling,  
Unless defeated I should be;  
O, Polly Tix! O, Polly Tix!


My little nose doth brightly bloom, dear—  
My little eyes do brightly shine—  
The White House must be some one's home, dear,  
And maybe it was made for mine;  
O, Polly Tix! O, Polly Tix!

## A Joke of some Note.

The great anxiety of a Tenor:—

"To  or not to , that is the question."

And, it may be added, if this is successfully surmounted then comes

"The  of troubles,"

on which so many unfortunate Tenors have been wrecked.

## Words and Deeds.

Before the organization of the House, the members were all ready to fight to the extremity of boldness. Now that the way is clear, when the question of proceeding to business arises, they all Fight Shy.

## FOR SALE LOW, TO CLOSE A CONCERN.

The Goddess of Liberty, being about to retire from business, begs leave to offer the entire stock in trade of her establishment for sale.

The G. of L. would offer, at the same time, the "good will" of the concern, but unhappily it is a long while since her once excellent supporters and customers have exhibited any good will towards her. The attention of distant nationalities, who may be thinking about a revolution, Hungarians, Poles, or Irishmen, is specially invited to this great sale.

Among the articles for which she has no further use, and which will be disposed of, without reserve, to the highest bidder, are the following materials in a slightly damaged condition:—

Lor No. 1.—Will comprise that most respectable fowl, the American Eagle, of the single-headed species, with his claws full of sheet lightning and thunderbolts. Warranted genuine. Any nation in need of an Emblem will be treated with on the most liberal terms.

Lor No. 2.—A fine assortment of Liberty Poles, with caps to match. The attention of L. N., who is said to have a curious collection of similar articles in his private cabinet in the Tuileries, is particularly requested to these worthless commodities.

Lor No. 3.—The beautiful motto of *E pluribus Unum*, which rendered important services in times past, but is no longer available for national purposes. The attention of the Argentine Confederation and the Mexican people is respectfully invited to this very excellent article. The G. of L. is sorry to part with what she has heretofore regarded as one of the most precious jewels in her regalia, but the change in her circumstances compels the sacrifice.

Lor No. 4.—The Stars and Stripes, which she would prefer to wrap around her, like the late Mr. Kirby of the National Theatre, and die as would become a Goddess retiring from business; but she hopes, after the next Presidential election, to be on her feet again, and therefore she will not entertain the idea of dying just now.

Lor No. 5.—Will consist of a lot of fine sentiments, not at all the worse for wear, among which will be found, "The Memory of Washington," the "Declaration of Independence," the "Rights of Man," "United we stand, divided we fall," "Sic Semper Tyrannis," "Give me Liberty, or give me death," and Governor Wise's beautiful sentiment, "The Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union." A large lot of Fourth of July orations and Bunkum speeches will be thrown in, gratis, if the purchaser of this lot should desire them.

Lor No. 6.—A large lot of national melodies, songs, anthems and choruses—an entire invoice, consisting of "Hail, Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Adams and Liberty," "The Star Spangled Banner."

Lor No. 7.—That lovely eidolon called Uncle Sam, or Brother Jonathan, which has been found so very valuable for the purposes of burlesque and comic illustrations.

The Goddess of Liberty begs leave to refer to the following named gentlemen, for further particulars, who have been appointed the assignees for her estate:—

REFERENCES—Robert Toombs, of Geo., Jeff. Davis, of Miss., James Gordon Bennett, of New-York, William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, Horace Greeley, late of New Hampshire.

Terms—Indefinite credit.

## An Aloe of Wit.

Great consternation has been excited in the small but determined circle of readers of the *Century* by the bold expression of a joke in its columns. Observe the recklessness of the frivolity: not in an obscure corner, away off in some distant realm of its boundless space; not insidiously among the Obituaries; not in small, uncertain, experimental type, is the wild jest perpetrated; but right at the head of a double-leaded leader, and that leader a grave, ecclesiastical one, it shows its grinning teeth. We submit to all those who appreciate the true dignity of life, and especially the necessity of one decent and high-toned journal, whether "Pope-ular Sovereignty" is not, in the strictest sense, a low order of intelligence.

## Western Courtship.

A schoolmaster at Boardman, Ohio, (a Strapping fellow, as it appears) having failed to secure the affections of a young lady under his charge, revenged himself by punishing her, for some alleged fault, so severely that her back was covered with stripes. At first sight, this would appear to be an extraordinary method of winning a woman's heart; but after all, it may have been the schoolmaster's only way of Making an Impression upon her.

## What's in a Name?

It is a significant fact that the first movement in the House of Representatives toward reducing the Public Expenditures and diffusing principles of economy, proceeds from Mr. Hoard, of New York.



## THE SORROWS OF A DEAD-HEAD.



ON'T you pray for me?  
I am a Dead-Head.  
It was once my loftiest ambition to be on the free-lists everywhere. I am passionately fond of dramatic spectacles. I cannot live without them. But I cannot pay fifty cents nightly, and live on a salary of six hundred a year.  
So, by strenuous exertions, I succeeded in obtaining entrance gratis to all the theatres and fancied that I should be happy.  
Poor deluded fool! I am painfully sensitive in my appreciation—but I have to applaud, you see.

So I go every evening, and suffer the agonies of the d—oomed!  
O, when I see some desperate blockhead murdering a noble rôle, mechanically repeating his lines like a stupid schoolboy, leaving out whole passages, each of which cost the author an immensity of study, of labor, of pain and travail, interposing bits of stale wit and vulgar gag, and going complacently off without having shown one spark of fire, one ray of intelligence—without having given the least of earnestness or elegance to his part, how I long to hiss him out of existence—to pierce his very soul with fierce serpent-like sibilations, and drive him to hide his insignificant head in the eternal and ignominious oblivion he deserves.

But I can't do it.

The Managers are my friends. Through them I live, move, and have my being as a theatre-goer.

Have you not seen me often, dear reader, sitting in the parquette, the orchestra chairs, the boxes, or the proscenium *loges* of all the places of amusement in town? Sitting and gazing upon the scene, and ever and anon applauding—beating my reluctant palms together in idiotic and unmeaning approbation of acting—acting? no, *aping*—that sickens and disgusts me! Stamping and crying “bravo!” to execrable fiddling and shouting—clapping my hands in utter regardlessness, not only of kid gloves at a dollar and a quarter a pair, but of the truth, and the honesty, and the honor that should be held sacred to every heart, as making the difference between the Gentleman and the Snob!

Yet gratitude—loftiest of human virtues—demands that I shall do this thing, for there is the Manager, with his terrible Managerial smile, gazing about the house—be it from a box, be it from the wings—and I must applaud, or be ungrateful.

I cannot live without the theatre, yet my sufferings within it are killing me. My eyes are dimming, my cheeks paling, my wrinkles deepening, my hair growing gray, my form bent, my hand tremulous, and my steps uncertain; I hate life and my fellow-beings—and all from the horrible necessity I feel of violating my noblest feelings, and crushing out my soul's best impulses.

Pray for me!

## Disbanding the English Militia.

We learn without surprise of the intention to disband the newly organized militia of England. What but disaffection could be expected, from such an open and undisguised attempt on the part of the Government to Rifle the whole country?

## Good News for the Men.

The recent change in the style of female costume appears at once prudent and amiable; it is a sign that the ladies consider that their charms have been too Long Wasted.

## Mem. for Lucy Stone.

WOMAN'S BEST RIGHT.—The Marriage Rite.

“Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.”  
Stepping over into New Jersey.

## STEPHEN D. AND JIMMY B.

*Air.—Gaffer Green and Robin Ruff.*

If I get to the White House next year, Jimmy B.,  
(But I never shall get there I fear,)  
Won't Seward be mad, and the Democrats glad,  
If I get to the White House next year, Jimmy B.,  
If I get to the White House next year.

If you run for the White House next year, Stephen D.,  
'Twill not pay for your trouble I fear;  
But be honest and true, and say what you will do,  
If you get to the White House next year, Stephen D.,  
If you get to the White House next year.

Oh, I'll do—oh, I hardly know what, Jimmy B.,  
But the capers I'll cut will be queer;  
For I'll send round the drink, and not care what folks think,  
Whilst I live in the White House that year, Jimmy B.,  
Whilst I live in the White House that year.

But when the four years slip away, Stephen D.,  
And the end of your term shall draw near,  
Say what, 'midst your grief, will afford you relief,  
As you give up the White House that year, Stephen D.,  
'As you give up the White House that year?

Oh! I never can tell what you're at, Jimmy B.,  
Your questions are always so queer;  
But since other folks lie, I suppose so must I,  
—Yes—to get to the White House next year, Stephen D.,  
Yes—to get to the White House next year.

There's a place that is better than that, Stephen D.,  
But I fancy you'll never get there;  
And unless you advance, you've a precious small chance,  
Of reaching the White House next year, Stephen D.,  
Of reaching the White House next year.



“‘CA’ MY MUSHIC! ‘CA’ MY MUSHIC! CONFOUN’ IT! WHERE’S THEIR FOSHTER, CHARLEY? I DON’ SEE ‘NY BILL. THIA’S ALWAYS THE WAY. NOW ‘F DID’N WAN’ T’ FIN’ IT, WE’D FIN’ FUSH THING. BUT JUS’ CAUSE WE DO WAN’ T’ FIN’ IT, WE CAN’T FIN’ IT. AINT THIA’ SHO, CHARLEY? (Hic.) DAMN!”





A LUXURIOUS IDEA.

PATRICK (to his friend who drives a "kerridge.")—Mike, I'm goin' to get a divorce.

MIKE.—A divorce? What's a divorce?

PATRICK.—Why, it's one of those fashionable ways av proeurin a Harem.

#### LO! THE POOR INDIAN.

GREAT INDIAN EXHIBITION AT BLEECKER BUILDING.—The great Indian orator and chief, OKA TE-WALLA; or, Mountain Panther, just arrived from the wilds of Oregon, with his warriors and squaws from the forest, equipped as when prepared for battle. They will represent in their wild and untutored eloquence the pleasing and startling peculiarities of the red man of the woods, painting with dramatic power many of the horrific scenes of blood and battle that are now being enacted by these uncivilized brethren of the forest. The public will find this exhibition of savage life truly what it is represented to be, and the object of the Chief is to gain a knowledge of civilized life, and to return and teach it to his tribe.—*Herald*.

So the Great Indian Orator, Mountain Panther, Esq., and his tribe have come from the "wilds of Oregon" to "gain a knowledge of civilized life," that may be very easily accomplished. They are, in all probability, receiving their first lessons at the present moment,—from the gentlemen who have aided them in getting up their exhibition. Some three or four years ago a set of Chinese jugglers took lessons in civilization from very able instructors in this city—they were so enamored of our institutions and manners that not one of the original forty ever returned home. They are to be met with round the Park fence, along South-street and up and down Broadway, peddling "two-for-a-cent-penny-grabs." All were possessed of money and other valuables at their advent, which they liberally paid and pawned for their delightful experience among us. Of course nothing was gained by the civilized ciceroni. Oh! No! The stage managers, door-keepers, scene-shifters, prompters and call-boys at Bleecker Building are also wholly disinterested—except for the Indian. There will be no "Indian Gifts" in this matter. Certainly not! If anybody is to be "sold" it will, doubtless, be the white man;—these savages are so cunning—a Yankee can't hold a candle to them." Oh! indeed they are sharp!

We hope Mr. Panther will not fail to witness civilization in all its varied forms; as found at Lawrence, in Elm-street, on our railroads and steamboats, in our Municipal and State bodies politic, and in that august assembly of intellect, refinement, dignity and Christian-like decorum now sitting in the National Capitol. He should also assist at our public worship, our amusements, our criminal trials and executions. He must post himself as to police, sanitary, and charitable matters. Let him inspect our asy-

lums, hospitals, work-houses and tenement houses, and acquaint himself with our criminal statistics, the manner of conducting dog, cock and prize fights.

We sincerely hope that, having come so far for so worthy a purpose, the Indians will not only go back to their forests pleased, but positively burning with anxiety to educate their brethren in all our wonderful accomplishments; so that, in a few years, the Oregon tribe may find itself on an equality with us in every respect. How proud would these poor creatures be, could they one day excel us in murders, explosions, congressional rows, and the like! Hail to the Chief!

#### PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A Western clergyman named H. T. Lewis, having been attacked by bronchitis, his physician prescribed a situation as conductor on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which the invalid straightway took. We learn that he is rapidly running off his disease at the rate of thirty miles an hour, or thereabout. If the final success be equal to present indications, it will be evident that medical men are on the track of a great discovery. It has hitherto been understood that the mission of railroads is to endanger and destroy, rather than preserve human life. This new development of the law of compensation will be welcomed with delight, even if the restorative power of the railroad should be confined to throat diseases, much will be gained. A mild case of catarrh might be overcome by a few days' duty in the capacity of brakeman. For an ordinary sore throat, a trip or two as fireman ought to operate favorably. A mere cold in the head would simply call for a little service as lubricator of machinery, and in case of accompanying nasal impediment, a judicious application of the same grease to the obstructed member would be advantageous. And so on through the chapter. The arrangement would benefit both sides, for, notwithstanding their characteristic modesty, it is not to be expected that railroad companies could forego the legitimate opportunities of profit that would open to them. Railway service would command a premium, and, naturally enough, advertisements of this description would appear thus:—

#### CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

There is a disease whose unrelenting fangs ruthlessly penetrate the sanctity of the family circle, and whose ravages countless thousands mourn. Its progress is insidious, its effects are fatal to the bodies of its victims and harrowing to the minds of surviving relatives, and its name is Consumption. For ages it has baffled the skill of the wise, and ridden its course of devastating triumph. But its day is now over, and its doom is sealed, for Consumption can be cured. Likewise Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and kindred diseases.

The Skowhegan and Tallahassee Railroad Company beg to announce to the afflicted that desirable situations on their trains are now open, at moderate rates. Particulars may be learned on personal application. The attention of sufferers from stiff necks is particularly invited, as there is at present a number of vacancies in the engine-driving department, where immovability of head and neck from one direct position is requisite.

N. B. It must be distinctly understood that the company refuses to assume all responsibility in case of accident. The company can only undertake to Cure or Kill.

COME AND TRY IT.

COME AND TRY IT.

COME AND TRY IT.

TERMS MODERATE.

TERMS MODERATE.

TERMS MODERATE.

Wonderful, if True.

The *Herald*, in reporting a lecture, delivered in Brooklyn by Dr. Cahill, says:—

"He commenced by practically illustrating how a man could walk on the ceiling with his head downwards, as a fly."

This practical illustration must have been highly entertaining to the audience, who probably expected only a lecture from the learned gentleman. We congratulate the Doctor on his gymnastic skill; it really exceeds that of our Firemen, who "drop from the middle of the street into the upper stories of burning buildings."

Good Name for Prospective Female Martyr.

Sal Amanda.

Drunkard's Maxim.

Let Well alone.





IT'S ALL VERY NICE TO TAKE YOUR ARABELLA OUT TO CENTRAL PARK, JUST NOW, BUT WHEN ARABELLA'S MA—who CAN'T WEIGH AN OUNCE LESS THAN 211 lbs., AVOIRDUPOIDS—INSISTS UPON GOING TOO, SKATING HAS ITS DISADVANTAGES.

#### PREPOSTEROUS FARE!



O look at this:—  
WANTED, a few stout, strong Boys, to feed on Folding Machines. Those accustomed to feeding on Adams's Presses preferred; to such, constant employment will be given. Inquire for C. Mullane, in the *Tribune* Office Press-room.

This is from the pretended organ of humanity and dispenser of Christian benignity. The public will now know how to estimate the *Tribune's* philanthropic professions. We should like to ask Mr. Horace Greeley if he considers this doing as he would be done by. How would he like, for example, to be put on a regular diet of complicated machinery, for a period of some years? He is both stout and strong, but how long would he remain so, with his gastric functions impaired by the efforts to sustain life on a few pounds of patented brass and steel a day? We imagine he would very soon lose that extreme sweetness of temper for which he is so universally distinguished. A regimen of machinery would not go down with him, however well oiled it might be. Do Mr. Greeley and his confederate, C. Mullane, look upon the youth of this metropolis as ostriches? Why, even ostriches, though sensible of a weakness as regards boardnails, bullets, hand-saws, pocket-pistols, and such appetizing trifles, would think twice before attacking so imposing a banquet as a well seasoned Folding Machine, or Adams press. The proposition of Mr. C. Mullane is inhuman, and we trust that all attempts of the kind to tamper with the health and physical development of the rising generation will be sternly resisted. If this sort of thing goes on, we may as well look forward to the time when a ten-cylinder shall be laid in for family consumption, when a decayed North River steamboat shall fulfill its destiny at Delmonico's, and when daily refreshments shall be sought, not at the cheerful hostleries of this day, but among the blacksmith's and ironmonger's shops of the East side of the city. The *Tribune* may be the organ of whatever else it likes, but it can never hereafter claim to be the organ of digestion.

#### A Literary Persecution.

The sorrows of Mr. James B., in the consciousness that that Mazeppa of principle, Mr. Forney, is after him on his fiery, untamed steed, "Anti-Lecompton," may be very severe. But they are not for an instant to be compared with the torments of Mr. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*. This gentleman (who, we may as well state, does *not* write for the *Ledger*) is bestrode by a colossus of correspondence. Mr. Carey pursues him, remorseless, with a sharp quill. In spite of his most emphatic assurance that he cannot do it, Father Carey positively insists that he get to writing letters with him. He will not be particular about the length. A yard a day, a furlong a month; name your quantity, and come to me!

When we reflect that Mr. Carey has already conferred additional gray upon the hairs of our venerable President by a similar course of epistolary sprouts to that through which he is determined to put the innocent and unoffending Bryant, we can only entreat him, in the name of our common humanity, to turn his attention to Governor Wise, who exists for no other purpose than to write letters, and to whom are surrendered all the columns of the *Richmond Enquirer*.

#### Important Advertisement.

HOW TO SECURE A COMFORTABLE INDEPENDENCE UNIMPAIRED BY THE INCONVENIENCES OF LABOR.—To Young Gentlemen of Luxurious Turn of Mind. Would you possess the means of gaining an elegant subsistence, at the cost of merely nominal exertions? Use my Onguent! In six weeks it will force the most exuberant growth of whiskers and mustaches on the smoothest face, fully qualifying the wearer to assume an honorable and easy position behind any retail counter of Broadway. Use my Onguent!! It compels feminine admiration, and ensures prompt attention from heads of mercantile houses. Only six weeks of preparation, and a pleasant, calm and creditable station so long as the vitality of the beard continues. Use my Onguent. Price moderate; sent by mail anywhere. R. G. Blackham, New-York.

#### Very Rural.

We print the following to give the reader an idea of the style of joke we are daily receiving from the provinces:—

"A Jolly Tar with his mates all at once Stopped In browdwhay Shift my timbers Mates if the olde Gal isint runing of with Our water casks under her Sales."

#### Remarkable Case of Presence of Mind.

A Counter-Jumper was discovered, last week, who really had some intelligence.

Vanity Fair Trade Mark.

Jolly T.



## ONLY A SAILOR.



ARDY and honest, rough-vis-  
aged and brown,  
The sea for his world, and the  
ship for his town;  
He is yet but the slave of the  
terrible frown  
Of the bold, brave Captain.

Careless and reckless, where'er  
he may roam,  
A waif ever tossing upon the  
sea-foam,  
That never may reach the safe  
harbor of home,  
Lives the poor Sailor.

He's a man with a soul, till he steps on the deck,  
But the slave of the South ne'er bent lower his neck,  
Than the Sailor then bends at the nod or the beck  
Of the quarter-deck despot.

Let him try, if he dares, when his manhood is stung,  
By the curses and taunts that are lavishly flung  
By each petty tyrant, if the freedom of tongue  
Makes all free and equal.

Tell how he was drugged in a villanous den,  
And thrown on your deck like a hog from a pen,  
But that didn't matter, you then needed men,  
And he was a Sailor.

How the owners of ships, who have souls to be saved,  
Who will have on their tombstones their virtues engraved,  
Of course never knew how the Crimp had enslaved  
This beast of a Sailor.

How the virtuous Captain then paid out the gold,  
To the virtuous landlord who his body had sold,  
And thus did they gather the lamb to the fold,  
Dead drunk, but a Sailor.

"Keelhaul the wretch; let the foam of the sea  
Teach him his manners, and supple his knee,  
That he'll never more prate of his manhood so free—  
An unmannerly Sailor."

Buck him, and gag him, and so "stop his clatter,"  
And then, my brave Corporal, it will not much matter,  
As you hurry him down, if the head you should batter,  
Of the half-drunken Sailor.

Or lay on the rope till the bloody welts rise;  
Let the agony shoot from his horror-strained eyes;  
It don't matter much if the poor devil dies,  
He's only a Sailor.

But perhaps he may live, with back bloody and raw  
From the merciless scourge: let him call on the law;—  
Bah! Every indictment will carry a flaw,  
To help the bold Captain.

Or the merciful Judge lets the plea be put in,  
And sustained, that the villain got drunk on his gin;  
And discipline then calls that a great sin  
In this wretch of a Sailor.

Oh, but politic Captain, and merciful Mate,  
There's a much surer way, now, of stopping the prate  
Of the wretch who falls under the ban of your hate,  
A poor worn-out Sailor.

Just curse him, and damn him, and cuff him about,  
And then, when the devil's aroused, why, no doubt,  
There'll be found an excuse to let the blood out  
Of the brute of a Sailor.

A belying-pin's heavy, and the skull is so thin,  
That the blow, if well aimed, will go crashing in:  
To kill such a mutinous wretch is no sin,  
So says the bold Captain.

Then read a short prayer o'er the corpse stiff and stark,  
And launch him as food for the other sea-shark,  
And say on your log, "He was lost in the dark,"  
Poor, wretched sailor!

## PAINFUL CASE OF PUFF-DE-SE.

We suppose that it would be really unreasonable to look for syn-  
tax and sanctity united, even in those newspapers which monopolize  
the merit of being religious. We are not surprised, therefore, to  
find the managers of the *Independent* jubilantly announcing that  
"the Editorial corps which were engaged at the commencement of  
the enterprise remains unchanged." We are also told that "nearly  
three thousand subscribers since the Holidays, exclusive of Renew-  
als." This sentence, being quite deficient in the rather important  
article of verb, leaves us in doleful doubt. What have the three  
thousand subscribers done or suffered, since last Christmas? Have  
they paid up, or have they bolted? And who is Renewals? What  
is Renewals's Christian name? Where do or does Renewals live?  
Are Renewals singular or is Renewals plural? And why is or are  
Renewals selected and set apart in this special way? We feel an  
interest in Renewals, who must be a distinguished person or persons.

Although the *Independent* displays a corps of contributors almost  
equal to our own, there are two well known characters who should  
be engaged. They are both, not doubtfully, but decidedly dead—  
a point not always easily settled in regard to contributors—and  
their articles, recourse being had to rappers, might well be printed  
under the head of Table Talk. One of them is the Murray who de-  
fended Toleration in Scotland, and the other is the Murray who  
taught Grammar in England. We credit the *Independent* when it  
says that "any single department of the paper are alone worth the  
price of the paper;" but the departments of the Two Murrys is  
the present desideratum.

## Fire Department Regulations.

A number of new rules for the Fire Department has just been  
issued by Superintendent Pillsbury. The following are also to be  
put in force at the earliest opportunity:—

1. More care must be exercised in the preservation of valuable  
furniture. Firemen will hereafter, in all cases, avoid Playing upon  
Pianos.
2. Neither pianos, nor organs, nor any species of musical instru-  
ment must be used for purposes of Scaling, except when great  
heights are to be reached.
3. In saving property, wardrobes are not to be neglected, and  
special care must be taken of Hose.
4. To gain the roofs of occupied houses, ladders are to be used  
outside, as complaints have been made that, in passing through,  
firemen are apt to Stair too much.
5. In breaking windows, which is often necessary, firemen will  
take heed to spare the owner as much Pane as possible.
6. Rash strangers, venturing within burning houses, must be im-  
mediately Put Out.

## An Aspiring Young Man and a Spiral

The difference between the piece now playing at Wallack's  
and the one at the Winter Garden, is that the hero of the first is  
very much Straited, while the hero of the other is All of a Twist.

## A Phenomenon we Should Like to See.

Streets Weeping.

## The Quickest Path Out of the Country.

Redpath.

## Food for Celestials.

A Skye Terrier.





THE BIDDY.

IN HER NATIVE HOME.

AFTER A MONTH'S RESIDENCE IN THIS COUNTRY.

## THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

"Occasional," regular Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, glories in being a Sphinx. It loves to be the epistolary nut that nobody can crack. It agitates incessantly the question, Who Am I? It strikes a variety of attitudes, and asks, Do you know me now? It makes it a matter of imminent importance to the whole country not to know who it is. It inquires, in a recent letter, "How could I be Forney, when I appear in the Press, no matter whether he is here or elsewhere, whether he is in Washington, Philadelphia, or New-York?" It immediately adds, however, as if to mitigate this severity, and to show that it is perfectly good-natured in all this, "it is true I am in some sense a *polytus*, for I have many doubles, and more than one representative," a remark which we like because of its spirit, and not because we have a friend who is a *Polypus* that has doubles, or for other personal reasons. As it was "dining with Mr. Secretary —," he said to it, "Pray tell me who is 'Occasional.'" Colonel —, of Kentucky, said to it, "the other evening at Brown's," "I have at last found out 'Occasional.'" "Riding from Mount Vernon on Saturday" it "heard a Southerner dilating upon politics in general, and correspondents in particular," who said, "But the most mysterious of all is 'Occasional,' of Forney's Press."

Of what importance is the sex of the Zoyara, why should we care to know who inflicted the blow upon William Patterson, while the mystery of "Occasional's" identity is unsolved? We have our little theory. We have not decided the authorship of the Junius Letters, and we have never been to Nineveh, but if it should put the question directly to us, in a manner that would admit of no equivocation, our courteous, yet decided answer would be, Mr. Buchanan's Valet, that's What you Are! Facts elicited from the correspondence itself leave it no longer doubtful that Mr. Forney, with that sagacity which is the shining trait of his character, has effected a little arrangement with the President's body-servant—he who sets straight his matutinal neck-tie and mixes his vesperian todd—and, through him, with the cook and Miss Lane's maid, and, in fact, the entire Kitchen cabinet, to supply him daily with minute, special, and provoking matters of fact. How else could "Occasional" know just how much liquor the President can stand, and how he takes it? How else could "he (the P.) have said before Judge Black and Myself on Monday, the 23d of January, that he has never had any fears of dissolution till now?"

How else could he pick up all the crumbs that fall from his master's table, and scavenger the ofal of Washington society, and catch all the drippings of the political stew-pan, and make a boast of his office?

## The Office-Holder's Problem.

Is Political Economy wealth?

## A Southern Astrologer.

An Over Seer.

## A Little Lesson for Jimmy Buchanan.

At a place called Aus-tra-ilia, far over the sea, the folks use a strange weap-on called Boo-me-rang, which in English means For-nie. The folks there know how to use it, but when strange folks, who do not know how to use it, take it up and throw it from them, it comes right back ve-ry hard, and hurts them ve-ry much, and some-times kills them. It is a ve-ry ug-ly weap-on, and good lit-tle boys should not touch it; but lit-tle boys may be rash, if not warned, so all good boys must take care nev-er to han-dle the Boo-me-rang, lest their friends, if they have any, should mourn for them on some bright March af-ter-noon.

## A Peck-adillo.

Elder Peck, the Treasurer of the State of Maine, is a defaulter to the amount of \$100,000. Very good measure for a false Peck.

## Of Course it was.

A correspondent thinks that our joke about sad irons was not only melancholy but Flat.

## Extravagance in Hart.

Using marble to make a statue of Clay.

## OPENING-DAY.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

The splendor falls  
On cloaks and shawls,  
And showy goods in every story;  
The gas-light shakes  
Its lurid flakes,  
And the COUNTER-JUMPER's in his glory!  
Blow, merchants, blow! Set the big stories flying,  
Blow, merchants; answer, salesmen—lying, lying, lying.  
O, bah! O, dear!  
What talk I hear,  
And thinner, weaker, feebler growing;  
These fellows are  
Too bad by far,  
The horns of their employers blowing;  
Blow, merchants, blow! Set the big stories flying,  
Blow, merchants; answer, salesmen—lying, lying, lying.  
Ah! would they try  
To live—or die—  
By manly toil, despairing never!  
But no, each soul  
Plays woman's rôle,  
And tape and yard-stick rule forever!  
Go, merchants, go; send these young spoonies flying;  
And you, oh, salesmen, stop your lying, lying, lying.

## HINT TO BIOGRAPHERS.

What's in a name? A deal, particularly if it be the name of a book by the Rev J. H. Ingraham, L.L.D. The Revrend Doctor Ingraham, having made the most of Lafitte, the celebrated Pirate and Inventor of Claret, has turned his attention to David the King of the Jews, and thus elaborately christens his new work:

THE THRONE OF DAVID; or, the Rebellion of Prince Absalom; being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power, and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, Prophet: In a Series of Letters Addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador, Resident at the Court of Jerusalem, to his Lord and King on the throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judæa, is presented to the Reader as by an Eye Witness. By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, L.L.D.

Here is certainly a capital and novel idea. We beg leave to announce that we shall soon publish:

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; who was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Six, of Poor but Honest Parents; who was Printer's Devil to his Brother, cut his Composing Stick, and absconded to Philadelphia, in the Streets of which City he was observed by his Future Wife, eating a Penny Roll; who was a Member of the Continental Congress, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, the Discoverer of Thunder and Lightning; who visited Europe in a Diplomatic Capacity, was Governor of Pennsylvania, and, having amassed a considerable Property, was consequently called Poor Richard, and died in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety, in the Eighty-Fourth Year of his Age, highly respected. By a WARM ADMIRER. Fiftieth Thousand





THE KING AND THE GHOST OF GAFFER FORNEY.

(AFTER CRUIKSHANK.)

KING JAMES.—"A Ghost! Stand off!"



THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF LONDON



## LECTURE AT COOPER INSTITUTE.



O T long since,  
a large crowd of  
ladies and gentlemen assembled one Thursday evening, to listen to a lecture to be delivered by Wendell Phillips, on the Life and Services of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the colored Ossawattomie of San Domingo.

Mr. Phillips, on coming forward, bowed to the ladies, and amidst terrific cheering began:

MY FRIENDS,—  
I mean to lecture you to-night,  
In such a manner that you'll not forget,

You, nor your sons, the meanness of your race—  
Your grovelling, doughfaec'd, Anglo Saxon race.

[Immense Cheering.]

The subject of my lecture shall be one  
Through whose rich veins the blood of Afric runs,  
Untainted by one drop of the white man's;  
And, therefore, what I say of him to-night,  
That may awake your admiration, give  
To the black man the glory and the praise.

[Loud Applause.]

There is an Island in the Indian Sea,  
Whose heaven-born climate and luxurious soil,  
Teeming with boundless stores of nature's wealth,  
Awoke the white man's quenchless thirst for spoils.  
There rose her gorgeous palaces, unmatched  
For taste and splendor by old Greece or Rome,  
And which the proudest Bourbon of them all  
Ne'er hoped to rival, but would imitate,  
So feebly in his world-renowned Versailles,  
That mockers laughed the mimic in his face.

[Here the whole assembly were convulsed with laughter.]

There was our Toussaint born—the patriot brave!—  
The soldier statesman! and the martyr sage!  
Through whose rich veins no drop of Saxon blood  
Soiled the pure stream of Afric's sturdy race.  
There dwell the Island citizens of France,  
Lords of the soil, and many a horde of slaves,  
Who, like our own fierce Saxon Southern lords,  
Knew the fair daughters of the race contemn'd;  
But, not unlike our heartless Saxon lords,  
Acknowledged all their lovely progeny,  
Nor turned them friendless on a pitiless world;  
For when they met them on the public road  
Astride an Arab charger, or approaching  
The gate of a walled town, they were unhorsed,  
In deference to their sires' parental pride,  
Who ne'er forgot affection's natural bonds,  
As do our Anglo-Saxon cotton lords.

[Great moving of fans and immense cheering.]

They might not worship God in the same pew,  
Nor sleep in the same quiet grave, so well.  
These Island citizens acknowledged rights  
That are forgotten where the "Martyr Brown"  
Did uncomplaining yield his blessed life,  
To the fierce Moloch of our guilty land.

[Loud and long continued cheering, in which the ladies joined with spirit.]

I will repeat the words these fathers used,  
Who ne'er forgot the brood that called them "Sire,"  
"Sink this fair Island 'neath the stormy sea,  
Ere we admit these bastards to our boards!"  
So well these fathers loved their sable sons.

[Cheers.]

Toussaint had number'd fifty years, when first  
Before his native countrymen he rose  
To carve a name the nations might adore.  
Of education proper he had none,  
But of the Fetish lore he had amass'd  
A boundless stock—could name you herbs and roots,  
And of their qualities could tell you much.  
In all his veins there flowed no single drop  
Of Saxon blood. He was as black as night,  
And scented as plantation niggers are,  
Yet happy in the texture of his wool.  
I thunder in your ears Napoleon's name—  
The gallant Frenchman's lips resound his praise—  
I speak to you of your own Washington,  
And you exhaust the limits I've assign'd  
To this, my lecture, glorifying him,  
The Hero of all times and every clime:  
But I assert here, 'neath the arch of Heaven,  
And in the teeth of all assembled here,  
That he of whom I speak is greater far  
Than these, or others whom you please to name,  
Who've proved themselves the worshipp'd of mankind.

[Here the cheering and applause were really terrific, and one old gentleman had to be carried off the scene, apparently no longer able to control his excitement.]

Macaulay tells you Cromwell was a man  
Superior to the modern Charlemagne,  
And gives his reasons: I now tell you here,  
That Toussaint L'Ouverture o'ertopp'd them all.  
Cromwell led Britons, obdurate and brave,  
To fight with Britons brave as was himself.  
Toussaint form'd soldiers of a race of slaves,  
Despised, oppress'd, and trodden in the dust;  
Yet, barbarous and ignorant as they were,  
And—cowards, if the term best suits your taste—  
Yet they were brave: did they not burn the towns  
In the dark, dismal watches of the night,  
When drowsy sleep oppress'd the white man's eyes?  
Did they not fill the air with shrieks and groans  
Of agony, and laugh to see the maiden  
Fling herself frantic on the burning pile  
To 'scape the foul pollution of their touch?  
Did they not poison all the mountain streams,  
And every well and cistern? that when their foes,  
In that hot, sickly climate, rag'd with thirst,  
They drank and died, and filled the putrid air  
With pestilence so fatal to the whites,  
Was not this bravery? Did Napoleon's bands,  
Flush'd with their triumphs in a hundred fights,  
E'er bear them thus before a haughty foe?

[Voice in the crowd, "No sirree."]

Well might Napoleon to his sister cry,  
"I gave you soldiers—you bring ashes back."

[Great excitement among the ladies, which was happily settled without the interference of the Police.]

The black man has no courage! See!  
The bones of fifty thousand Frenchmen on the soil,  
Bleach'd by the torrid gales of fifty years!  
And answer truly—Can a negro fight?  
Doth he not truly merit liberty?  
Ah! centuries hence, some proud, historic bard,  
Will cull the noblest heroes of all lands  
To form a galaxy amid the stars:  
Phocian, the greatest, purest Greek of all—  
Brutus, the firstborn of the Roman gods—  
Hampden the Briton—Lafayette the Gaul—  
Our Washington, the sun-flower of his age,  
And "Ossawattomie Brown," the rose of ours:  
But having dipp'd his pen in liquid sunlight,  
High in the clear blue sky above them all,  
He'll write the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

[The audience dispersed amidst vociferous applause, hideous groans and cheering, that lasted for several minutes.]

## A Changs for the Worse.

In view of the load of wrongs our political rulers have saddled us with, we propose that, henceforth, we drop the title "Sovereign People," and adopt the obviously more appropriate one of "Suffering People."

Sampson's Strength.

Måne Strength.



NATURAL HISTORY.  
THE SOUTHERN SAWBONES.



HIS dangerous animal is found in the latitude of Philadelphia.

It is carnivorous, subsisting principally upon boarding-house keepers, and devours poor widows in that line with the utmost voracity. While its palate rejects no tradesmen, it has a tooth single to tailors. It also feeds with keen relish upon the words of Governor Wise.

The habits of the Sawbones are foul and clinging. There is one weed that it continually

chews, the juice of which oozes out at the corners of its mouth, and defiles its track. It is said by huntsmen—employed by the city authorities—that they are thus enabled to follow their game. It never goes to water; its eyes are wild, rolling, and red; its hair attains a length that laughs at the shearer; its whole appearance is fierce and shaggy. As it roams the streets at night, women and children flee, affrighted, while nothing but the knowledge that the creature is really a coward preserves the spirit of the men tremendous.

The Sawbones has never been domesticated; and the eminent African explorer, Mr. Du Chaillu, while on a recent visit to its chosen haunts, expressed the belief that it is a member of the Gorilla species, partly basing it upon a passion remarkable in both animals for brandishing great sticks, such as the branches of small trees, or silver-headed canes.

It is thought that the species will finally disappear before advancing civilization. Being acutely sensitive to changes of climate, every Northern blast drives away a large number. Not long since more than three hundred migrated in one drove. The community slept more soundly, and relaxed many precautions against the predatory incursions of the dreaded beast.

Damning with Faint Praise.

The *Tribune* reprints from the *London Examiner* the following opinion of Mr. Bayard Taylor:—

"A clever, cheerful man, who has run over much of the surface of the globe, and written many welcome books of travel. He is a gossip who never exceeds the bounds of discretion; he likes much to see lions, whether in the flesh or whether built of stone, but he has left in no country a man who has reason to be sorry for attention shown to him."

This is wholly out of proportion to Mr. Taylor's merits, and we wonder at the *Tribune's* want of consideration in reproducing it. It is of the same order of approbation that a letter of introduction after this style would be:—

DEAR SIR: This will introduce to you Mr. John Robinson. He is a person of decent manners, does not swear oppressively in company, and, if cautioned, will not soil your carpets with tobacco juice. He is fond of wine, but you may be sure that when he leaves your house, he will not carry away any of the spoons in his pocket, and will not be likely afterward to abuse, in public, any members of your family.

Yours truly, &c.,

The Squatter Sovereign of the Old World.

The Grand Lama.

Adjournment of Congress.

Pro Rogueing.

Important to Ladies.

CORRECTION.—The rumor to the effect that the new bonnets are sold by the yard is unfounded. They are, as yet, sold only by the foot.

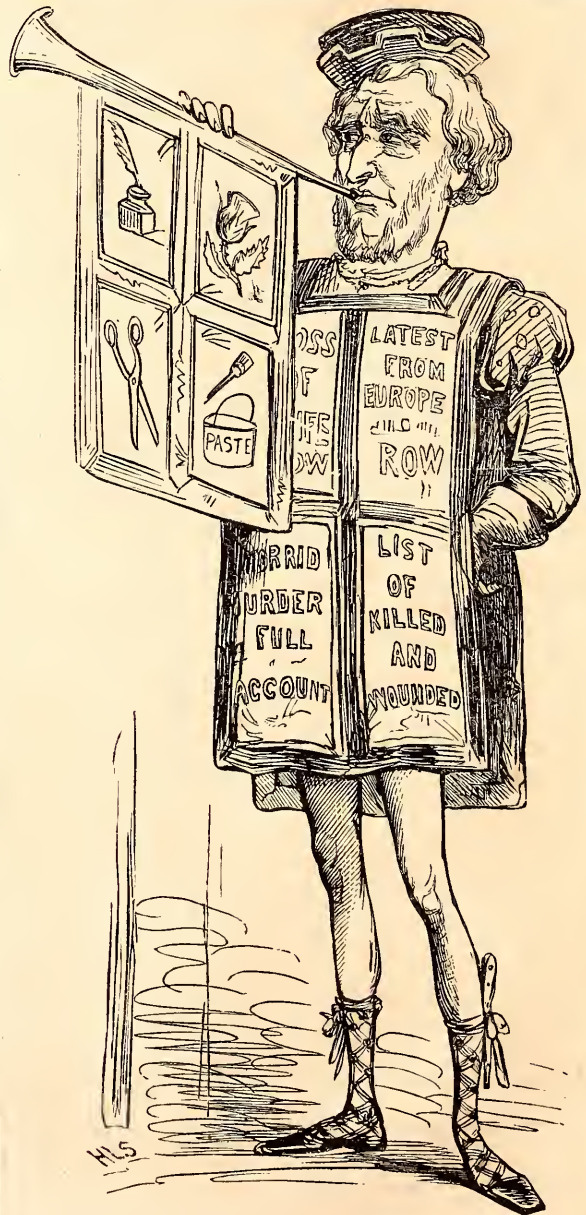
The further report that the dressing-apartments of all the ball-rooms in this city have been enlarged for the accommodation of the aforesaid bonnets, is also erroneous. They are not yet enlarged, but are to be at an early period.

Weight for the Waggon.

There is, according to the *Newark Advertiser*, a man by the name of Will, in Monmouth County, N. J., who weighs four hundred and seventy-two pounds: he is a lively evidence of the truth of the adage that Where there's a Will there's a Weigh.

A Sensation Writer.

Louis Napoleon.



"BLOW, HERALD, BLOW!"



## HERE AND THERE.



HERE appears in the *Buffalo Courier* a pleasant little anecdote of a "Buffalo gal" which fills me with profound respect for the females of that city. A young gentleman visits a good deal in a certain family. The designing fellow is base enough to frequently drop in and take tea. It is settled by the respectable parents that Lothario is paying attention to the daughter of the house. Lothario, however, continues to eat muffins and drink Pekoe, and never declares his intentions. It is resolved that he shall speak. A solemn family "tea-fight" is given. On this occasion, the mother requests the young man to come to the point. Young man is utterly astonished, drops his muffin, and assures the old lady that he never entertained the slightest matrimonial intentions toward her daughter. On this, the justly indignant maiden rises from the table, proceeds to an inner room, returns with a bottle of vitriol, and flings its contents in poor Lothario's face, disfiguring him for life.

The young men of Buffalo now know what they have to expect. I doubt not that Hymenial bonds are considerably above par since the event above related. Bachelors who have been nefariously obtaining tea and muffins under false pretences are hastening to avert the just punishment of

their conduct by instantly marrying all the available daughters of their acquaintance. Such reprobates as are averse to matrimony, and yet have partaken of the hospitalities of families in which there are marriageable virgins, have, I presume, ere this left the city. A dinner-party henceforward will be a serious thing in Buffalo. Men will purchase a wedding-ring before accepting an invitation, and get a license previous to accompanying a lady to the theatre.

Should the Buffalo matrimonial lynch-law spread as far as this city, we may expect to see such paragraphs as the following, in the daily papers.

"PUNISHMENT OF A MISCREANT.—A fellow named Jones invited a charming young lady named Smith to accompany him to the Dusseldorf Gallery. The next morning, Miss Smith's brother, accompanied by the lady herself and a clergyman, called at Jones' office, and requested him to marry his victim on the instant. The abandoned ruffian refused in the most heartless manner; whereupon young Smith drew a revolver and shot him through the head. Public sentiment is entirely on the side of the lovely heroine of this tragedy."

"Miss A—, of Fifth Avenue, administered pounded glass in a bowl of pea-soup to Mr. B—, of Ninth-street, from the effects of which he died in great agony. The cause for this terrible but merited vengeance was that B—, after eating a philopena with the young lady, refused to accompany her to the altar. We trust that this will teach young men not to trifle with the affections of unprotected females."

We are called upon to witness the extraordinary spectacle of a Welsh Rabbit in office, for I see by the journals that a gentleman who rejoices in the partially olcaginous cognomen of Fatty Welsh and is otherwise distinguished by having been the leader of that amiable party of politicians known as the "Dead Rabbits," has been appointed a street inspector by his Honor Mayor Wood. Mr. Welsh is quite a prominent city character, it seems. He has been shot twice or three times while engaged in municipal riots, and, we believe, has taken high honors in the college of rowdies which exists in the Sixth Ward. It is pleasing to the citizens of New-York to know that their interests are confided to the care of such an esti-

mable person as Mr. Welsh. His appointment is an indication of the wise and paternal care which will characterize Mr. Wood's government. I suppose other city offices will, as they fall vacant, be filled by equally worthy incumbents. Let me suggest Felix Sanchez—now of the City Prison—as eligible for some nice post about the person of the Mayor himself. Quimbo Appo ought not to be overlooked by his Honor. Convicted as he has been of a desperate murder, he has the strongest claims on our chief magistrate's sympathy. Should the supply of first-rate felons fail, his Honor can obtain some very good villains at Sing Sing, so that the city need not suffer for lack of criminals. I trust that his Honor will proceed steadily in the path on which he has entered. Under such a régime as that just inaugurated, New-York must certainly become one of the best regulated cities in the world.

To prove this, let his Honor carry out the principle in his domestic circle. Let him have a house-breaker for a butler, a panel-thief for a chambermaid, and a garrotter for a coachman. He will find that under such a system his household will work most beautifully.

Dimes is so infatuated with little Patti that he has taken to skating on the Central Park pond. As Dimes has hitherto carefully avoided all athletic exercises, on the plea that health was vulgar—a surprised friend meeting him on the ice, and all in a glow, demanded the reason of this sudden conversion. Dimes confessed that it was because the exercise reminded him of his idol; for when he was on skates he could call himself a Patineur!

Apropos of the Drama, I suggest to the proprietors that a most appropriate theatrical caricature for VANITY FAIR would be one of a Booth.

It is astonishing how fickle is the mind of man. This profound remark having doubtless startled the reader, I will proceed to illustrate with a couple of letters received at this office, from Mr. Abraham Tramp, the lecturer.

TO THE EDITORS OF VANITY FAIR.

GENTLEMEN,—

N. Y., Feb., 1859.

I have seen the first number of your paper, and am delighted with it. It is the best humorous sheet in the world. The wit is genial and fresh, and the illustrations are unsurpassed. I enclose you a few contributions which I hope will prove acceptable to you. I also enclose you my advertisement, and propose that you shall insert it for a year, to be paid for in contributions. Wishing you all success, I remain yours sincerely,

A. TRAMP."

To this, the editors replied that the contributions were not suitable, and that they preferred paying for all articles accepted, and charging, in like manner, for all advertisements which were inserted in their paper. This brought a second note from Tramp.

TO THE EDITORS OF VANITY FAIR.

"GENTS,—

N. Y., Feb., 1860.

"I might have known that the contemptible spirit which governs your paper would have excluded everybody not of your own clique from the columns of VANITY FAIR. My writings are, it seems, not witty enough for you! They must be bad, indeed, if they are not superior to the trash which you publish every week. I beg to inform you that I despise you thoroughly, and shall lose no opportunity of injuring your sale. Yours, with the most supreme contempt,

A. TRAMP."

Notwithstanding this awful threat, we still live.

## Alarming Suspense.

The friends of Mr. Thomas Hanlon, who does the "Echelle Perileuse" at Niblo's, entertain great fears that he may some night be arrested as a vagrant, because, during the principal part of his performance, he has no Visible Means of Support.

## Timid—Very.

The telegraph from "The Plains" reports that, "when the last mail left Pawnee Fork, five mails were detained, waiting for escort." Couldn't they find an Indian Beau?

## The New Comer at Niblo's.

Is it a Boy or a Girl?

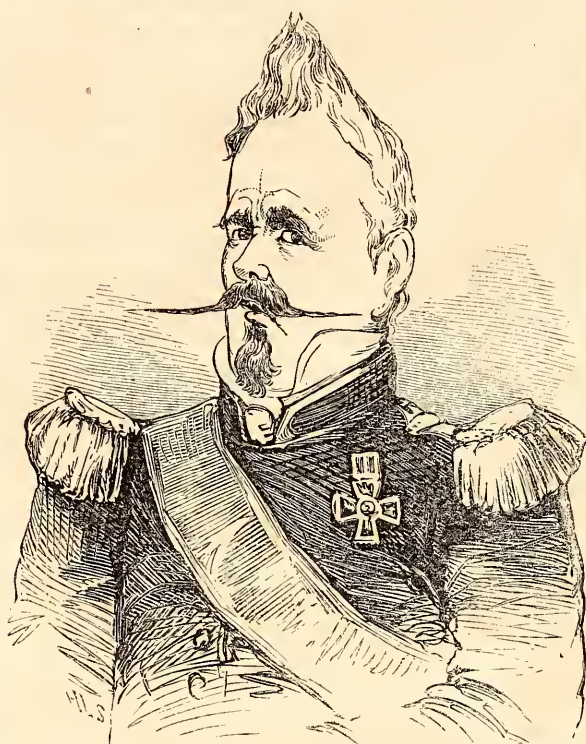
## The Fight between Heenan and Sayers.

Who shall have the Pounds?

## Point Blank.

This Joke.





"THE UNION IS PEACE."

#### A Sound Objection.

A number of law students refused to attend the lecture given at the Columbia College Law School, in Lafayette Place, giving, for their reason, that there was too much Noyes about it.

WHY IT IS THAT "OLE VIRGINNY NEVER TIRES."—Because Ole Virginny is so remarkably slow,

#### More Fatal Carelessness in Construction.

Destructive Mills are not only to be found in Massachusetts. The Clark Mills, of Washington, will have something to answer for to an indignant nation. The system of the Clark Mills, as applied to George Washington, is most disastrous. All who regarded this eminent man with affection and veneration will be filled with grief when they see the condition to which he has been brought by the Clark Mills. The once noble features, the massive and vigorous frame, the spirit of glorious vitality, are all gone, and in their place are now distortion, deformity and heavy lifelessness. If the Clark Mills have a conscience there must be suffering somewhere. Although the stones of the Capitol do not rise up and denounce the outrage, yet the National Treasury bleeds on account of it.

#### A Sensation at Washington.

On the 8th inst., the U. S. Senate, having an excellent opportunity to throw away \$50,800, actually decided not to do it. The Committee on Printing had proposed to print 10,000 copies of a report of observations in the Crimea. It was a political job, and a majority of the Senators thought that, in politics, we had quite enough Crime Here, without going to Russia for more.

#### RULES FOR GOING TO SLEEP.

[AMENDED FROM HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.]

1. Fix the thoughts, on tumbling in, on some one thing, vast and simple: such as the sky, the ocean, the success of VANITY FAIR, or your tailor's bill.
2. Sleep is promoted by lying with the head towards the East, where the sun rises. Next best to that is the direction you like best. This can be ascertained only by examining the pillow when you get up.
3. A writer recommends to commence winking both eyes violently at once and to continue doing of it until Morphy makes his appearance. The desired result may be also attained, according to the same authority, by clapping the naked feet together with all the force at your command.
4. Another distinguished writer avers that a better plan is to twist the body into a hard knot, and shut the mouth and hold the nostrils—then fancy you see the breath going out all the time.
5. We have known (Hall have known,) on the failure of all forms of anodynes, the gentle, continuous musing of the hair by a hard cold hand, to be admirably successful.
6. (6 is longer than the others.) When persons are prevented from sleeping by a slight hacking cough, sleep is sometimes induced by having two pieces of Canton flannel about say six inches by four, or six by four and a sixteenth, to be used alternately, thus: have a demijohn of alcohol (strychnine will not do) at hand; (if a lady John needn't look;) dip one of the Canton flannels into it and lay it across the chest, the upper edge of the cloth ranging with the button-hole of your— Let it remain five minutes, then put on the other. So on and off, until morning.
7. A French medical journal advises, on retiring, to put five or six bits of sugar candy, as large as English walnuts, in the mouth at once, and before they are melted the patient will have passed off quietly enough.
8. Read the last number of *Punch*.

#### RULES FOR KEEPING AWAKE.

*Same High Authority.*

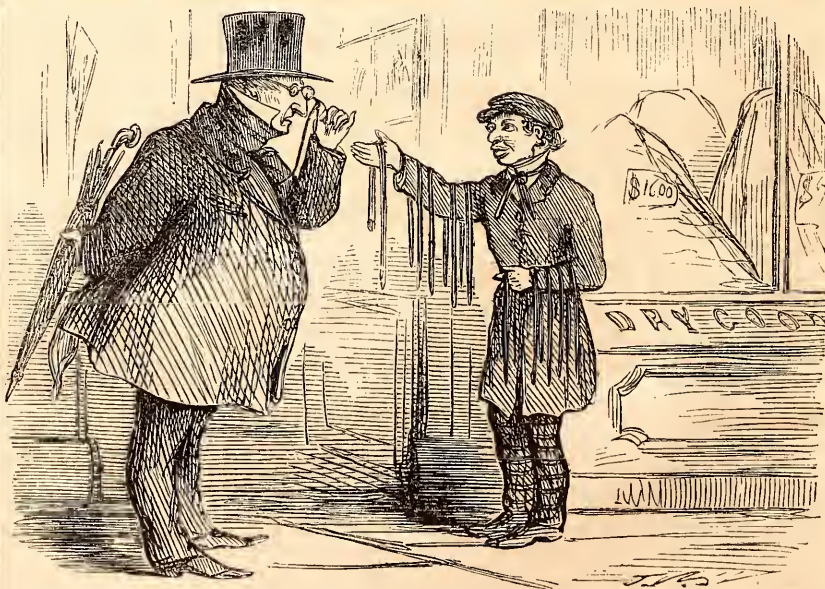
1. Read VANITY FAIR.
2. Do it again next week.

#### Flat Stupidity.

President Buchanan's St. Clair Veto.

"The Chief who in Trial Advances."

Simpson.



VERY LIKELY!

"HAVE A TUBULAR NECK-TIE, SIR?"





POOR THING!

COUNTER-JUMPER.—Aw—P'leeceman, will you have the kindness to see me across the street?

## THE PENTAPOINT GIN.



ing his father Apollo:—

Respected Sir! Our pangs will never cease,  
Till Capt. Jason bones the golden fleece.  
That pesky skin is now suspended high:  
Watchful the dragon cocks his sleepless eye.  
Jason, I fancy, would go in and win,  
If roused to action by a drop of GIN.  
Let from thy kindly hands the fluid fall  
Which mortals schnapps, immortals nectar call.  
Thus will our skipper, trebly fortified,  
Do for the dragon and abstract the hide.

O THE EDITOR OF  
VANITY FAIR—  
Sir:—From the  
earliest ages, the  
most eminent  
professors of the  
Artful Science of  
Healing have,  
with bitter tears,  
bemoaned the  
want of a pure,  
undefiled, sound,  
unsophisticated,  
honest, genuine  
GIN. Homer (II,  
4, v. 193) repre-  
sents Æsculapi-  
us, who was Sur-  
geon of the ship  
Argo, Capt. Ja-  
son, Master, la-  
menting the low,  
not to say dumpy  
state of mind in-  
to which his be-  
loved Command-  
er had fallen,  
and thus invok-

medicines, now so often prescribed by the well-meaning but em-  
barassed medical man. It acts by the corpuscular attraction of  
chemical agency, and must therefore take the place of mercury,  
zinc, antimony, corrosive sublimate and iodine.

Of the perfect purity of the PENTAPOINT GIN, there can be no ques-  
tion. My juniper is brought from the classic land of Italy. The  
bottles are manufactured by a most distinguished blower, and the  
printer of my labels and wrappers is a member of the church. It  
is only in this way that absolute purity can be secured. I may add  
that my family have been interested in GIN for several generations.  
My grandfather drank GIN as early as 1790, and my great uncle  
was very fond of it in 1802. The effect of adulterated GIN upon  
my mother-in-law directed my attention to the spurious GINS  
palmed upon confiding females, and awakened my youthful am-  
bition. I have produced an article which has been enthusiastically  
welcomed by physicians, who pronounce all other GINS to be not  
merely spurious but dangerous to the alimentary canal.

Sir, the agonizing effects of an impure GIN cannot be imagined.  
To this may be traced most of the murders, fires, larcenies, epidem-  
ics, assaults, batteries, Congressional speeches, bigamies, forgeries,  
leading articles in the morning papers, stringencies in Wall-street,  
sudden deaths and unfortunate poems which now distract the com-  
munity. Like the Editor of VANITY FAIR, I seek only the good of  
the human race. I see before me a sick and suffering world, and  
with a heart full of anguish and sympathy I offer to it the PENTA-  
POINT GIN as a Sovereign Balm. Get the pure!

Very respectfully, your friend and servant,

GILES JUNIPER, M.D.

P. S.—Please accept the case which I send of the celebrated, pure,  
unsophisticated, unadulterated PENTAPOINT GIN. You will find it a  
good article to offer to your friends, and should you unfortunately  
be attacked by that complicated disease known as cancerous-pneu-  
monia-hysterie-pleuritic cephalalgia, take ten bottles in rapid suc-  
cession and you will soon feel no pain at all. G. J., M.D.

Con. for Skaters who patronize Screw Skates.

When have you a supply of lumber in your boot?

When you have a Hole Bored in your heel, of course.

Shakspearian.

THE "JACK THAT 'TURNED' A GENTLEMAN."—Apple Jack.

Grant but this prayer—ten bulls shall smoke  
to thee:

Yours truly, ÆSCULAPIUS, M.D.

The following letter, written by Hippo-  
crates, a regular physician, to his grandfather  
Nebrus, may here be cited:—

ATHENS, B.C. 416.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER:—I give it up,  
dead beat. I thought I had seen measles  
in Cos, but they have a kind here that  
knocks ours into goose-pimples. Gen. De-  
mosthenes came down with them to-day, and  
Col. Cleon has symptoms. I think I should  
have saved Pericles if I could have found a  
little pure GIN. Send me a few bottles of  
your own particular, and oblige,

Yours affectionately,

HIPPOCRATES, M.D.

I may add the following certificate from  
the great Galen:—

There is nothing like a glass of good GIN  
to raise the spirits. His Sacred Majesty,  
Marcus Aurelius is very fond of a drop occa-  
sionally—and so am I.

CLAUDIUS GALENUS, M.D.

That, sir, which in the morning of medical  
science, was thus sought and sought in vain,  
I have discovered. From boyhood to my  
present age of ninety-nine, by day and by  
night, I have studied, investigated, pondered.  
The proud result is the PENTAPOINT GIN,  
which I offer to the world as an aperient,  
alternative, diaphoretic, sialagogue, errhine,  
diuretic, sudorific, rubefacient, lithontriptic  
and demulcent family medicine. I can con-  
fidently recommend it in all cases of cancer,  
ophthalmia, pneumonia, pleurisy, dyspepsia,  
congestion, cephalalgia, colic, vertigo, blind-  
ness, deafness, dumbness, lethargy, dropsy,  
hysteria. Also fits. It will, I am confident,  
soon altogether supercede those poisonous



## II Politico.

AN OPERA IN ONE GRAND ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. { SHERIFF of the County of New-Yok.  
CLERK  
JUSTICE, first as an apple-woman.  
TAX-PAYERS, etc.

NEW-YORK: Middle of Nineteenth Century.

SCENE FIRST (IN WHICH NOTHING IS SEEN.)



[The orchestra perform an overture consisting principally of winks. At intervals, groans are heard from behind the scenes, and strange mutterings, which gradually strengthen and become more frequent. They are cleverly taken off on the violincello and double-bass. Suddenly, the following chorus is heard, andante, doloroso, with a derisive accompaniment of horns and cat-calls:—]

CHORUS.

What demon never leaves our track,  
And drives us all to desperation—  
Piling his woes on every back?—  
It is the Demon of Taxation!

[Groans.]

And he will never, never, no,  
Never, never, never go.  
Oh-h-h-h-h!

[A few howls.]

He'll drive us all to beggary,  
If he continues thus to fleece us:  
And in our palaces will spree  
The public servants, rich as Cræsus.

[Groans.]

And he will never, never, no,  
Never, never, never go.  
Oh-h-h-h-h!

[One long, despairing howl.]

## SCENE SECOND.

[Curtain rises. Passage in City Hall.]

APPLE-WOMAN (JUSTICE) arranging her table. Pauses, and sighs.



RECITATIVE AND ARIA.

How have I fallen! once perched on this proud fane, I held the sword and scales, and made a decent figure in the world. Behold me now!—forced to disguise myself, and peddle paltry trash. And yet—and yet—

Deride me not, whate'er I am!

Now I am honest: was I, then?  
I held my badges high aloft  
Above a wretched thievish den—  
Yes, yes, a wretched thievish den!  
[Violins pizzicato, and winks.]

Blindfold, I saw more roguery  
Than I could weigh in both my scales:  
Now I look out for Number One,  
And honestly attend to sales—  
Yes, honestly attend to sales.  
[Approving purr on the drum.]

Don't fear my apples are not sound;  
Inside and outside are alike:  
Not every gentleman I know  
Can such an honest balance strike—  
Can such an honest balance strike.

[Vigorous winking, and an eccentric staccato movement, tutti, unisoni.]

Pastoral Symphony celebrating the greenness of the people.

## SCENE THIRD (THE SAME.)

[COUNTY CLERK enters, L. H., and descends to the footlights, with his hand on his heart. Looks piteously around.]



CAVATINA, in A flat.

I should be happy, but alas! I'm not!  
No dreamless sleep will visit my soft couch,  
My gains are great, my perquisites immense,  
[Pathetic groans from behind the scenes.]

I'm honest, too, as every one will vouch;—  
Yet somehow I am secretly unhappy—

[Enter SHERIFF, r. h.]



SHERIFF, in C sharp, mimicking.

And that's because you're jolly green and sappy.

CLERK. I sometimes think I am a little green,  
Considering the money I am making;  
For thirty thousand ought to smooth my path,  
And quite allay my qualms, and stop my shaking:  
But really, I don't earn one tenth, you see,  
Of all I make—

SHERIFF.

Why, man, just look at me!

BUFFO ARIA (SHERIFF).

I make at least three times as much as yourself,—



My Deputy does pretty much all the work ;  
One twentieth part is about all I earn,  
And yet I'm as jolly and fat as a Turk !  
My bankers they grin  
When I bring 'em the tin,  
And the way we all laugh at the people's a sin !  
[Groans are heard—jeeringly caricatured on the double-bass.]

CLERK. I see my mistake.

SHERIFF. Then why do you quake ?

CLERK. I feel somewhat chilly.

SHERIFF. Your hand : let us shake.  
[They shake hands a long time.]

BOTH, *hand in hand.*

We're in luck ; let's make money before we're turned out,  
Or before the dull people discover the leak ;



We're paid most extravagant wages, no doubt,  
But so are all men who have plenty of check :  
We'll take what the gods in their kindness bestow,  
Though its squeezed from the purse of their subjects below.  
[Infernal howling, groaning, and cursing, by the TAX-PAYERS, garnished liberally by the industrious gentlemen of the orchestra.]

#### SCENE FOURTH (THE SAME.)

##### RECITATIVE.

JUSTICE, *sotto voce*.—I'll befriend the people ? I'll point out some of the channels through which their money is ceaselessly flowing ! I'll be myself for a while,—*de facto*, as well as *de jure* !

[Mounts her table, which assumes the appearance of a throne, and appears in her proper character. Inner curtain rises, displaying innumerable excited TAX-PAYERS. SHERIFF and CLERK begin to tremble.]

#### GRAND SCENA E FINALE !

JUSTICE. Ye suffering, sore-afflicted men—

TAX-PAYERS. Right, Justice dear,—you hit it, then ?

JUSTICE, *with dignity*. I'll do the talking : you must hear.

TAX-PAYERS, *sotto voce*. You've got the right—that's very clear.

JUSTICE, *embarrassed*. You've put me out—confound your gab—  
I'll have to tell you at one dab.



Behold those quivering wretches there—

JUSTICE and CLERK. 'Tain't us alone : that's all in your eye :  
Others have fingers in the pie.

JUSTICE. So much the better for my story :  
Tax-paying friends, you see before you  
(Who stops for rhyme, that truly preaches ?)  
A sample lot of lively leeches  
Who suck your life-blood night and day,  
And soon will suck it all away.  
Yet they're not suckers, friends, they're sharks.  
They must disgorge !

TAX-PAYERS.

JUSTICE. Pray, no remarks.  
Onc makes *ten times the sum he earns* ;  
I mean the Clerk : how his face burns !  
'Tother's the Sheriff—think of *him* !  
No wonder he feels rather slim !  
He makes each year, and doesn't try—  
*Three times Buchanan's salary* !  
And some say *four* !

TAX-PAYERS, *starting forward with a howl*. Enough, enough ;  
Thank Heaven, at last we're up to snuff !

SHERIFF, *with his knees knocking together*. It's time to go, *un dolce mio*—  
We weren't, I think, born under Leo !

BOTH *retiring, r. h. and l. h.* Adi-i-i-i-o !

[Tumult, *molto crescendo*, all the instruments *fortissimo*, with howls, groans, and vigorous execrations. Inner curtain falls, through which are seen gleams of red fire, and JUSTICE gracefully subsides into a snuffy old apple-woman.]

#### FINALE DEL OPERA.

##### Art in the Senate.

When a motion was made in the Senate for an appropriation to defray the expenses of inaugurating Clark Mills's equestrian insult to Washington, a light and vivacious conversation arose, concerning National art-matters. Mr. Hale, (of New Hampshire,) found much fault with Persico's statue of Columbus. Likewise with Greenough's statue of Washington. Which makes it very bad for Columbus and Washington. Mr. Hale (of New Hampshire,) was "opposed to appropriating money to fill the city with these scarecrows." So far, so good. Economy is wealth. If artistic works are good, they are good things to have. If not, not. But Mr. Hale (of New Hampshire,) "thought better of the equestrian statue of Jackson." How much ? If Greenough had made Washington standing on his hind legs, as Mills made Jackson, or the horse, or something, we suppose that Mr. Hale (of New Hampshire,) would have liked it as well. The taste displayed by Mr. Hale, (of New Hampshire,) is certainly enormous, immense, and overwhelming, but unfortunately, it is very bad taste. The only sensible remark, among all those made by Mr. Hale, (of New Hampshire,) was the last one, when he said, "I do not claim, however, to be a connoisseur." But this was quite superfluous.

##### Young Richmond and the Taylor.

*Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Va.*

Young Richmond, very proud and pious too,  
Engaged a certain Taylor of renown—  
A little job of journey-work to do,  
For him, in his chivalric, ancient town.  
The Taylor, to oblige him, fixed the day,  
By putting other customers aside ;  
But Southward when he would have gone his way,  
Young Richmond, in his piety and pride,  
Refused his service—swore he would not suit,  
And from their contract coolly cut him loose ;  
Because his Cloth had got in bad repute—  
And worse, he was not "Sound Upon the Goose !"

##### Chaussure a la Pio Nono.

The Italian Sympathy Movement is very popular, just now, in New-York, but we advise the sympathizers to be a little careful. His Holiness the Pope has found the Boot of Italy such a remarkably tight fit, that we have no desire to see Uncle Sam Put His Foot In It.

##### Nox et Prateria Nihil.

Mr. Morrissey, the prize fighter, is taking twenty-five thousand dollars with him to England to bet it on the coming fight for the Championship. This is large odds, \$25,000 against one Mill.

##### The Main Question.

Does Britannia rule the seas ?





THE OLD-FASHIONED GAS FIXTURE NOW IN THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON, BUT SHORTLY TO BE REMOVED TO WHEATLAND, PA.

#### DRAMATIC SCENE.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, IN WASHINGTON, NOT FAR FROM WILLARD'S.  
TIME, 11 A.M.

[Enter Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. DOUGLAS, from opposite sides. They meet.]

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Ah, Douglas, good day; why so fast? Turn about a little, and go with me awhile.

Mr. DOUGLAS (*hesitating*).—Well, you see my time is limited just now. I have a good many things to prepare, and I have been turning about with half-a-dozen good fellows or so, who wanted my company. However, let us walk together, any way. I can't lose much, for you've only a little time now to spend here yourself, I suppose. [They turn and proceed, with arms locked, in the direction of the Capitol.]

Mr. BUCHANAN.—True, I shall have to be getting home presently. How are you now, Douglas?

Mr. DOUGLAS.—I flourish. The atmosphere suits me. I hate your tranquil, placid weather. These swift alternations seem to suit my frame. But you look jaded. How do you stand it?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Not so well. I suffer a good deal at times.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Is anything the matter with your Constitution?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Occasionally I think so. It plays me sad tricks once in a while. And yet I try to humor it in every way.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—My dear fellow, you expose yourself too much. No man can endure these sharp winds from the North, and these hot blasts from the South, coming close upon one another all the time. You see you should dress more carefully. Trim your clothes to protect you effectually from the one or the other, but don't run the risk of suffering from both.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Why, Douglas, you are the last man to give such counsel. Your rashness is known to everybody. You almost constantly invite infection from all quarters.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Ah, but I have been vaccinated all around. Besides, I am younger than you, and I recover more readily from these little attacks.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Take care, Douglas, you may venture once too often.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Oh, if danger comes I can run.

Mr. BUCHANAN (*smiling, and glancing at his companion's extremities*).—Oh, can you run?

Mr. DOUGLAS (*reddening*).—Come now, Buchanan, don't talk stuff. One would almost think your head was turned. (*Furtively eyeing Mr. B. in the region of his neckcloth.*)

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Nonsense, Douglas; you know I can look ahead as well as the best of you.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—But you can't see your way so clear.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—That's owing to the Scotch Mist.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—What do you mean?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Didn't you know? I call it Scotch Mist for want of another name. A malady of three years' standing. I caught it in New-York, and, upon my word, since it has been on me, I can't tell, half the time, which way I'm going, or what's before me.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Dear, dear. And can't you get rid of it?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Not while I stay here. That's the difficulty. They say there is a French cure for it, but it seemed to me a desperate remedy, and—well, I was afraid, though I once thought seriously of applying it.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—If the disease is desperate, the remedy ought to be so, too. But they say an old Pennsylvania disorder of yours has just broken out afresh.

Mr. BUCHANAN (*with some excitement*).—Yes, sir; the villains told me I was cured of that forever. I was comparatively comfortable for a while. But now you see how it has come back on me. More malignant than ever, sir.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Don't be agitated. I'm sure we all feel for you. I know we all look anxiously forward to the termination of your sorrows here.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Thank you, my good fellow; I believe that. It's foolish of me to give way so. Have you got any tobacco, Douglas?

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Not a scrap. My Southern friends don't supply me with everything that I want.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—You can't rely on them, sir. I could tell you some things that would open your eyes. But no matter. There's Seward—stop him.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—The hardest man in the world to stop. But we'll try. Say, Seward, Seward!

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Hey, Seward!

[Enter Mr. SEWARD, who joins them.]

Mr. SEWARD.—Good morning, gentlemen; what shall I do for you?

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Buck wants some tobacco; have you got any?

Mr. SEWARD.—Of course; I couldn't get along without my Weed.

[Mr. BUCHANAN bites off a piece, and restores the balance to Mr. SEWARD, who offers it to Mr. DOUGLAS. The Illinois Senator gracefully but firmly declines; whereupon Mr. SEWARD helps himself, and the three walk on together.]

Mr. DOUGLAS.—How is it with you, Seward. They say your health has been doubtful for a good while.

Mr. SEWARD.—Oh, nothing severe. A little weakened, that's all. My friends say I must keep quiet, and not try to do too much at present.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—But I heard they said in the Senate that you had symptoms of lock-jaw.

Mr. SEWARD.—A childish rumor, nothing more. I shan't die yet.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Mr. Seward has no inclination for Toombs.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—I thought it was indigestion. I would have sworn you had swallowed something which didn't quite agree with you.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Yes; and although you always were sallow, it has been noticed that your complexion keeps growing darker every day.

Mr. SEWARD.—Oh! that's easily explained. You know I've lately been travelling farther into Africa than ever. You can't get the Brown off very easily, after such an experience as mine.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—So they say. Speaking of brown, what a pretty house that is, off yonder.

Mr. SEWARD.—So, so; I don't like brown houses to live in, myself.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—I prefer another color, too.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Pooh, pooh; mere imagination. But here we are, close upon the Capitol grounds. Shall we go in?



Mr. DOUGLAS.—No, not together. Some of our fellows might be fighting, as they usually are about this time, and they would be sure to drag us into the quarrel.

Mr. SEWARD.—At any rate, if we were witnesses, we should have to express opinions, and that would be awkward. No, let us separate.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Why not turn back together?

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Our business lies in opposite courses. I must leave you Good-day.

Mr. SEWARD.—Good-day, Douglas.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Success to you, Steve.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—The same to both of you.

[They walk away severally.]

Mr. SEWARD (*aside*).—The poor old gentleman is blind to his condition. He's in a bad way, certainly. And as for Douglas, with his complication of disorders, he can't live a year. Now I stand robust and hearty, and am full of good hopes. Throw physic away somewhere.

Mr. DOUGLAS (*aside*).—Poor Seward, he never will get over this fever. It grows upon him. I apprehend black vomit. It's horrible, too; but he's so susceptible, and always running into danger. And Jimmy's completely worn out. He can't stand these shocks. I fancy them envying my splendid health. They see the value now of my style of training.

Mr. BUCHANAN (*aside*).—I don't reject their sympathy, because that would be discourteous. But bless me, they can't understand my endurance. I venture to say, now, that I could beat them both easily, at a fair and square race. And if you come to hard knocks, they wouldn't either of them stand the ghost of a chance beside me.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE FLIRT.



THIS brilliant insect of the butterfly species is common to all latitudes, but flourishes best in a warm climate. It revels in the atmosphere of the ball-room, the Matinée, the artistic réunion; and while it loves publicity, it is not loth to lurk in shaded alcoves or to nestle among cushions in quiet corners.

The plumage of the female Flirt is very dazzling. It is clad in the most radiant smiles, and compliments of the

softest and most delicate shades, while its eyes have a strange, deep and penetrating lustre.

It diffuses a faint yet thrilling perfume, caught from crushed flowers, scent-bags, billet-doux. Its music is a low, persuasive hum. It can be true to no tune, but sings snatches, and at the piano runs over the keys with light and tremulous touch.

The volatility of this insect has long perplexed naturalists. It baffles pursuit. Strange to say, it dissolves to the touch, and when caught is a handful of ashes, cold and colorless.

The sting of the Flirt is very severe. Some say it is poisonous. Instances have been known where it has proved fatal to happiness and hope. It is inflicted with perfect impartiality, but seems to strike deepest into fresh and honest hearts.

The Flirt languishes at the first chill breath of sorrow. When storm is in the air it is pitiful to see it seeking shelter, its gay plum-



## AN AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

(Hp!) 'TAINT LATE, O'LY (hp) ELEVEN O'CLOCK, (hp) MUS' GO HOME AN' TAKE MY WIFE TO THE (hp) THEATRE.

age so beaten and soiled, and the color and the perfume gone, and the low inviting music changed to a despairing plaint.

The flame that it flutters around, generally burns it at last, as is the case with many a poor moth.

## How to Preserve the Honor of a State.

Mr. Edmundson, of Virginia, has discovered that the honor of his native State cannot get on at all without the proper chastisement of all sick and feeble persons who tamper with it. An able-bodied, vigorous fellow, like Senator Wilson, for example, may sneer and scoff as he pleases, and the honor of Virginia remains as unruffled as a puritan of Charles the Second's time, while Mr. Edmundson's temper is as balmy as the Liquid of a Thousand Flowers. But let any prostrate and worn-out wretch, like Mr. Hickman, venture his contemptuous allusion, and the outraged dignity of the Mother of Presidents manifests itself to the extent of as severe a whipping as circumstances will allow;—the essential circumstances being the offender's solitude, and the remoteness of all his friends. If the honor of Virginia demand the punishment of only those of its assailants who are incapable of resistance, Mr. Edmundson would find it easier, and, no doubt, more congenial to his feelings, to waylay the wives and daughters of the legislators whose sentiments are obnoxious to him, and, provided they have no chance of immediate protection, to wreak them such injury as may be in his power;—to crush their bonnets, or to destroy their hoops, or to tear out some of their hair, or to scar and maim them with his fists and with his cane. And if Mr. Edmundson should require coöperation, he would, no doubt, find ready assistance from his colleague, Mr. Pryor, who has already given public evidence of his disposition to deal brutally with women, leaving the manlier duties of his position to less courageous hands.

## Conundrum for Militant Washingtonians.

Why are two fighting Congressmen like the abbreviation of a physician's title (M. D.)?

Because you have to get in between them to make them Mind.

## A Man of Honest Convictions.

Frank Fowler, the Bogus Ticket man.



## WINDY WALKING.



UITED especially to the boisterous weather which has of late prevailed are the following suggestions, which VANITY FAIR ventures for the guidance of sensible young ladies whose belief in open-air exercise is not shaken by the boreal blusterings of February. While recognising, in a moderate degree, the virtues of humility, timid coyness, and feminine caution, which, as everybody understands, tend to enrich and adorn aged womanhood, we apprehend that where youth

and beauty are concerned, a little Vanity is the Fair sort of thing. We contend that the light of a pretty face has no business to be hid under a bushel—a process which, by the bye, the merciless milliners of the present season are endeavoring with all their might to bring into fashion. We have a firm confidence in the propriety of making our principal thoroughfare, as far as circumstances will allow, a Broad Way of destruction for susceptible hearts of the male description; and are satisfied that Union Park, and Gramercy Park, and the Central Park, and all the other Parks, are legitimate Fields for the exercise of all just means of feminine fascination. We hold that each gentle maiden who sanctifies the sidewalks of popular afternoon promenades, fails in her duty to society if she neglect to put forward all the attractions, bewilderments, and allurements unto her appertaining. According to these views, the subjoined hints are vouchsafed, the importance of which will be recognized with becoming seriousness:—

## AUX PÉDESTRIENNES.

In the first place, choose your day; and let it be a bold, gusty day. On such, no artifice is needed to produce that healthy glow of countenance which indicates a peaceful conscience and a vigorous frame.

Before going out, see that a portion of your hair is not too closely confined. At the proper time, it will burst away, and riot sportively with the vagrant winds. In this manner, unrivalled opportunities for blushing confusion, half-concealed smiles, and airy head-tossings are afforded. Moreover, these wayward locks have been found very effective in securing large deposits of admiration.

On no account forget your muff. With your hands confined therein, you cannot conveniently repair the ravages of rude breezes, and any disorders of apparel must remain uninterfered with.

Bring forth white stockings only,

Array yourself with as much comfort as is compatible with the free exposition of your personal charms. It is an error to suppose that comfort is wholly unworthy of consideration. On the contrary, it may frequently be consulted without the slightest impropriety.

If the blasts be unendurably severe, close your eyes, bend your head, and proceed with briskness. You may thus unconsciously step into the affections of some very desirable person.

But never, even if the idol of your soul be near, pretend to slip and fall, that he may raise you. This method of laying yourself out to compel regard, has been discarded. Those who practice it simply put themselves down.

Science has discovered that the enormous effect of the Cyclone is owing to its rotary movement. A lesson may be learned from this. If your progress at any time become

difficult, and you detect symptoms of entanglement in your robes, commence to turn slowly about, still preserving your onward course. If you are in the habit of moving in the best circles, you can do this without difficulty. The result will be advantageous. In extremely windy weather you will see Signs of masculine approval falling all about you. If you have properly educated your feet, so much the better for the Accomplishment of your Ends. In any event, you will be enabled to present yourself favorably in every direction, which is, of itself, an inestimable gain.

These admonitions are not for the benefit of any particular class. They are given with a sincere view to the Successful Course of Female Progress, and with the hope that they will aid in the March of Improvement. They may be practiced by ladies in any Walk of Life.

## SONG.

DEDICATED TO MR. EDMUNDSON.

AIR:—Donnybrook Fair.

Although we were never at Donnybrook Fair  
We know what the Irishman always did there,  
With a sprig of shillalah, and shamrock so green.  
But sure, that's no reason at all in the world,  
Why insults each day should in Congress be hurl'd,  
Or why one of the members, as big as a House,  
Should fall on another, the size of a Mouse,  
With a sprig of shillalah to batter him green.

## Paradoxical.

The opening of private documents by Virginia postmasters still continues. It is difficult to account for such indecency and bad manners in a State that has so long been distinguished above all others for its Breeding.

## Scripture for Topers.

The Wages of Gin is Death.

## A Subterranean Vegetable.

Celery.



## BAD FOR THE PASSENGERS.

PERPLEXED SWITCHMAN.—Be me sowl! it's meself that's forgot which switch it is to be turned!





# THE POLITICAL ZOYARA.

[WILLIE ELIA DOUGLAS IN THE GREAT PIROUETTE ACT]

GENTLEMAN FROM THE SOUTH.—Looks a good deal like it, and yet—  
GENTLEMAN FROM THE NORTH.—Wail, I donno; guess it's rayther doubtful.







## EDWARD'S RIVAL.



R E A T has been the demand of late, in the repositories of foreign literature—the stores where yellow is as respectable a color for a cover as any other, and the name of Paul de Kock has not to cross the counter in a whisper—for one little book. Proficients in the politest of languages are still, however, in a sad minority, and although the clubs had it on their tables, the sybarites of literature read it, and it was the companion of beauty in a few perfumed boudoirs, “Fanny”

was a dead little book to the great mass of American readers. But it has been vitalized by the breath of a translator, and instead of being a rare and dainty tit-bit, a sweet morsel to be rolled under the epicurean tongue, the little book is within the reach of the uncultivated public; and, put forth by publishers who have a reputation, in a land where language is as free as thought, and every guarantee is afforded against the suppression which it received in puritanical Paris, it may be perused by persons who have Paris still to do, as well as that numerous and now dissatisfied class who have already done it.

Simple “Fanny”—without any surname. Written by Ernest Feydeau, and introduced by Jules Janin, the thundering Jove of the Paris press, who makes reputations and sends artists to heaven or—obscurity, after their first night; who made Rachel, and then unmade her. The Devil in the flesh, dressed in broadcloth without any opening for a tail, in little boots concealing the cloven, and in unblemished kid gloves, would take pleasure in doing what Janin does. That is to take the little book and send it to his “beautiful, sincere, and particular” friend, Madame Armande Bernard, who is away with her child getting rest on the bosom of nature, the sea, and drinking the music of eternity from the shore. He sends it to her for her amusement, her consolation, to “lull her to repose” and to “change her entirely.” He commends it to her because it is a little book, that when “some one calls,” “hides itself in the bottom of your right-hand pocket;” because it is “ingenious, charming, short, easy-going, and free;” because it is “fascinating and full of mysteries;” because it is “neat, elegant, well-dressed;” because it is “refined, delicate, finished, complete, original, ingenious and ardent;” because it is “full of eloquence, of advice, and of jealousy;” because “it is true whenever it comes from the soul and heart of a poet.”

The characters of the little book are three: There are Fanny and her husband, and Edward. Fanny is the mother of three children—on her husband’s side. Her husband is “a species of bull with a human face;” “pervaded by a certain air of calm rectitude;” “should say his age was about forty.” Edward is eleven years younger than Fanny; of “purity of race, elegance of figure, and nervous feebleness;” “a sylph compared with the giant,” Fanny’s husband. Edward loves Fanny, “at once, to the loss of reason.” It is a “spiritual union.” The two souls are “united in a fond embrace, vague, sweet, and thrilling with rapture.” When together, they “fold themselves in the fondest embraces;” she sits in her bare feet; their hands united, they “whisper incoherent words,” “look distractedly into each other’s eyes;” his lips are “glued to her feet.”

There is a shadow over this young dream. One day Fanny inadvertently refers to her husband. A “singular oppression drives the blood from Edward’s face;” a mania seizes him to see his Rival; he does see him; it is at dinner; he “eats mechanically;” he “barely forces himself to be polite;” he “looks more haggard than an assassin.” Edward’s happiness is gone. He grows “terribly jealous.” The Husband appears to him in his dreams, “pitilessly destroying his visions of happiness.” In vain he tries to console himself with the reflection that “many women live under the same roof with their husbands, scarcely ever noticing them.” He cannot “acquire that accommodating spirit of the age which permits the lover of a woman to press the hand of her husband as if he were his best friend.” His Rival perpetually haunts him. He rents a house next door to Fanny. On “a beautiful night in August” he creeps into their piazza. A window not entirely closed reveals to

his eager eyes a frightful spectacle. Fanny sits on her husband’s (his Rival’s) lap and caresses him! Edward weeps. He prays. He “loses his equilibrium,” totters, and falls. He wanders off and jumps into a “dark stream” and is swept away. He is found by some fishermen, a few mornings afterward, “on the bank of the Seine, his head in the mud,” and is carried home in a high fever. Outraged beyond endurance, he spurns Fanny from his bedside, and bitterly upbraids her. Then he goes away and buries himself in a “solitary house,” needing repairs, where he sees no company, and is entirely miserable the rest of his days.

The theory of the little book is very simple. Edward’s Rival is Society, in all its cherished sanctities, in all its most blessed institutions, in all its pure imagery of home, and love. Let us carry it out, the theory of the little book, and the man who defames and villifies your character may justly regard you as his natural enemy; the man who enters your house at midnight and despoils it of its treasure may count you the villain, the disturber of his peace, if you call the watch, or throttle him with your own hands.

It makes Purity and Faith and Justice the outlaws, and brands them with shame. Are we all ready for that?

## Any Other Name Twice as Sweet.

So much practical cruelty has been displayed in the choice of a name for the new hotel that Philadelphia means to keep—that large pile of architectural propriety which, for many days, obstructed Chestnut-street, and put the reporters to their superlatives—that we are surprised that great patronage should be expected. Not to speak of the meaninglessness of the simple word, “Continental,” and the fatality with which the vulgar mind will associate it with a certain brief, emphatic, and impolite affix, what dismal results will flow from the title to strangers from distant parts! The first ambition of the far Southerner, or wild Westerner, on arriving in the Sodom or Gomorrah of the East, is a “high old time.” Now we will imagine, if you please, a Continental in the City of Brotherly Bricks. He has registered his name (in pursuance of the advice recently furnished by the *Press*) and bullied a waiter, and got to the bar. Thence, after a prolonged suction, he emerges. The whole city is before him. Already he feels monarch of all he surveys. He makes a night of it. The hour of 3 A.M. finds him bewildered and battered, singing to a lamp-post, oblivious of home. The hour of 4 finds him very cold, and penitent, and miserable, desirous of comforter, craving quilt. To the slow and heavy-treading watchman he shakily appeals. Now our climax. It is when, with thick and rebellious speech, he endeavors to mention the name of his hotel. How shall he articulate that fearful polysyllable—Con-’el-l? That great test of inebriation, “National Intelligencer,” is not harder. We are sure that unless the proprietors would see their new hotel incontinently shunned by the travelling public of the South and West, they will be fast to establish some easy nickname.

## The Very Latest from Governor Wise.

In the *Herald* of the 16th inst., we find the following item of intelligence from California:—

“A letter had been received in San Francisco from the balloonist, Henry A. Wise, proposing an aerial trip from that city to New-York, across the Great Plains.”

We were aware that Henry A. Wise has been considered a high-flyer for many years, but this last announcement of the Governor rather caps the climax of his erratic life. Still, upon reflection, it does not appear at all strange that he should be able to accomplish the feat, as it is well known that the business of his life has been to generate Gas, and as he is now out of office, and, therefore, must be daily accumulating a large quantity, it is, perhaps, the only way in which he can get rid of the surplus.

## The Douglas Tactics.

[RATHER AN IMPROVEMENT ON WATTS.]

How doth the busy Stephen D.  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather voters all the day  
From every Old Line bower.

How skillfully he builds each “sell,”  
How neat he plants his whacks,  
And labors hard to gammon well,—  
Oh! what sweet fools he makes!

## The Home Stretch.

“How to make both ends meet.”



# GRAND EXPOSURE OF THE CEREMONIES OF THE SONS OF MALTA.

[After the manner of the Heavy Pictorials.]

TO OUR READERS AND OTHERS.—At the outset of our task, we wish to announce that many years ago, before the Order of the Sons of Malta was generally known to exist, and before this paper had even been projected, we received a number of threatening documents, intimating that in case we should persist in our contemplated exposure, nothing awaited us but a speedy death and an unhonored grave. Paralyzed by terror we were not. We instantly set ourselves to the work of constructing the most reliable record of the proceedings of this celebrated Order that ingenuity could prepare. Fact and invention were in turn exhausted. Consequently the exactness of our description is above suspicion.

We were once exhorted to assume the office of Grand Behemoth to the Order—the highest in its gift—with its accompanying brilliant income of many yearly thousands. Notwithstanding this, it is from no motive of enmity towards any of the Sons of Malta that we now put forward these disclosures. On the contrary, we are actuated only by the sincerest convictions of public duty, without a hope of reward beyond that of a mind replete with satisfaction, and a conscience as tranquil as a moonlit lake.

The order of the Sons of Malta was instituted in the ark by Noah—since deceased. Its original object was to mitigate the tedium of the winter evenings on Mount Ararat, and for a time its operations were practised with good effect, but as the proceedings became gradually more hilarious, certain members of that happy family took offense. The rhinoceros was found too thin-skinned to bear the hardest jokes, and presently the camel got his back up. The hyena, on the other hand, laughed himself almost to death, so that fears were entertained that his species would become extinct. For these reasons, the progress of the Organization was discouraged, and for many centuries it remained stagnant.

Its revival in this country is one of those inscrutable mysteries from which the baffled mind recoils unsatisfied. But, as it is here among us, in all its portentous dimensions, we feel compelled to render to the world the careful and complete exposition which we have prepared. We may state also, that in our relation, nothing but the truth shall be tampered with, and only the positive facts distorted. And as nothing is to be accomplished in the way of securing ampler confidence by pledging our sacred word to the genuineness of our revelation, we cheerfully make that pledge.

The ceremonies of initiation into this Order are altogether too frightful in their character, and too startling in their enormity, to be described. We therefore proceed to give them in detail.



The candidate, on presenting himself, is divested of all clothing with the exception of boots, trowsers, shirt, and stockings. His eyes are then blindfolded, and he is conducted, by means of an instru-



ment compounded of pike and battle-axe, to the portal of the lodge. At this point he is asked if it hurts, and if so, where. Any attempt to answer is immediately suppressed.

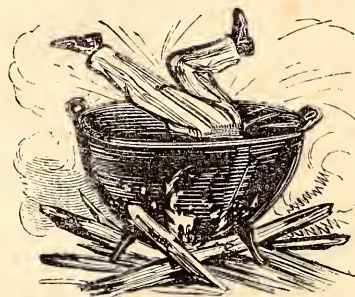


After admittance has been vouchsafed to him, the candidate is compelled to remove the bandage from his eyes, which are then and there extracted, put through a purifying process, and in due time



restored to their original locality. This is to enable him to take a new view of things.

He is then subjected to the ordeals of the cauldron and the spit.



The first of these is considered one of the most Trying operations in the calendar. The second is less objectionable, although it has been observed that the subject burns to get through with it, and that he seldom, if ever, requests a repitition.



Decollation is then practiced upon him, with the object of testing his good nature. After a proper period, if no undue resentment be shown, he is carefully recapitulated. During this process, partial symptoms of insanity sometimes appear, the neophyte evidently being more or less Out of his Head. Occasionally, in times of haste, heads are wrongly replaced, the effect of the exchange being extremely pleasing to the beholder.

The next ordeal is the one upon which the admission or rejection



of the candidate chiefly hangs. If triumphantly passed through, ultimate success may be expected.



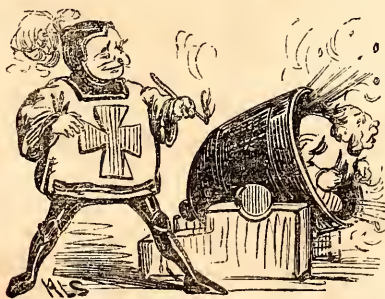
He is then confined, for a brief term, within a capacious mortar.



After this he is discharged. He has thus a capital opportunity of



learning whether the Aims of the Sons of Malta are, on the whole, correct.



All being now well over, he is saluted with congratulations of



intensest warmth, invested with the legitimate adornments of the Accepted Son, and declared to be a just and worthy member of the brotherhood. The reports as to the utterance of such phrases as



"'Tis Well," "No Levity," "Recorded," etc., are one and all false, to the best of our belief; and, so far as we know, few persons are better capable of judging what is false than we are.

This is the true and faithful exposition of the hideous and abominable mysteries of the Order of the Sons of Malta. And we may as well hint that if our purpose, whatever it may be, does not meet its accomplishment in consequence of this development, we stand ready to produce, next week, another disclosure, equally veracious and reliable, and infinitely more terrific and harrowing in aggregate and in detail.

#### THE SONG OF THE BAY STATE SHOEMAKER.

Take heed in time, you gentlemen  
Of Haverhill and Lynn;  
An awful fuss 'twixt you and us  
May speedily begin.  
Be warned, you men of Marblehead,  
And men of marble hearts,  
If we but stand aloof, from you  
Prosperity departs.

You feed upon us working men,  
And drink your cobbles too;  
But we're rough men, so think again,  
We're neither faint nor few.  
It's true you haven't any souls,  
And 'tis no use to beg,  
But you shall know how long we'll go  
Before we stir a peg.

We know that you are full of wealth,  
In purses and in lands,  
But you can never get ahead  
Without the aid of hands.  
Against all thought of compromise  
Our senses now are steeled,  
And we will ne'er to shop repair,  
Until our wrongs are healed.

Hunger and want may threaten us,  
Grim woe and famine pale;  
But be you sure we'll only stir  
For cash upon the nail.  
So on the anniversary  
Of our Great Father's birth,  
You may allow how much the vow  
Of "greasy jours" is worth.

#### Lectures for the Coming Week.

In consequence of the great success of the Lectures delivered by the Rev. W. H. Milburn, entitled, What a Blind Man saw in England, it is to be succeeded by the following: What a Deaf Man heard in Ireland, by Dr. Cahill; Where a Lame Man went in Scotland, by J. G. Bennett; What a Dumb Man said in Wales, by Rev. Jonah.

#### Mere Blowing.

Notwithstanding the Gale of last week was the cause of so many disasters, we understand that some people were entirely Carried Away with it.





PLAYFUL EXHIBITION OF GRATITUDE ON THE PART OF FARMER HAWBUCK'S CALF, FOR THE WEANING-MUZZLE WITH WHICH IT HAS BEEN PRESENTED.

#### TWENTY PER CENT.

Oh! my God, what a terrible dream!  
What a terrible deathly dream!  
So vividly clear that the frozen air  
Is full of its choking scream.  
So vividly clear, that I see the glare  
Of a thousand funeral pyres,  
And a thousand shrieks from the hissing flames  
Of a thousand midnight fires.

I dreamed that I stood in the midst of men,  
In the midst of a wondrous town,  
Where Christian people with souls to save,  
Walked evermore up and down.  
Walked evermore on, from womb to grave,  
With open staring eyes,  
And yet were they blind to the funeral lights,  
And deaf to the horrible cries.

I dreamed that there sat in the very heart  
Of this gorgeous Christian town,  
A subtle, shadowy figure, enthroned,  
To whom the crowd bowed down.  
A shadowy figure subtle boned,  
To whom the crowd sang hymns,  
A shape with a thousand restless eyes,  
And a thousand snakelike limbs.

I dreamed that this shadowy figure sat  
On heaps of whitened bones,  
From whence, as sang and bent the crowd,  
Came long and shivering moans.  
Then one by one of the throng who bowed,  
He seized with the speed of wind,  
And picking the flesh in shreds away,  
He threw the bones behind.

And still as I watched the shadowy form,  
He muttered the same decree,  
"Twenty per cent! Twenty per cent!  
Twenty per cent! for me!"  
And still as I watched, there fawningly bent,  
A crowd of a thousand score,  
Who had done the work of the shadowy form,  
And were pleading with him for more.

A thousand score of the builders craft,  
Mason and carpenter bold,  
Architects, laden with scholarly lore,  
To work for the greed of gold.  
And then as I listened above the roar,  
The clink of the trowel upwent,  
And every blow of the thousand score,  
Sang, "Twenty, Twenty, per cent!"

And still as I watched and listened to all,  
Up sprang to the marvellous cry,  
A thousand of ghostly, ghostly walls,  
Towering into the sky.  
And hard by the porch of these tottering hells,  
Stood a skeleton figure intent,  
On driving the crowd to the coffin built shells,  
Crying, "Twenty, Twenty per cent!"

Poverty, wretchedness, drunkenness, all,  
And every shade of woe.  
Poverty up toward the sky,  
And drunkenness down below.  
Still with the same blank, marvellous cry,  
He huddled the wretches in,  
Poverty, misery, want and shame,  
Miserly thrift and sin.

And still as I watched the tremulous walls,  
There came a most terrible cry,  
It was drunkenness down in the cellars below,  
Sending messenger flames on high.  
Great God! how greedily hot they glow,  
To the hundreds caged within;  
How horribly clear is the dying shriek,  
Over the city's din.

Mark! where that struggling, smothering girl  
Springs from the burning walls,  
To die in a crushed and shapeless mass  
On the pavement where she falls.  
Mark! how the shrieking figures pass,  
Like spectres through the fire,  
Whose forked tongues licked the paper floors,  
Whose footsteps never tire.

Mark! where the stricken groups have flown,  
Before the hot blast of death,  
Far up to the grey, unpitied sky,  
They stand with abated breath.  
One long, one shivering, shuddering cry,  
From the crowd below is sent,  
Like a curse, with the crash of the ghostly walls,  
For the shadowy Twenty per cent.

Oh! God, but it was a fearful dream;  
Yet only a dream, you see,  
For every Christian knows full well,  
That no such things can be.  
And so I'm glad to be able to tell,  
What all will understand,  
That such things can never happen in truth,  
Not in a Christian land.

#### Our Political Logic.

A prominent candidate of the Democratic party, in Pennsylvania, for the nomination of Governor, is a Mr. W. H. Witte, of Philadelphia. If *VANITY FAIR* can be said to have any Gubernatorial preference, it, of course, must be for the Witty candidate everywhere. Consequently it will be out of its power to advocate the claims of any party in its own State, who should seriously nominate either Editor of the *Express* for a similar office.

#### Gallie Modesty.

M. Granier de Cassagnac in a late number of *Le Pays*, in reference to the Papal question, says:—

"Speaking absolutely, God has no need of anybody; but for the last fourteen centuries he has always thought it useful to employ France for the accomplishment of his designs."

After this we are not at all surprised that the Emperor has taken it upon himself to suppress the *Univers*.

Pro-Slavery Abolitionists,  
Massa Chusetts.



## The Vexation of J. B.

(ADAPT. BY GOLDSBY.)



HE President sat in the White House Chair,  
The Daily Herald he held in his hand,  
Never his eyes from the page he took,  
With anxious mien each paragraph scann'd.  
Old Nick was in a good humor that day,  
As ever His Highness was known to be in,  
That's why he sent out his Imps to play,  
And tease J. B.—a gratuitous sin.  
They came to J. B. in a motley crew,  
Twisted and twirl'd themselves about,  
Politicians of every shade and hue,  
A quizby, queer and odd-looking rout.  
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes  
So firmly fixed upon the page,  
Curses nor prayers, nor groans nor sighs  
Could, for a moment, his look engage.

A quaint Imp, up before him rose,  
And talked and sputter'd as down squat he,  
And cried, "Beware how my plans you oppose,  
Of tinker with Squatter Sovereignty!"  
Of Kansas, he shrieked, of Border Roughs,  
Of Lecompton Constitutions too,  
Called Buck and his backers a set of muffs,  
And made a most tremendous ado.  
He threaten'd and coaxed, and swore he would run—  
For, though he was little, he had plenty of pluck—  
A republican Imp he took in his hand  
And plump'd him down in the face of old Buck.  
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

Another Imp came, with a tall, gaunt form,  
And a face as long as the Moral Law;  
He howled in a manner both fierce and forlorn,  
Of an "Irrepressible Conflict," he saw.  
He took up a "chattel" and rattled his chains,  
He show'd his back, all striped and scarr'd  
He painted with groanings, his woes and his pains,  
And told how his friends had been feather'd and tarr'd.  
And close to J. B.'s ear he came,  
And twanged his "Higher Law" doctrines in,  
And threatened Disunion, and blood and flame,  
And made his pet Nigger crow, chuckle and grin!  
But old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

An Imp came next with a Bobadil look,  
Bustling with knife, revolver and club;  
He grated his teeth, as his place he took,  
Determined to give the old fellow a rub.  
He brandish'd his knife, and talked quite big,  
And he cursed the North, in good set phrase,  
And declared the South didn't care a fig  
How soon the Union should end its days.  
He took his stand at J. B.'s back,  
And whisk'd his club around his head,  
And he yell'd and blowed, and gave in his slack,

'Till he almost began to believe what he said.  
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

Helper came in typographical guise,  
With statistical facts he fairly shook,  
And shouted all sorts of fantastical lies,  
Which he read from out of a ponderous book.  
Dards and Softs, and Black Repubs—,  
Lecompton and Anti-Lecomptonites too.  
Underground Railroad men, "Plugs" and "Blood tubs,"  
And Mail Contractors, not a few.  
A sly old rat, from Tammany Hall  
Whisk'd his tail in his face, and gnaw'd his toes,  
While "Mozart" music, with shout and bawl,  
Play'd "Wood up" marches, right under his nose.  
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

Office-seekers came prowling about,  
Trying to get at the old man's ear;  
There never was seen such a vagabond rout,  
Such a set of tormenting Imps and queer.  
Last came an Imp—how unlike the rest!  
His eyes shot fire, and he look'd very grim;  
He bestrode a steed, and his heaving chest,  
With venom seem'd to be filled to the brim.  
"Behold!" he cried, "I've returned at last,  
Like Mazeppa, the avenger, of whom you've read,  
My triumph has come, your day is past!"  
(Old J. B. shook from his toes to his head.)  
"You caught me once and sent me away  
On a journey long to Coven-try.  
You said, 'Ta-ta, good by!' but to-day,  
A Tartar, you've caught, old chap, in me!"

'Just read my speech, it is all in type,  
I mean what I've said, and I'll do it or die!"  
Then the poor old man he pull'd out his "wipe,"  
And brushed a big tear from his eye.  
And as The Avenger he rode away,



J. B. in a voice of dolorous pitch,  
Gave vent to his feelings, and thus he did say:  
"My eyes! but I've got in a pretty life!  
There are many devils besetting my path,  
Devils black, white, red and grey;  
Devils full of clamor and wrath,  
Devils that have not a word to say;  
Devils with horns, and devils without  
The devil a bit of a horn had he;  
But the wickedest devil among the whole rout,  
Is the one who just left, that Tartar Forney."

#### AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.



PERSONS from abroad, visiting the metropolis, ought not to leave before seeing its noblest embellishment, its grandest work of art, that truly superb testimonial to military heroism, known as the "Worth Monument." Generally speaking, strangers do evince a great desire to examine this renowned pile; hence, whenever a foreigner demands of us the direction towards some locality in the city, we always feel sure that, no matter what he says, he means the "way to the Monument," and invariably, without the least hesitation, give him a complete set of landmarks towards it. To be more explicit: suppose a man asks us the way to South Ferry, knowing he means the "Monument," we advise him to take a Madison Square Stage to Twenty Fourth-street and bid him "Good day!"

But, to describe. As in ancient times Babylon was celebrated for its Tower, Jerusalem for its Temple, Rhodes for its Colossus, and Egypt generally on account of its Obelisks, Pyramids, Sphinx and Mausoleum,—so, now-a-days, Rome is renowned for its Catacombs, Ruins and Cicero's, Paris for its Police arrangements, St. Petersburg for its Cold Weather, London for its Fog, Boston for its Brag, and New-York for the Worth Monument. Situated on—no! we mistake,—it is not situated—stuck in the nearest approach to the center of an isosceles triangle, this unique structure rises fifty feet heavenward and stops. It is said that a small boy, possessed of reliable eyes, could, if placed on its summit, note down the furniture contained in the rooms of the Misses Bridget, residing at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

From actual observation we know that the view of surrounding objects is pleasing, when taken with your back towards the shaft.

Although the effect is lessened by looking at the Monument itself, still, we are free to confess that a newly-made ditch, some three feet wide, at its base, lends a hand—that's not what we wish to say though—"lends enchantment to the view." As yet, no fence encloses, nor grass grows around it; but these deficiencies may be easily supplied in the spectator's mind, if he will just take a look at Madison Square, where both fence and sod abound, and then turn quickly towards the Monument, before forgetting how they appear.

We have here and there spoken of the "pile;" we did not, of course, refer to the lumber pile deposited near by, but to the architectural stone pile. The former is not, as many suppose, the "Worth Monument;" the latter is.

But little need be said concerning the gorgeous ornaments which our business community and the theatrical men have lavished so

generously on every available inch of stone—they speak for themselves.

New-Yorkers are public spirited, whole-souled people, who do nothing by halves; as the zeal and taste displayed in erecting and completing this great tribute to Major General William Jenkins Worth can sufficiently prove.

HONOR CUI HONOR EST.

#### SENTENCE WORTHY OF A PARAGRAPH.

Judge Kinney, of Virginia, is an extraordinary man, and therefore he delivers himself of extraordinary sentences. Late when Stephens and Hazlett, the last of the Invading Army of Ossawatimie Brown, were convicted, Judge Kinney felt called upon to cap the climax of pathos, sentiment, and judicial nonsense generally. So he did it. After deeply deploring the melancholy duty which he said "had been devolved upon him," he proceeded to apostrophize Hazlett in this gushing, but eminently respectable manner:—

"When I look upon your comparative youth, your genteel appearance, and consider the mental agonies you have endured during these protracted trials, I cannot help pitying you," etc.

It would be a great pity to execute a young man of genteel appearance. Judge Kinney evidently has a proper regard for external vanities, and greatly prefers to condemn badly-dressed, awkward, disreputable looking old men to death, than to pronounce solemn sentence upon those who enjoy "comparative youth" and a "genteel appearance." Why, O, why, did not John Brown shave himself, dye his hair, and invade Virginia in peg top pantaloons? Why did not Cook and Copple expose Paris-made cambric bosoms to the bayonets of the Old Dominion soldiery? Could not double-milled cloth turn away the musket-balls of the protecting hosts? Could not a Brummel tie ensure its wearer's neck against the pressure of that cotton rope? Hereafter, let invading fanatics see that their appearance is genteel, and that they are tried before Judge Kinney. If his admiration of gentility is deep enough to intrude itself into a sentence of death, a sufficient amount of personal elegance ought certainly to save the prisoner—a terrible thing for those patriotic Congressional gentlemen who insist upon wearing home-spun. Let them beware of Judge Kinney.

#### THE OUTRAGED ALDERMAN.

It was a portly Alderman arose amid his peers,  
And bravely they saluted him with gentlemanly cheers,  
For those burghers bold with smiling mugs were for a speech prepared,  
'Cause, when he had the floor they deem'd 'twas Rufus Choate they heard.

In his hand he held a paper, "'Tis the Herald" some one said,  
And frightfully he scowled upon each sentence that he read;  
Then turning to his auditors, in thunder tones he told,  
How a lying, filthy editor had libelled them for gold.

And said says he, "we're cut-throats, aye ready for a fight,  
And swindlers in the daytime, and stabbers in the night;  
And now I ask you gentlemen, I ask you all and each,  
If I may not castigate him in a very caustic speech.

"Or think ye it were better a committee we appoint,  
To wait upon this editor his jawbone to disjoint,  
Or dare him to the cobweb proofs his paragraphs afford"  
"Faith, an that's no aisy matter," quoth a member of the Board.

"We'll have him here to-morrow cried an angry Alderman,  
We will summon him before us to deny it if he can."  
When the Herald man he heard this thing, he said he didn't care,  
But the District Attorney must accompany him there.

Now when the Aldermen they found that this was his intent,  
They felt like glum defaulters who have "nary red" unspent,  
And one and all they inly vowed, these conscious Aldermen,  
That no District Attorney should beard them in their den.

And to this day they're sitting, in council, face to face,  
And wearily are thinking how piteous is their case;  
If the Editor would come alone, they'd tear him limb from limb,  
But the District Attorney—how shall they deal with him?

#### The Acrobats of every Household

The Pitcher and Tumbler.

A Great Old Spoon

King Porus.





A COLD CUT AT WASHINGTON.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE GIVING THE SEVENTH REGIMENT THE COLD SHOULDER—WITHOUT THE MUTION.

## DON COCHRANE AND THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Spanish hospitality has passed into a proverb. "Friend of my bosom," cries Don Caramba Caramello when he meets you fifty miles from his home. "my house and everything that is in it is at your disposal." But bless you, the Don doesn't mean one word of what he says. He means a cup of chocolate and a cigarette, and sometimes not that. It is a cheap splendor of expression which makes him feel better, and is intended to put you on good terms with yourself. Father Huc in his admirable work on China, states that the hospitality of the natives of the Central Empire is akin to the high-flown liberality of the Spaniard. John Chinaman presses his visitor to eat and drink of every delicacy under the sun, from young dogs to bird's nest soup, but it is considered the height of bad breeding to accept any of these splendid proffers. The more you are pressed to partake, the firmer must be your declination, and your social status would be forever ruined if you permitted your appetite to get the better of your good breeding. Mr. John Cochrane is, we believe, an American, but as far as his ideal of hospitality is in question, he might have been born in the heart of Seville, or among the tea-hills of Fo-Kien. Mr. Cochrane is "a bilin' over" with a desire to extend magnificent hospitalities to the gentlemen of the Seventh Regiment during the inauguration of the Statue of Washington. He invites them to visit the Central City, regardless of expense, and add the pageantry of their really splendid military array to the imposing ceremonials of the occasion. "Come gallant men of the Seventh Regiment," cries Don Cochrane, "come, bulwarks of your native land, and give your warlike countenance to the sacred commemoration of the virtues of the august Father of your Country! Come and fling yourselves upon the broad bosom of Columbia, and you will find that responsive and substantial echo to your patriotism, for which the citizens of Washington have always been celebrated." The bulwarks of their Country respond. They prepare to fling themselves on the broad bosom of the citizens of the District of Columbia. They furnish their arms and their patriotism, and conjuring up delicious visions of civic honors and gorgeous fetes, bordered with those outside festivities which are dear to the hearts of the gallant sons of Mars, they proceed in gallant procession to the depot and are whirled away on their journey to the affectionate embraces of Don Cochrane.

Hope, as everybody knows, told, once upon a time, a flattering

## Truth by Accident.

One of the flash sensation weeklies has issued a poster, containing an announcement similar to this:—

ANOTHER GREAT STORY!

The thrilling romance of the  
PIRATE'S DOOM,  
now publishing in the

RAG-TAG AND DOBTAIL.

is universally acknowledged to be equal to any literary work ever given to the American public!

We knew that the sensation papers were greatly given to lying about the quality of their contents, but we hardly expected to find them owning up, and stigmatizing their latest assertion of merit as "another great Story!"

## Sic Semper, etc.

In a 22nd of February oration, reported in one of the daily papers, a patriotic gentleman prophesied that "in less than ten years," we should see great things in Europe. Among others, we should witness the enlivening spectacle of "the crowned tyrants of the Old World mowed down like ripe grain."

This is rather an attempt to make the "crowned tyrants" out only Men of Straw, but we presume the harvesting operation might be accomplished with the aid of the Cradle of Liberty?

## Motto for Cow Bay.

Who enters here leaves Soap behind!

## A Worked Ship.

A Central Park Skater.

tale, and she was not less delusive on this occasion than formerly. Don Cochrane's hospitality like Bob Acres' courage, had in the meantime oozed out, and by the time that the gallant Seventh had reached the capital, the generous host had disappeared. In fact just about that time Don John instead of being at the terminus to welcome his guests, bethought himself of some pressing business in Baltimore, and retired for a brief space to the peaceful shades of that bower of Plug Uglies. Hungry, thirsty, weary with travel, but still hopeful, the Seventh Regiment left the cars, and looked round in vain for the ordinary courtesy of an escort. Not a uniform was visible. Through pouring rain, and up to their knees in yellow clay the Regiment formed and marched to parade. Every step was beset with difficulty. The prominent position to which as guests, and as a superior military organization they were entitled, was usurped by some two-penny civic company which discourteously assumed the post of honor. A set of swashbuckling Irishmen to whom probably a parade was such a novelty that they determined to make the most of it, and who call themselves the U. S. Artillery Company, kept galloping all round the Seventh, splashing them with mud, and otherwise aggravating their condition. No refreshments were provided, not even a cup of cold water, although the subsequent heat was oppressive. No hotel accommodation had been engaged, and the men had to find quarters for themselves. Houseless, hungry, neglected, soaked with rain and covered with mud, the only recognition the Seventh received from the broad bosom of Columbia was a twaddling speech from the President and a hypocritical one from Don John, who arrived in time to see them depart, and utterly disgusted and disheartened the Regiment scraped the mud from its feet, and returned with anything but favorable impressions of Columbian hospitality. Their pilgrimage, however, was cheered by the attentions of the Baltimore City Guard on their homeward route.

The fact is, that Don Cochrane, in order to make a little paltry political capital, seduced five or six hundred gentlemen from their comfortable homes under false pretences, and having led them to expect all those courtesies which prevail in social life, left them entirely in the lurch, and behaved in the shabbiest and most ungentlemanly manner. It was a shameful and un-American act to blot the splendor of a Washingtonian commemoration with a mean and illiberal conduct, from which none would revolt so heartily as the great hero himself were he present in the flesh to witness it.



## Here and There.



S for all matters connected with the age of chivalry, my mind is forever at rest. I am mediæval down to my boots. I am satisfied that I know more about barbicans, cuirasses, demiculverins, quintains, estrades, gorgets, churls and pages than any other living man unless it be the Editor of VANITY FAIR, who knows everything. This sensation of completed knowledge is delightful. I live as it were in an atmosphere of romance. I meet James's two solitary horsemen at every turn of Broadway. My noonday mug of ale has been transformed into sack. I order pourpoints and doublets and trunk hose from my tailor, much to that suffering man's dismay. Pacalin recoils from me when I demand a *chaussure* in russet leather with red heels and embroidered turn-overs. I insulted a young man at my boarding house the other day, by refusing to speak to him because he sat below the salt. My landlady declares that she can no longer understand me with my "marry come ups, prithee how-nows, gad so! an it were wells," etc., and all because I have seen "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" at Niblo's. Yes, I have witnessed that gorgeous representation of the brave old feudal times; and the splendid cotton-velvet armour, and the impetuous trained steeds, and the deadly innocuous combats, all set my blood on fire to such a degree that I had to rush madly into the bar-room at the close of the spectacle, where I electrified the assemblage by wildly shouting "wassail! wassail!"

I learned much from this feudal spectacle at Niblo's. So many things in that authentic representation are entirely different from the accounts given by old and exploded writers like Sir Walter Scott, that I feel myself called upon to invite the attention of antiquarians and students of history to the remarkable discoveries of J. M. Nixon.

Before, however, entering on the pageant itself, I should like to consider Mr. Nixon's preliminary advertisement, which is a gem in its way. In a synopsis of the incidents, I find the following extraordinary passage, which is quite as good as any passage at arms in the entertainment. "An estrade," says the advertisement, "is erected at the upper end of the stage to seat the monarchs and their courts; upon a signal given the procession enters and stream around the vast amphitheatre, and take their places on each side." I know that the men of the olden time was not strong upon grammar, but I don't think any one of it could have beat these.

Farther on I am enlightened as to the existence of a hitherto obscure personage. "The two queens, Claude of France, and Catharine of Aragon, appear drawn in a gorgeous chariot by eight horses, driven by Mr. E. Backinstalls." Now as none of the historians of that eventful period mention Mr. Backinstall's name, it is highly creditable to Mr. Nixon's historic erudition and research to have discovered that such a person was coachman to the two queens at so

remote a period. Considering his age, we must say that Mr. B. drives remarkably well. Backinstall and his brace of queens are followed by "Cardinal Wolsey in full costume, mounted on his historical mule," whatever species of animal that may be, "with the Cardinal's hat carried in state by two royal pages," after which comes the astounding announcement that "the celebrated Kapp's brass band have been engaged to play in the procession." Who is Kapp? Did he play in the train of the great Cardinal, or is he an impostor who is thrusting himself into antiquity without any authority? I don't think myself that Wolsey ought to permit any man of the name of Kapp to play in his procession, though after all there may have been a reason for it, as in the advertisement, the Cardinal's hat is immediately followed by the instrumental Kapp.

The pageant as witnessed by the undersigned is highly worthy of comment, inasmuch as it presents to a New York public the chivalric period from an entirely novel point of view. I regret exceedingly that the Garter King-at-arms was not present. The fossil ideas which he entertains relative to the armour and the jousting of the olden time would be altogether destroyed, and his archaeology enlightened to a degree of which he can have no possible conception. As this gentleman, owing to his duties at the English court, has not been able to attend Mr. Nixon's chivalric revival, I propose to give him some information as to the manner in which a joust or tilting match was really conducted. The Blue Knight, clad in a suit of impenetrable cotton velvet, enters the list on horseback, and shakes a large lead pencil at the king and queen. This is "the salute." He is followed by the Yellow Knight, his adversary, clothed in the same formidable armor, and wielding another black-lead pencil, which he brandishes also before the sovereigns. The herald then sounds the charge on a gilt trumpet, which has no aperture in it, and the knights trot from opposite sides of the field at the rate of one mile and a half an hour until they meet, when they knock their pencils together, after which they separate much exhausted with combat. After a brief breathing spell they dismount and each are furnished by their pages with a tin shield and a blunt sword. They hereupon throw themselves into the attitude of a fencing master using the foils, and thrust at each other from a safe distance. This not striking the spectators as being very deadly, and being encouraged with a few hisses, they approach one another, and perform that time-honored combat, which is considered peculiar to nautical dramas, and which I know had its origin with Charlemagne and his knights. After some wild hitting and stopping with the tin shields, the Blue Knight goes down without any particular provocation, and as soon as he has fallen may be observed to chirrup to his faithful horse to come and mourn over his supposed death, perhaps with the object of cultivating the sympathies of his fierce antagonist. But the faithful steed utterly ignores the decease of his master, and snuffs round one of the pages' pockets, looking for oats. This being a failure, four stalwart men-at-arms in calico and russet boots, bear the corpse away, and the Yellow Knight, panting with his tremendous exertions, remains victor of the field.

This spirited encounter is followed by a mortal combat between the Black Knight and the White Knight, who, like their gallant predecessors, come on armed to the teeth with black-lead pencils. After the usual knocking together of their pencils, the Black Knight drops his own crayon, and basely seizes that of his adversary. Fearful encounter for the possession of the pencil, which, after much tugging, becomes the property of the White Knight, who, instead of punishing his antagonist, proceeds to put an end to his horse, which slaughter is accomplished by carefully inserting the pencil between the animal's fore legs, and viciously stabbing the ground with the point. The horse amiably consents to look on this as fatal, and dies without a groan. More bloody work on foot with sword and tin shields, after which the White Knight cleaves the unlucky sable champion to the chin with a single blow, and the victor is crowned by the queen, and the various combatants on the fall of the curtain retire to their tents to have their wounds dressed by the leech, or to recruit their energies with sack, and talk over the perils of the day.

On the whole I know of no more accurate and instructive spectacle than "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." I would strongly recommend the Chevalier Wikoff—who is, I believe, the last remnant of that famous band, "The Knights of the Round Table," to come on from Washington and witness this revival of that epoch of which he was once one of the brightest ornaments. Oyez, oyez, oyez.

[Signed,]



Land Valued Most by the President.

Buck—Wheatland.

What Opera Singers Live on.

Rôles.



## Those Broadway Belles.

AIR: *Those Evening Bells.*

Those Broadway belles, those Broadway belles,  
How sweet a tale my mem'r tells,  
Of hair *chinois*, and that dear time,  
When bonnets small were in their prime.

But all those hats have passed away,  
And women now are most outré,  
Each bonnet now preposterous swells,  
And hides the pretty Broadway belles.

Mem. for the Washington Statute Inau-  
guration Committee.

When you wish to decorate yourselves with  
borrowed plumes, have the decency to take  
ordinary care of them until they are returned  
to their own box, otherwise they may not  
be lent to you a second time.

## The Thimble Unrigged.

Model wives formerly, took a stitch in time,  
but now by the help of a Sewing-Machine  
they take one in no time.

## Apparent on the Face of the Thing.

The man who regulates the New York city  
clocks has very little Time On His Hands.

## Hard to Please.

The more a dentist's practice increases, the  
oftener he "Looks Down in the Mouth."

## Query for "Smilers."

Was ever Western whisky seen  
"Comin' through the Rye?"

How to Reform a Chimney Sweep.  
Make a Clean Sweep of him.



## A POINT SETTLED.

SCENE:—A Gent's Dressing Room at a Party.

HEAVY SWELL.—Doing much in the pipe line, now, Charley?

LIGHT SWELL.—Naw—aw, dawnt smoke.

H. S.—Taken to Hock, eh?

L. S.—Naw—aw, dawnt drink.

H. S.—Why, what in the dooce do you do with yourself?

L. S.—Aw, ah—muse myself.

## A LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

There are mild and inoffensive verbal blunders, and there are also verbal blunders which are grievous and intolerable. The dramatic department of the *Tribune* combines both species. In one paper of last week a choice specimen of such appeared. Of the mild and inoffensive order was the statement that "The riders (at Niblo's) do their knightly devours with chivalric grace." Perplexing as this phrase at first appears, its meaning is in time discovered to be that the performers get through with their evening meals in a manner favorable to appetite and digestion. But the blunder of objectionable character is not so easily set aside. Mrs. John Wood's return to the Winter Garden was thus recorded:

"After the murky horrors of *Oliver Twist*, there was a brilliant relief last night in the burlesque of Mrs. John Wood."

Mrs. Wood is a woman of spirit, and will not be likely to let this imputation that she has been burlesqued pass unnoticed. We are not sure that it is not libellous. It is no light thing to talk of a burlesque lady, and the unpleasantness of the idea is intensified by its mysteriousness, no one having ever before heard of a burlesque upon any person so popular and so generally agreeable as Mrs. Wood. Individuals are caricatured, not burlesqued—a bit of information gratuitously vouchsafed; and it is only extraordinary literary achievements, such as, for example, the *Tribune's* disquisition on the Zoyara question, which can be purposely burlesqued.

## A Tight Squeeze.

Buchanan in Forney's "Press."

## Amazing Ignorance of Mr. Brignoli.

He has never got beyond his A. B. C.

## THE PUFF ELABORATE.

Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston, in his testimony before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee at Washington, offered the following extraordinary evidence, which was straightway seized upon and telegraphed to the *N. Y. Tribune* without delay:

"The Parker House is the best house in town for dinner."

It may be very well for Mr. Stearns to look out for the interest of his friend Parker, and it is, no doubt, quite true that the Parker House is all he represents it to be—at least, we know nothing to the contrary; but it is none the less evident that this sort of thing ought not to be encouraged. The bad results are too certain. We should very soon have Mr. John Smith testifying that "his brief correspondence with John Brown was conducted on elegant note-paper furnished by Mr. Cyrus W. Acre, whose establishment is unquestionably of the first respectability and merit in the metropolis of New York. And Mr. James Robinson would offer in evidence, that on hearing of the Virginia Invasion, his feelings became so decidedly too much for him that he could only turn to Mrs. Wiggle's Soothing Syrup, two teaspoonfuls of which are sufficient to calm the stomach and tranquillize the mind of the most troubled of men. In fact, there would be no end to this style of public puff, and although the *Tribune's* humanitarian principles are sufficiently well known, yet it is to be hoped a tolerable regard for its own interest will restrain it from indulging the caprices of those who thus seek to use its columns for free advertising purposes.

## A Game of Hide and Seek.

Going into the Swamp to borrow money.

## A City Most Opposed to Sleighing.

Wheeling.





SOAPING HIM.

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of his institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan, then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."—*N.Y. Herald*, Feb., 1860.

## Fast Agriculture.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

As March approaches, you must begin your labors for the season by Harrowing up the feelings of your respectable friends, and sowing a large crop of Wild Oats.

No attention need yet be paid to your early P's (Piety and Prudence,) but you will do well to destroy as many Weeds as possible, by burning them.

In order to practice Fast Agriculture successfully, it is imperative that you should keep a horse. Ponies (of brandy) are also quite necessary. Should other livestock be wanted, Go the Whole Hog, but be careful to Save your Bacon.

As fruit trees are profitable, it would be a good thing to procure several. We especially recommend Crabs, both fast and soft, but a neat little Plum is likewise desirable.

After attending to all these duties, you may make some provision for the coming Fall. Unless you arrange beforehand to be in Clover at the end of the season, you will find yourself somewhat Seddy, and have to go moping and Mowing around.

If you wish to have a Course of Sprouts immediately, Plant some vigorous blows promiscuously about, on the noses and eyes of fighting men. They will shoot at once. Cuttings will do as well as blows, but in such an operation, care should be taken to avoid the climate of the west bank of the Hudson, in the neighborhood of Tarrytown and Peckskill.

## Important Artistic Correspondence.

To ——— Sculptor, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Sir:—Much has been said about Mr. Mills' new statue of the Horse and Washington. A newspaper man tells me that it is too heavy and clumsy, while a military gentleman, of the Seventh Regiment, positively asserts that the mane and tail, waved by the wind, relieve the work of all ponderosity, and give it an Airy Grace.

What is your opinion?

NEW YORK Feb. 26. ———, Painter.

To ——— Painter, NEW-YORK.

Dear Sir:—Nary Grace.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 28th. ———, Sculptor.

## A Downy Cove.

The *Tribune*, one day last week, contained this paragraph:

"A correspondent of *The Winsted Herald* says a male child was born in Sandisfield, Mass., healthy and well-formed, with a well-defined pair of soft, silky whiskers, stretching from ear to ear." The child is now five weeks old, bright and lively, with a growing beard. Mr. Isaac Eader is the boy's father.

As Mrs. Eader's baby is of course a "perfect duck," we confess that we cannot see anything remarkable in the story, for who does not know that the Eider-Duck is noted for its down?

## Political Mother Goose.

Little Johnny Forney sat in the corner

Eating a Free Soil pie;

He put his thumb about and took a Clerk-Ship out

And says, "what a brave boy am I."

## The Latest Outrage.

The Franking system is getting more and more corrupt every day. We have heard it whispered that a certain Member of Congress recently proposed some political measures to Frank Pierce through the Post Office!

## Hard to Please.

Some people are grumbling because our pet Seventh Regiment did not have a military reception at Washington. *Que voulez vous, messieurs?* Do you mean to say their reception was a Civil one?

New Title for the National Capital—By a Seventh Regiment.

"The City of magnificent promises."

## The Modern Canute.

Louis Napoleon, when he said "thus far and no farther" to the Papal See.



MARCH 3, 1860.]

VANITY AIR.



SAMBO AGONISTES.

DEY DONT "BUDGE."







## NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE ROWDY.



E have become conscious only lately of game. The querulous quail and the pinnated partridge have suddenly become the objects of our keenest solicitude. Game laws have been actually established for the purpose of legally appointing the exact period when the Winkles of this free and glorious land may slaughter scientifically those specimens of the feathered tribe which are dear to epicures. In all respects an impetus seems to

have been given to field sports. Hosts of English Lords and honorables seek our shores to brave the tomahawk of the redskin, and the hoof and horns of the buffalo. They undertake large and expensive expeditions to the Rocky Mountains where they don't see any Indians and don't kill any buffaloes.

And yet with all these legislative enactments about innocent birds whose destiny is toast and bread sauce, and all this fuss made over the bounding buffalo of the far west, by some unaccountable neglect we have overlooked the fiercest and most interesting of all the wild animals that inhabit this country. This neglect is all the more singular in as much as the untameable beast to which we refer, wanders in the midst of our city, has his lairs in the neighborhood of Houston street, and the City Hall, and roars nightly in the fetid feeding saloons of this civilized metropolis. Not to be enigmatical any longer, this specimen of the *feræ naturæ Americana* is the New York Rowdy. He is a creature of nocturnal, predatory habits, great ferocity, and capable of affording the greatest possible sport to the experienced hunter. For the sake of the sporting world we would desire that the wild Rowdy should be included in one of the game law enactments. He should be considered in season from the months of November to March, and a severe fine inflicted on any person shooting squab rowdies. A game commissioner might be appointed in each of the principal cities of the Union who would have the power of granting licences to gentlemen entitling them to kill the rowdy during the above mentioned months. With some considerable training the municipal police might be brought to act as serviceable dogs for the flushing of the game, but at present the nose of this breed of "setter" is bad, and he is apt to go on the wrong scent. If such an enactment were to pass the legislature a most agreeable and recreative amusement would be added to the field sports of America. *Battues* would be organized by the young gentlemen of New York among the preserves of the sixth and seventeenth wards, and Jones would invite his friend Smith to join a small shooting party on the Mulberry street uplands. The art of *venerie* would reach in America the perfection which it has reached in France. Game Keepers would become learned in the habits of the rowdy, and would repeat to their employer, the exact whereabouts of certain notorious animals, as the old huntsman of the Marquis reports the location of a stag of ten, and the sporting papers of the city would contain paragraphs to the effect that "Mr. Lacey Alley had on the 5th of the present month, bagged twelve Mulberry street rowdies—eight of the Irish breed and four of the American—between the hours of ten and two. Four of those were double shots."

As it is more than probable that the Legislature will hasten to adopt our suggestion, and incorporate in the existing game laws, a clause relative to the destruction of the Rowdy, we will give, for the benefit of our brother sportsmen, such hints as will contribute towards their bringing home a full bag.

The Rowdy is in his prime when he reaches his twenty-sixth year. He is then generally to be known by a full plumage of the glossiest black sprinkled with diamond spots. His feet are shiny, and so also is his crest. His countenance expresses mingled cowardice and fe-

rocity. Like the jackal, wolf and hyena, he is never aggressive when alone, but when he goes in packs he is generally savage and disposed to attack. In the morning the best place to look for him is at the doorways of low gambling houses, and at the corners of inferior streets, where he displays his gaudy plumage and warms himself in the sun. But by far the best time for sport is when you find him in gangs in the night saloons. He is then in a highly excited state, and growls and shows his teeth on the entrance of a gentleman; the gentleman being the food of all others that he prefers. Now is the time to bring him down. Fire quickly before it is possible for him to make his spring, and above all, aim at the head, for the brute has considerable vitality, and if not killed at the first fire is capable of considerable mischief. The weapon that we recommend especially is that made by Colonel Colt of Hartford, Connecticut, a ball sixteen to the pound, and Dartmoor Mills powder. Be very careful as to your caps and priming, as a miss fire would be fatal to you. Never on any account allow a rowdy to put his hand in his pocket when he is in your neighborhood. He is almost sure to draw a knife or a pistol on you. Fire on the instant.

If these hints are of any value to the community we present them in the sincere hope that they will be acted upon.

## AN ACT FOR THE REGULATION OF SMALL BOYS.

We shall present a memorial to Congress petitioning for the regulation of Small Boys.

It will pray that, in view of their rapid increase, suitable measures shall be adopted to prevent their overrunning the rightful domains of maturity.

That parents and guardians, known to be such, shall be held responsible for all violations by their tender offspring of the rights and privileges of the aged.

That an Institution may be established, liberally endowed by government, to which may be consigned all Small Boys with whom "nothing can be done" at home.

That the mode of discipline there may not be Moral Suasion, but that the Birch, which illustrated the tales of our ancestors, may resume its long interrupted sway.

That Latin Grammar and Algebra may not be taught so regularly or so much as obedience, modesty, quietness and other cardinal virtues, which have fallen into disuse.

That it shall be the sworn duty of the Mayor of every city, through his officers, to restrain the Small Boys from roaming through the streets, flying kites in the faces of easily excited horses, and thereby occasioning sometimes fatal accidents; interposing themselves between the trembling legs of feeble pedestrians, and making sport of their pains, when they bend to an irresistible fate and go down upon the sidewalk; standing at the corners emitting volumes of cheap tobacco, as well as volleys of startling oaths; obstructing the passage by rough games which compel ladies and children to make wide detours; when snow falls, merrily propelling icy balls at the tenderest places of unwary passers-by, or hastening the destruction of limb and life by glassy sides without mercy.

It will pray that Mr. John Leech, of the London *Punch*, may be obliged to desist from his cruel efforts to give countenance to the Small Boy and to perpetuate his dreaded race.

Signatures are respectfully solicited for this humble Petition, at the office of VANITY FAIR.

## The Virginia Volunteers.

Virginia's wrathful and chivalrous blades  
Are preparing their weapons to practice phlebotomy  
On all who may dare to encourage new raids,  
Led on by some new Ossawatimie.

But a question arises—they've Nothing to Wear—  
And, "How shall we Dress?" cry the martial nobility;  
We answer, "Your Uniform, boys, it is clear,  
Will be Uniform Inutility!"

## Real Estate Con.

How was the Land of Canaan divided by Abraham and his nephew?

The western portion was taken by Abraham; the eastern was chosen by Lot.

## Posthumous.

Our Insane Contributor wants to know whether the Dead Letter Office, at Washington, would not be a good place for explorations of the Dead C!

## The Toper's Cuticle.

A Whiskey Skin.



## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Nothing is more delightful than to find Learning and Imagination hand in hand. The New York Daily *Times* in its issue of the 22d inst., affords a beautiful example of scholastic attainments adorned with a brilliant play of fancy. In an article on *diphtheria*, the *Times* man, fecund in illustration, rushes into anecdote, and introduces his narrative with the following astounding sentence:

"We beg in conclusion to remind them (*i. e.* Readers) of that dear old eastern story, which Eliot Warburton tells so admirably in his matchless book of travels, "*Eothen*."

If "Dear old" Sergeant Kinglake were to see this paragraph, we wonder if he would feel comforted. After having, by the issue of one small volume, placed himself at the head of all living writers of travels, it would doubtless delight him to see the learned *Times* man decking the deceased Warburton with his laurels. What a high opinion he would form of the culture of our newspaper editors, when he beheld a fact patent to every well-read man, distorted in this unaccountable manner, and recklessly published in the leading columns of a leading daily! If the *Times* man goes on in this way, we will, of course, every day meet with sentences like the following:

"When Tennyson sang 'a man's a man for a' that,' he vindicated nobly the sentiment of Montaigne that 'all men are born free and equal!'"

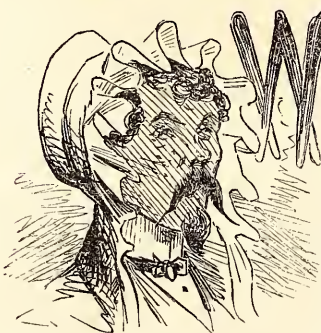
"In fact, we may say in the trenchant lines of Grace Greenwood,

"What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?"

Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards!"

On reflection, there is one excuse for this unhappy *Times* man. Mr. Raymond is out of town.

## THE ADVERTISING OF THE FUTURE.



I feel that we may have been guilty of an injustice. We hope we haven't been guilty of an injustice. We do not want to be guilty of an injustice. We will leave it to the public, whether or no we have been guilty of an injustice.

V. F. (which, of course, signifies *VANITY FAIR*), has been very severe upon that innocuous, and at times ornamental thing, the Counter-jumper. It has been suggested in these fair columns, that young women should be

permitted to earn a livelihood by selling hosiery and tape to other young women, instead of being driven to compete with the Sewing-machine, or to do infinitely worse. It has been suggested that the selling of hosiery and tape was not one of the "manly arts," and that the yardstick could not, by any exercise of imagination, be considered as the wand of manly nobility.

Now it is possible that we have played the mischief. Suppose that the young women should take possession of their rightful places, and oust the knights of simperdom. Would the latter not be in imminent danger of starving to death? Could they get their bread and butter, their lemon-soda and cinnamon cigars, by working as men, after having so long been something less than women? It seems doubtful indeed!

On the whole, then, we have evidently been guilty of an injustice.

But, having furnished the bane, we can also furnish the antidote. There is nothing like Gradual Reform. Let us all join hands in the good work, and make men of the Counter-jumpers! The proposition is startling, at first sight, but perfectly feasible.

The Counter-jumper, having been employed on the most effeminate kind of work for ages, is necessarily unfit for manly labor. Very well; let him be trained up to it. Let him try his hand at the more athletic sorts of woman's work. Let him take a situation as children's nurse, say, at first, and increase his sphere of usefulness by degrees. Then he might blossom out as a cook, or housemaid, and finally arrive at the honors of scrubbing, washing, ironing, house-cleaning, etc.

This idea, if properly carried out, would inaugurate a perfect millennium in cheap society, although during its progress the effect might be somewhat ludicrous. For instance, when the chrysalis Counter-jumper first began to feel the wings of manhood growing, we should see strange advertisements in the daily papers, such as the following, perhaps:—

**SITUATION WANTED.**—A Neat and Tidy COUNTER-JUMPER wants a place in a family, to do fine sewing and light housework. Is thoroughly conversant

with all articles of ladies' wear. No objections to going a short distance in the country. Address, etc.

**WANTED.**—A Situation as Housemaid, by a partially reformed COUNTER-JUMPER. Having been in the Dry-goods department at ———'s, for three years, he is perfectly familiar with Sheetings, and therefore especially competent to make beds. Call for three days, etc.

As the reform progressed, and the capabilities of the neophyte for usefulness advanced, the tone of these advertisements would change. We should then see something of this sort:—

**MIDDLE-AGED** and Experienced COUNTER-JUMPER wants employment as Laundry dress. Has done up his own linen for a long time. Can stand nearly as much labor as a woman. Particular attention paid to laces, ruffles, etc., but heavy washing preferred. Address, etc.

**WANTED.**—A Stout, Capable Person to do Cooking, Washing, and General Housework. Will be expected to clean house, scrub, etc. A COUNTER-JUMPER who is nearly reformed, will find the situation agreeable, but he must not be afraid of work. Call at, etc.

Having pointed out the way in which this description of creature may become tolerably valuable to mankind, we feel more at rest, and will leave our artist to show the condition of the Counter-jumper when he reaps the fruits of such advertisements as the above.



## A Cordial for our Cares.

The only pastoral paper in the country—in whose columns do gambol the lambs of innocence, and flow the streams of youth, and bloom the flowers of early piety—need we breathe the tuneful title of the *Evening Transcript*?—remarks, it does:—

"The family of an opulent citizen, recently deceased, have presented the pastor and physician of their honored parent a thousand dollars each, as tokens of respect. Such judicious actions do much to alleviate the cares and perplexities of professional life in a great city, and we trust they will become more common than they have hitherto been."

Through all the selfishness with which a world lying in darkness and also just the same in light, has encrusted us, we hope we can see the loveliness of the course here prescribed, nor could we desire to be alleviated in any other way, and we hope and trust that these "judicious actions" will not be confined to pastors and physicians, but that editors may be in the arrangement, too, for their "cares and perplexities" are as deserving, and perhaps more so, of a thousand dollars as the c's and p's of any other class, while their facilities for the appropriation of such "tokens of respect" are wholly unequalled, if, indeed, they are not unsurpassed.

## A Spiritual Revelation.

What is Joe Miller's ghost employed about?

Said we, *en rapport* with a "spiritual knocker,"

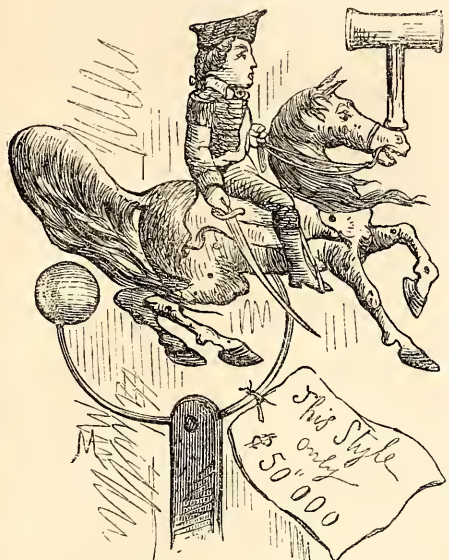
The answer was—"For Heaven's sake don't let it out,  
But Joe's the gossip of the Knickerbocker!"

## Obvious.

Who broke all the Commandments at once?  
Moses.



## LETTER FROM A PATRIOT.



O THE EDITORS OF VANITY FAIR: Gentlemen: I have been humbugged, swindled, cheated, imposed upon, and defrauded. I am very indignant, and I think the whole country ought to be very indignant. It is an outrage. I mean the Washington Statue, of course. I want to know, gentlemen, whether such tricks are to be tolerated, in a land celebrated for learning, revolutionary reminiscences, and common Schools?

I am not a connoisseur, or whatever you call it, in statuary, but I flatter myself that I cannot be swindled in this preposterous way. I refer to the hind legs. We all know that General Andrew Jackson was a very great and good man. He licked the British, smoked a long pipe, and swore by the Eternal, and it was no more than just that he should, when dead and buried, have a statue of himself in the public grounds at Washington. Mr. Clark Mills did it—I mean the statue—and I think he did it remarkably well, although you may easily see, and as I said before, I know nothing about it. Well, Mr. Mills, when he made General Jackson's statue, got a stroke of what I call real genius into it. He threw overboard all the old trammels and restrictions of the schools, gentlemen, and soaring skyward to the lofty empyrean of artistic bravery, made Jackson's horse stand on its hind legs, with no other support!

Such a precedent was perfectly unprecedented, you know, and the consequences were plain. Mr. Mills gained the reputation he deserved. His hind legs were famous—are still famous, and will remain famous for all time, to world without end, amen. It was a fitting and suitable tribute to the originality of Jackson's character. It served him right.

The immense celebrity—I might say notoriety—of Mr. Mills' Jackson's horse's hind legs, could not escape the notice of our learned and intelligent, though quarrelsome, statesmen, and when it was decided to have another statue on horseback, representing General George Washington, Father of his Country, and Author of the Mount Vernon Papers, erected in the public grounds, Mr. Mills was chosen to do it. I thought, at the time, that it was a good choice. Mr. Mills had shown one brilliant novelty in art, and had produced what I call a first-class statue. But see how mistaken we all were! Gentlemen, it is an insult to the memory of the Pater Patriæ! If General Jackson deserved to be supported by hind legs alone, what did not General Washington deserve? Yet here has Mr. Mills gone and made him stand on three legs, stupidly as any old cart-horse! Will the patriotic blood of America stand it? I hope not. Let this statue be broken up, and another made. Let the horse not have any leg on the ground at all. Jackson's horse has only two, and I'm sure that Washington was twice as great as Jackson. Perhaps it would be more respectful to have the Father of his Country standing up in his saddle. I don't think it is very dignified to sit a-straddle of a horse, especially in bronze, but I have seen some exceedingly fine postures by Mr. Robinson, M<sup>lle</sup> Zoyara, and others, at the Circus in Broadway, and I noticed that they always stood up in the saddle. However, of course Mr. Mills knows all about this, and can choose his own position. I only insist upon the legs for my country is very dear to me, and I will not brook any jeer or jibe, or humiliating insinuation concerning General Washington, the Eagle, or the Stars and Stripes. They are all sacred to me, and I will never countenance a statue that hints at, or implies, any inferiority of the Pater Patriæ, compared with General Jackson, though I am free to confess that I consider the latter to have been a very fine man, and think that he did just right about the United States Bank.

Hoping that you can do something to undo this withering shame, I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,  
PATRIOT.

## SCENE FROM THE POLITICAL DRAMA OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

[A Performance of which may, at any time, be expected at the National Capital.]

## POLITICIANS REPRESENTED.

CAPULET BUCHANAN,	SAMPSON KEITT,
BENVOLIO PRYOR,	GREGORY HOUSTON,
TYBALT GROW,	ABRAM MORRIS,
BALTHASAR WASHBURN.	

## PROLOGUE.

Two parties, wanting both in dignity,  
In fair Columbia, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where ugly blood makes ugly hands unclean.

SCENE.—A Public Place.—Enter SAMPSON KEITT and GREGORY HOUSTON armed with canes and knucklers.

SAMPSON KEITT.—Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY HOUSTON.—No, for then we should be colliers.

S. K.—I mean, an we be in choler we'll draw.

G. H.—Ay, while you live, draw off and hit somebody.

S. K.—I strike quickly, being moved.

G. H.—But usually thou lookest on whilst somebody else strikes.

S. K.—A dog of the other side of the House moves me.

G. H.—To move is to make a motion, and to be valiant is to stand, provided thou can'st get a nomination. Therefore, if thou makest the right motion, thou wilt run well in thy district. . . . Lift thy cane; here come two of the other side of the House.

Enter ABRAM MORRIS and BALTHASAR WASHBURN.

S. K.—My dander is up; quarrel, I will back thee.

G. H.—I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

S. K.—Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them if they hear it.

ABRAM MORRIS.—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

S. K.—I do bite my thumb, sir.

A. M.—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

S. K. [to G. H.].—Have you got a pistol in your pocket?

G. H.—No.

S. K.—No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

G. H.—Do you quarrel, sir?

A. M.—Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

S. K.—If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a party as you.

A. M.—No better.

S. K.—Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO PRYOR, at a distance.

G. H.—Say—better; here comes one of our side.

S. K.—Yes, better, sir.

A. M.—You lie.

S. K.—Come on, if you be men.—Gregory, remember Edmundson's swashing blow. [They fight.]

BENVOLIO PRYOR.—Part, fools; dry up. You know not what you do. [He goes in.]

Enter TYBALT GROW.

TYBALT GROW.—What, another? Count me in. [He also enters, blithely.]

Enter several partisans of both Houses, who join in fray.

[Soft Music.]

Enter CAPULET BUCHANAN, with his night-cav on.

CAPULET BUCHANAN.—I thought I heard a noise.

Enter PUBLIC OPINION, clothed in the Stars and Stripes; the American Eagle in his right hand, the Constitution in his left, and thunder in his voice. He proceeds to put a flea in everybody's ear.

PUB. OP.—Rebelious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel!—  
Will they not hear?—what ho? you men, you beasts—  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands,  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

[The continuation of this eminently just, effective, and truthful drama, may be found in any volume of W. Shakespeare. To be procured at all bookstores; price according to circumstances of binding, etc.]





BIDDYISM.

HELP.—I want yeez.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Want me! What for?

HELP.—Yeez must come and carry out the ash-barrel; d'yeez think that a delicate woman'll be afther breaking her back at such work?

## THE DYSEPPTIC'S DOUCHE.

We read in that palladium of the individual, the "Personal" column of the *Tribune* :—

"A Boston man, troubled with a chronic dyspepsia, after passing over a year in the Massachusetts Hospital, without getting any nearer to cure, threw the doctors and their stuff overboard, and prescribed and practised for himself, thus : He goes to one of the wharves twice every day, at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M. strips himself of clothing, and dives into the briny element. He then rubs himself dry with a coarse towel, and returns home. This he has followed throughout all weathers, has been greatly relieved, and is expecting a cure. When there is no ice, he dives from a boat; if frozen over, he places a carpet on the ice, and goes in where there is an opening."

The dyspepsia is a national institution. We all know what it is not to digest. We all would love to be an ostrich, or to be able conscientiously to "inquire for C. Mullane in the *Tribune* office Press Room" as "stout, strong boys, to feed on Folding Machines." But although every intestinal tie to a happy life should be severed—though our days should pass in morbid munchings of rhubarb and double cathartic pills—though we should become thin things, and refuse the society of friends, and flit vaguely through existence, yet will we solemnly protest against the practice of the "Boston man" becoming general. Is then morality at so low an ebb in our great cities that we can behold men daily "stripping themselves of clothing" on our very wharves, in direct violation of the municipal laws as well as those of propriety? Are we prepared calmly to contemplate, daily, at 5 P. M., or even at 5 A. M., crowds of nude figures "rubbing themselves dry with a coarse towel?"

But it cannot be. This violation of all our truest and tenderest sensibilities is, if not a moral, certainly a physical impossibility. Does anybody—does the "Boston man"—for one moment imagine that the supply of wharves is equal to the demand of dyspeptics in this great and growing country, where the shadow of Pie is growing no less, and early candy and late oysters are the universal diet? So, where are you going to get your jumping-off place? And what's your country dyspeptic going to do about it?

## A Musical Skater's Suggestion.

The introduction of a Curling match in "The Barber."

## Laconic.

The *London Court Journal* says that Prince Albert's interest in agricultural affairs increases constantly, and a Mr. H. B. Hale, of Durham, lately sent his Royal Highness "a magnificent white bull, of the Short-horn breed, which was accepted with much graciousness."

Through the kindness of Prince Albert, we are enabled to lay before the readers of *VANITY FAIR* a copy of the letter with which Mr. Hale accompanied his bovine gift. It is as follows :—

To H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT :—

Bully for you!

H. B. HALE.

## A Sleepless Question.

If Shakspeare was correct when he said "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," does it follow that the head that wears the tiara is in a similar predicament, and if so, would it not then be an act of kindness upon the part of the ancient allies of the Pope, if they would aid his efforts in the attempt to gain a short Nap to himself?

## Peculiarly the Reverse.

It is an old proverb that "A Man is known by the Company he keeps," but now-a-days an Insurance officer is much more likely to be known by the Company that keeps him.

## A Marble-head Shoemaker.

Steinbrück's bust of Hans Sachs.

## The Best Man to Treat Game Legs

L. Delmonico.

## VALE.

"We understand that the Piccolomini's engagements terminate in March, and that she will then leave the stage, in accordance with the wish of her family."  
—*London Paper.*

## I.

Farewell, thou bon-bon of the lyric stage:  
Thou wert divine, the rest wert only clever;  
None else my thirst for music can assuage—  
Farewell, sweet little singing one, forever!

## II.

Thou goest from triumphs, from a world of friends,  
Thou goest from pre-ent sweets, from future laurels,  
Thou goest from all that Heaven to Genius sends—  
Fêtes, gifts, loves, gloves, posters, footlights, and quarrels.

## III.

Thou hadst the grace, the winning way, the sty'e,  
Thy face was full of fun, thy form was natty;  
O, ne'er on earth shall I forget the smile  
That arched thy brows while singing "Batti, batti!"

## IV.

Henceforth, when sorrowing and sad I sit  
Amid the buzz and glare and viol's ringing,  
I'll make me an ideal, and worship it—  
I'll fancy that I hear thee always singing.

## V.

So, farewell, bon-bon of the lyric stage,  
Since family desires have power to sever  
The world and thee, I drop upon this page  
One tear, in bidding thee Farewell forever.

## To Beardless Beaux.

Do not fall in love with the young lady who doats upon moustaches. Your affection will all be thrown away. Is it not plain that you must be Hirsute in order to be Her Suitor?





"HEAR THE TRIBUNE SPEAK."

## The Age Progresses.

TO THE ENAMORED—Love Verses and Epistolary Correspondence, suited to amatory occasions, furnished on short notice. Portraits sent for personal descriptions faithfully returned. Strict confidence and inviolable secrecy maintained.—*Herald*.

We suppose the advertiser will soon announce that he "is ready, at all times to furnish the amount of affection to be bestowed upon any person of the opposite sex." And that, "if his male customers feel too bashful to place themselves under the matrimonial yoke, he will gladly offer himself as the substitute, at moderate prices."

## The Lion and the Bear.

A speaker at the late shoemakers' meeting at Lynn strongly advocated the strike, and says it must be carried through with "lion hearts." From present appearances we judge that the strikers will not only have to be Lion-hearted, but Bear-footed also.

## Artless Joke.

Clark Mills' Statue of Washington.

## JONATHAN TO STEPHEN.

Waaill, Steve, haöw's bizniss, aöut yeöur way?—  
A-fluctooatin' more or less?  
They say *your* trade is ruther brisk:  
Mighty onsartin though, I guess.

Fact is, the public's mighty queer,  
It favors enterprisin' chaps;  
W'at sot it so ag'in yeöu, Steve?  
It's took a prejudice, perhaps.

You're all-fired smaärt, that's plain enough;  
But so'thin's wantin'—I do'uo—  
A sort o' modesty, I guess,  
Or else your principles won't go.

'S'pect you've abaöut forgot me, Steve;  
Likely I wa'n't no great accöunt;—  
D'ye recollect the deestric' school  
We went to, once-t, up in Varmaöunt?

We sot together 'baöut a year,  
And larned a thing or two, I *think*;—  
Remember them two pooty gals,  
Eüpheny Tubbs an' Almy Spink?

Yeöu hed a takin' way, ye know;  
Ye got along fust-rate with *one*;  
I mean Eüpheme, the light-haired gal,—  
Ye might 'a' hed her, sure's a gun.

O, yeöu remember well enough!  
Ye know ye kind o' waänted her!  
Ef I'd 'a' be'n in your place, Steve,  
I'd a stuck to 'Phemy like a burr.

Ye would n't hev ketched *me* playin' smaärt,  
An' foolin' 'raoun' that Almy Spink;  
No sech pcart, braöwn, complectid thing  
Could fetch *me* over with a wink.

Eüpheme, ye know, she up 'n' vaöwed  
Ye shouldn't fool with *her* no more;  
'N'ye did n't, nuther, did ye, Steve?—  
Yeöu woozent eq'al to the chore.

Then Almy, bein spunky teöo,  
Jest up'n' said, "The hull 'r none!"  
But yeöu *would* heng araöun' Eüpheme,  
An' so she dropped ye like a stun.

They say Time fetches things araöun'  
In sort o' circles. Naöw jes' look:  
I swow ef yeöu aint ketched *ag'in*,  
On pooty nigh the same old hook!

This time it's sothin's serious;  
It ain't exactly idle sportin':  
You've sp'ilt yer only airthly chance  
By foolish Presidential courtin'.

I'm lately ruther apt to guess  
Old Bullion's language wa'n't all saöund;  
You recollect he told ye, once-t,  
"Your coat-tails hung teöo nigh the graöund!"

I s'pose he meant, Yöur pattern's small,  
Consid'rin' what ye want to deö;  
An' argyin' from w'at I've laärut  
Most common folks think jes' so, teöo.

Ye've damaged everything ye've tetched;  
On every p'int ye've hed yer say;  
Ye've bayed the moon of Treüth, quite smaärt:  
But naöw, poor dog, ye've hed yer day.

## Of Course.

At the last meeting of the Sanitary Association, somebody asked what business-pursuit was, according to statistical evidence, most conducive to the health. We are happy to be able to answer that the statistics of the Inspecting and Guaging business show that the weighers always weigh a great deal more during a busy season than in a dull one.

## "A Long and Successful Reign."

The Deluge.



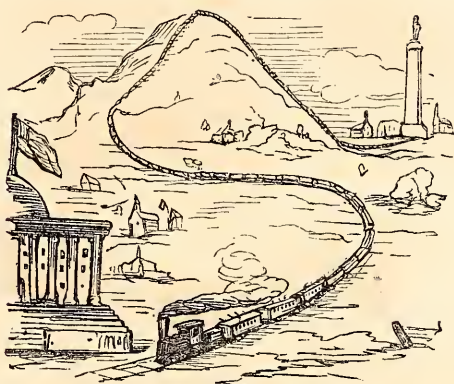
## The Gallant Seventh go to Washington.



1. The Gallant Seventh receive the invitation to assist at the Inauguration of the Horse and Washington Statue in the Capitol. The Gallant Seventh accept "that same."



2. The Locomotive kicks up, and they are detained at Havre de Grace. The magically-provided dinner for 1000



3. The train from Baltimore to Washington.



4. Great reception of the Gallant Seventh at Washington.

## THE SKY-ROCKET CHEER.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, WITHOUT ANY PERMISSION WHATEVER, TO THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.)

AIR—Bow, wow, wow.

I.

The SEVENTH REGIMENT went on,  
As we have heard it stated,  
To see the Horse and Washington  
Duly inaugurated ;  
And when they came to Baltimore  
They all got ripe and mellow,  
And each and every soldier swore  
He was a jolly fellow  
With his ch-h-h ! boom ! ah !  
Fol-de-rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h ! boom ! ! ah ! ! !

II.

The CITY GUARD turned out in force  
To meet our SEVENTH's boys, sir ;  
They had a goodly time, of course,  
And made a goodly noise, sir ;  
They did the thing for men to do  
With heart, and hand, and pocket,  
And taught the SEVENTH something new—  
That cheer—the great SKY-ROCKET,  
With its ch-h-h ! boom ! ah !  
Fol-de-rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h ! boom ! ! ah ! ! !

III.

What though the gallant guests were sold  
At the Inauguration—  
What though the day was wet and cold,  
And stupid the oration ;  
What though their lot was rather hard

(All through that blamed COMMITTEE),  
They'll ne'er forget the noble GUARD  
Of the Monumental City,  
Nor their ch-h-h ! boom ! ah !  
Fol-de-rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h ! boom ! ! ah ! ! !

IV.

If e'er the CITY GUARD should come,  
Our SEVENTH's boys, who know them,  
With thrilling life and pealing drum  
Shall welcome them to Gotham.  
O, may we live to see the day,  
Nor lose our sense of hearing,  
For we may very safely say  
'T will be immensely Cheering,  
With the ch-h-h ! boom ! ah !  
Fol-de-rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h ! boom ! ! ah ! ! !

## Political Theatre in Pennsylvania.

The "People's Party," in Pennsylvania, have nominated a Mr. Andrew G. Curtain for Governor. We presume they have hoisted this curtain with a view to cast opposition in the shade. Mrs. Caudle will be in demand for the campaign, curtain-lectures being, of course, the style of stump-oratory needed. We trust, for the sake of the "People's Party," that their curtain will not prove a "drop."

Con.

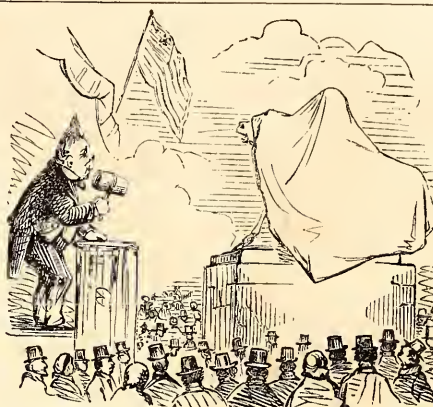
Why is not Guinea ruled by a single king ?  
Because no Sovereign is equal to a Guinea.

Meteorological Phenomenon in the U. S. Senate Chamber.  
Hale, on Works of Art.

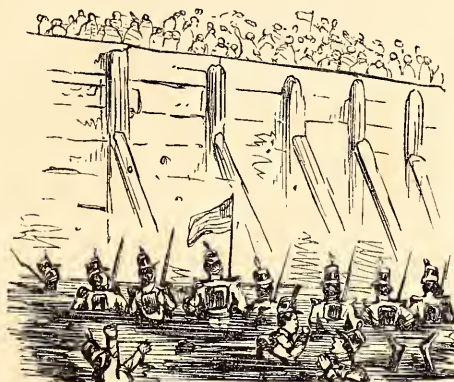




5. The imposing Parade of the Gallant Seventh to the Site of the Statue.



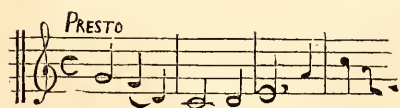
6. Grand Dedication of the Statue by His Excellency, James Buchanan. "How much is bid?"



7. The Horse and Washington Statue as seen by the Gallant Seventh.



8. Sumptuous Banquet on board the Jersey City Ferry-boat.



9. Music by the Band—"There is no place like Home."



10. "Fireworks" by the Regiment.

#### HEXAMETERS FOR THE HERALD.

We do not know why it is that illustrated comic and satirical publications should be so invariably unlucky and short-lived amongst us. We have seen scores of them started in our time, which have all flickered out one after the other. One of them, published in this city, which had dragged out an unusually protracted existence of a few years, is either dead or on the point of expiring. Another, which was started a couple of months since with some promise of vitality, is already giving evidence of coma. Its first few numbers were smart and telling, but in its later issues the fun is dying out, and the satire is pointless. The descent from champagne to small beer has, in fact, become so marked that people have lost all taste for it. There is nothing so dreary as forced humor, more especially in a publication devoted to satirical commentaries on the events of the day. To be enjoyable, wit, thus employed, should be natural in effect, and just in its application. Without these conditions it is simply a bore.—*New-York Herald*, March 3d.

J. G. B.

How could you go for to ruin our fair and flourishing enterprise?  
How could you brutally slaughter our innocent comical suckling?  
We who had only just opened our eyes upon popular favor—  
We who had only just tasted the lacteal fluid of kindness—  
How could you go for to bury us, and ruin our prospects in this way?  
Did you consider the awful and terrible responsibility?  
O! most noble, magnanimous, generous, yacht-loving Scotchman!  
Eater of oatmeal! Newspaper Norval! Friend of Argyle the ducal!  
Did you reflect, when you ordered your scullion in print to abuse us,

What would become of the wretched and penniless corps of contributors?

Ruined we are for ever. The wild ass roams in our office;  
Grass grows over our windows; the ink is thick in our inkstand;  
Palsied the hand that once dashed off the humorous article:  
Seedy the coats, unshaven the beards, and wretched the general feeling

Of that magnificent body of men who write each week for this paper.

Our artist haggard and wan, (he who was sleek and comely;  
He who fed upon terrapin, succulent, juicy, and luscious)  
Seeks the abode of Sweeney, and dines off equivocal beef-steak,  
And has no dime wherewith to buy the matutinal cocktail:  
And all because you have smashed us. Said that we were not funny,  
Said in your own peculiar, pellucid style of expression,  
That *VANITY FAIR* was not comic, whatever it might have been formerly;

That *VANITY FAIR* was dying, and gone was our huge circulation,  
O you man of the *HERALD*! O you Bluebeard ferocious!  
Who keep a closet where hang the heads of refractory editors,  
Spite of your awful anathemas—spite of your fierce editorial,  
We ain't dead yet, by no means! as once said the orator Daniel.



## PHRASING OF SENTENCES



HAT the sentences of Judge Ingraham of the Court of Oyer and Terminer are more just than the remarks with which he accompanies them are judicious, is very seriously to be hoped. These certainly, as they re-appear in the daily papers, are not calculated to inspire the profoundest reverence. The other day, in the case of a man who had pleaded guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, the judge gave forth his somewhat startling opinion that "there

was no reason to look upon this lightly." We should say not, on the whole. The judge proceeded to back up his opinion with a very proper sentence of imprisonment for nineteen and a half years. Shortly after, arose the case of a boy seventeen years old, who also pleaded guilty of manslaughter. Judge Ingraham gravely declared that this person "was guilty of a heinous offense for one so young"—meaning, of course, that had he been older, it would not, perhaps, have been of much account anyway. "But," the judge added, as if by way of extenuation, "the majority of similar crimes that had come before him this term were committed by young men." Moreover, the judge "could not help but pity the aged father of the prisoner, who would probably have passed from this world before the expiration of the prisoner's punishment." And so, in consequence of the circumstances in the case,—the youth of the condemned, and so forth,—the term of imprisonment was shortened to twelve years and six months. The natural deduction is

that the aged father is expected to hold over for this reasonable amount of time, which is thus reduced partly on his account, and partly because the majority of crimes committed this term have been the work of young men. Altogether an odd piece of judicial confusion.

## EFFECT OF THE MILEAGE REFORM BILL.

If the bill, reducing the "perquisites" of Mileage, to the actual travelling expenses of the Members and their families, should become a law, we think we see its laughable side. Every Honorable Gentleman will, of course, keep a memorandum-book in which to jot down the disbursements *en route*, and we fancy the files of the Treasury Department exhibiting to an admiring posterity such documents as the following:—

U. S.—To Hon. WINDHAM GARRAG, of Mo., Dr.	
To Railway and Steamboat fare (via. N. Y.) to Washington	\$150 00
" Hotel Bills	250 00
" Segars and Wine for self and eldest son	100 00
" Candies and toys for three youngest children	25 03
" Toilets, and other necessities, wife and three daughters	1000 00
" Opera, theatre, etc.,	50 00
" Incidental refreshments	50 00
" Other trifles too numerous to mention—say	500 000
Total	\$2125 03
Approved.	

From Utah we shall have something like this:—

U. S.—To Hon. FREELOVE TURKE, of S. L. City, Dr.	
To Fare, from S. L. C. to Washington, self and 33 wives	\$ 500 00
" Hotel Bills	600 00
" Outfit of ladies	2000 00
" Fees of 4 private police to keep order in the family	250 00
" Little gifts to prevent jealousies	1000 00
" Private "bender" in N. Y.	500 00
" Carriage hire (18 carriage, and extra police) in N. Y. to see the lions,	75 00
" Incidentals, segars, wines, cheroots for ladies, etc.—say	1500 25
Total	\$5875 25
Approved.	

## The Jewel of Consistency.

Mr. Ashmore (Dem.) of South Carolina, addressed the House of Representatives, last week, on the Slavery question. The following are two extracts from his speech:—

I indulge in no menace. Too much of that has been heard on both sides.

\* \* \* \* \*

If this course of insult and oppression is pursued, I will return to my constituents myself to sound the alarm, and kindle with my own hands the beacon-fires on hill-tops, and maintain the rights of the South with flaming dagger and blazing torch. My cry shall be "To Arms?"

Consistency is said to be a jewel. Mr. Ashmore, we wish you would Spout your jewels.

## Here and There.

The world has long labored under a belief that it is not possible to be in two places at the same time. This plausible theory has been triumphantly upset by Mr. Dan Rice, the great American humorist. At his Show in Philadelphia the Zoyara was the attraction of last week. It appeared every evening to the delight of crowds. So it did in New-York. Is omnipresence another of the mysterious gifts of this daring creature? Or is it only Mr. Dan Rice who is the daring creature?

## A Pity about the Union,

"The rupture of this Union will fatally follow the assassination of Brown."—V. Hugo's Letter to the citizens of the Haytian Republic.

## The Real "Political Capital."

Washington, D. C.



## "GREASY MECHANICS."

MISS JINKS.—Good gracious! Jane, just see what a monster Mr. Dudley is talking to!  
JANE.—Yes, dear, he is a proof of how work will degenerate a man—if such a creature can be called a man.





"DEAD GAME."

"Comic publications abroad never expend their arrows on *dead game*, nor endeavor to resuscitate events which have lost their interest."—*N. Y. Herald*, March 3d. page 6, 6th column, 10th line.

#### MUSCULAR MORALITY.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Brooklyn, long celebrated for their feats of moral and theological gymnastics, are about to indulge in a more tangible and fleshly kind of exercise. They are establishing a gymnasium, in which to improve their idle hours and their muscles at the same time. It is announced that, "Healthful exercise for leisure hours, moral associations and christian and manly development are the objects aimed at by the Institution."

A christian and manly development must be a very good thing to have about one's person. Without doubt, the Christian Young Men of Brooklyn will soon become as pious in body as in mind. Only think of the beauties of a godly skeleton and regenerated sinews! Think how gratifying it must be, to possess a beatific *biceps*, a virtuous *vastus*, or a serious *scapula*! These "are the objects aimed at by the Institution."

We hope that it will not be considered out of place for us to offer a few suggestions for the arrangement of the exercises, etc., by which this spiritualization of the flesh will be accomplished.

The temperance tendencies of the Y. M. C. A., will, of course, preclude the use of parallel or any other Bars, in the gymnasium. It may also be doubtful whether or no it would be proper for its members to Learn the Ropes. As "fighting the good fight," however, is a christian duty, sparring will necessarily be one of the exercises, but it should be conducted on strict moral grounds, and the most virtuous boys, only, should be allowed to vanquish their antagonists. An occasional public sparring-exhibition (proceeds to be given to the Heathen) would be an excellent idea, and might be made a great instructive moral lesson, by the introduction of some unsanctified pugilist, not a member of Plymouth church, who, of course, should be terribly whipped by one of the holy-mused Christian Young Men.

The gymnasium should be ornamented with inscriptions and texts, "neat and appropriate" as a benefit-night speech. For instance, over the sparring-room and race-ground might be painted:—

The race is for the swift, and the battle for the strong.

Up at the ceiling, where the ladders and climbing-posts terminate, it would be suitable to put an encouraging word, such as:—

Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted.

The dumb-bells, which are to give a christian development to the brachial flexors and extensors of Pious Young Brooklyn, might be inscribed:—

Sursum Dumb-bells.

Summersaults in the pulpit are by no means uncommon, but they are generally rather clumsy, and we imagine that this new

gymnastic excitement will effect an agreeable change in that way. We must certainly attend the first public exhibition of the Young Men's Christian Arena. It will be like a new edition of Jacob's dream, to see the young angels going up and down the ladders, and we may expect to see some great religious movements in very lofty circles, when the swings, slings, etc., are operated.

In conclusion, this enterprise has our warmest well-wishes, and we advise the Y. M. C's to go on with it, until they can safely trust themselves to wrestle with Satan, or anybody else, and can show such a truly christian development of arm, trunk and leg, as to realize the literal meaning of the phrase "human form Divine."

#### NICE MEN MILLINERS.

AIR: *Nice Young Bachelors.*

##### I.

Here's a pretty set of us, nice Men Milliners;  
Here's a pretty set of us, nice Men Milliners;  
Here's a pretty set of us,  
Smiles the ladies get of us,  
In return make pets of us,  
Nice Men Milliners.

##### II.

Lovely whiskers we have got, we Men Milliners;  
Lovely whiskers we have got, we Men Milliners;  
Lovely whiskers we have got,  
Oil'd and brush'd with care, and what  
Sweet moustaches we do sport,  
We Men Milliners.

##### III.

Gorgeous trowsers we all sport, we Men Milliners;  
Gorgeous trowsers we all sport, we Men Milliners;  
Gorgeous trowsers we all sport,  
Attention of the girls to court,  
Whilst before them we disport,  
As Men Milliners.

##### IV.

But we are a foppish set, we Men Milliners;  
But we are a foppish set, we Men Milliners;  
But we are a foppish set,  
Every dollar we can get,  
Spent by us on clothes is, yet  
We're but Men Milliners.

##### V.

They say we are a useless set, we Men Milliners;  
They say we are a useless set, we Men Milliners;  
They say we are a useless set,  
And our employers soon might get  
Girls to do our work and let  
Slide Men Milliners.

##### VI.

Very little brains we've got, we Men Milliners;  
Very little brains we've got, we Men Milliners;  
Very little brains we've got,  
Nor of manliness one jot,  
So we're contented with our lot,  
As Men Milliners.

"Walker.!"

"The Grey-eyed man of destiny," we are told by the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, is a firm believer in the success of Douglas, before the Charleston Convention.

#### Actional.

With what instrument does the South propose to sever the bonds of National Union?

The Acts of John Brown

How Heenan and Sayers make their Money.

Hand over fist.

We have known cats who were "sans reproche," but never one who was "sans Purr."



## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## THE BATTLE OF THE DICTIONARIES.



came to time in excellent style, amidst much cheering from the representatives of the press, who alone seemed to have an interest in the matter. The men walked up both smiling like fresh editions, until the Pet sarcastically said, "Get the Best," which irritated the Nestor to retort, "Get the Best," thus clearly coming Second Best out of the chaffing. The mill now became a very merry one, it being clear that everything depended on the wind of the parties, which, at that time, they seemed to have no difficulty in raising. We subjoin the following rounds, being desirous of dealing strictly on the square with both noble Corinthians:

## ONE HUNDRETH ROUND.

Both men came up like tip-top sawyers, and after a good deal of sparring which the Fancy outside irreverently alluded to as "gammon," the Pet attempted to bother the Nestor by a few cuts, he, however, coming in soon after with a large supply of the same sort. The proverb "A Word and a Blow," here received a new illustration for the Nestor exclaiming in rather a sour tone "Siderography," planted his bunch of five syllables on the dust-hole of the Pet. (The bottle-holder of the Pet here desired to read to the spectators the Articles of the Fight covering twenty-eight hundred closely written foolscap pages, but was met by the cries of "O Gas!" "Dry Up!" "We have n't brought our night-caps!" The MSS was then presented to our reporter, and the same will be useful, some cold morning, to our fire-maker, who hereby returns his sincere thanks.) The 100th Round terminated with a good deal of countering, and money changed hands freely on the result. At last the Pet brought the Nestor to grass by a rattling delivery on his knowledge box, producing a singing there perfectly audible to the company and resembling, as phonographically reported for us, the following—*Acipites passeris columbaean seres*.

## ONE HUNDRETH AND FIRST ROUND.

Both advanced in prime order, the seconds having freely resorted to spunging. Each buffer exhibited fine specimens (on his mug) of engraving. Wild sparring, the Nestor however, for an awkward Spell, appearing to have it all his own way. At this time, however, the Nestor losing his temper remarked that the Pet was a thief and no

gentleman. This brought the round to a close, the Pet observing that he'd be (no matter what) if he fought any more. Both parties retired to their corners, and most of the outsiders went to sleep.

## ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND ROUND.

Both came to time rather groggy, and seemed more inclined to gabble than to go to work. The Nestor having called the Pet a "Quaker," was told that he did not know the difference between a Quaker and an Armenian. More patter ensued, which waked up the outsiders, who called upon the men to stop their parley-voing and proceed to business. Instead of following this sensible advice, they commenced a lively interchange of long language, each charging the other with an assortment of polysyllabic crimes and petty larcenies. They were still at it, when our reporter feeling both dry and disgusted, abandoned his post to seek his pillow.

## REMARKS.

When our Reporter left things were a good deal mixed up. There were twenty-one distinct and independent fights going on outside the ring, and several clergymen more or less obscure, had been carried wounded from the field. Money placed in our hands as stake-holders, we have concluded to retain until we feel justified in paying it over, which will not be until we have read through all the testimony, *i. e.* both the Bests.

## "TWAS EVER THUS."

That consistent sheet, the *N. Y. Herald*, in its issue of Saturday last, contained biographical sketches of "the several aspirants for the Chief Magistracy" beginning with Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, and ending with Gen. Wool, of New-York. The *Herald* pretends that its catalogue is complete, but we do not see how this can be since the name of the Hon. James Buchanan is omitted. Does the *Herald*, which was never known to swerve from a stand once taken, remember how it put its foot down in favor of J. B. in its issue of the 2nd of February? Let us remind the *Herald*:-

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan, then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

Does the Noble Scotch Gentleman think that in putting his foot down he put his foot in it on this occasion? And is he "going back on" his friend, J. B. Oh! fie! Noble Scotch Gentleman!

## Needles(s) Suggestion.

Monsieur Charet, of the French Academy, has discovered a new and painless cure for Cataract, by "topical applications," whatever those are. We suppose he will advertise it in the old form, "Warranted not to Cut in the Eye!"

Why is a schoolmistress like a first-class soprano singer?

Because she is a Primer Donna.





## THE SENATORIAL TAPSTER.

CUSTOMER.—I NOTICE YOU DRAW YOUR ALE VERY MILD NOW, WILLIAM.

LANDLORD SEWARD.—YES, THIS IS A NEW TAP, SOME I BREWED MYSELF LAST WEDNESDAY ; MY CUSTOMERS THOUGHT THE ROCHESTER ALE WAS RATHER TOO STRONG.







## THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

An Eastern Romaunt.

BY HANS OSCANYAN BEN KHALED.

## I.

It was the Sultan's sister,  
Abbassa, void of shame,  
Who fell in love with Giaffer,  
A youth not new to fame,  
And ugly as Don Estaban  
De Santa—what's-his-name?

## II.

They went to the Volks Garten,  
In Bagdad, hand in hand;  
They drank the festive apple-jack,  
Just brought from Samareand,  
And chewed the fragrant minaret,  
(A custom in that land;)  
Now when the Sultan heard of this,  
He said: "May I be—fanned

## III.

With leopard tails until I die,  
If I can understand  
Why Abby, on this Balmy-side,  
Has grown so very sweet;  
But, by the great, gigantie Boot  
That hangs in Chatham-street,  
I'll marry 'em in such a way  
As will be hard to beat!"

## IV.

And then he ordered Ab. and Giaf.  
Into his *Khave* (that's tent,)  
And questioned them, and badgered them,  
And asked them what they meant,  
And then, at length, that they might wed,  
The Sultan gave consent:

## V.

But it was on conditions,  
Very hard indeed—  
That they shouldn't have their little sleep  
As married folks must need,  
(Especially as Giaffer paid  
For Abby's clothes and feed.)

## VI.

But they agreed to try it on  
In this Platonic way:  
They sent for whirling Dervishes  
From Brooklyn to Cathay,  
To sanctify and bridle them  
About the first of May.

## VII.

And so these two were married in  
The middle of the year:  
O, the music of the yhataghans  
Was very sweet to hear,  
And they had lots of pretzel-cakes,  
And chops, and lager bier!

## VIII.

And all the air was sick with scents,  
As sick as it could be,  
With the odors of the bulbul-flowers,  
And the heavy hashesh-tree:  
And the happy pair were married  
Directly after tea.

## IX.

Then from the luckless lover's side  
Abbassa she was led,  
And four and twenty Marmalades  
Conducted her to bed:  
And Giaffer swore that that arrange-  
ment wasn't worth a red:  
"It isn't a good thing to do,"  
Was all that Abby said.

## X.

And from that day the twain were watched:

If Abby went to ride  
In Pa's coupé, a hideous slave  
Was seated at her side,—  
A chap as blacked his ugly teeth  
And tatoed his hide.

## XI.

And wheresoever Giaffer went,  
A Thug went follow-ing,  
A silken bow-string in his hand,  
A nasty sort of thing:  
But Giaffer didn't let the fel-  
Low got him on a string!

## XII.

O cruel was that naughty Shaz,  
Who didn't mind their sighs;  
He couldn't quite prevent them, though,  
From talking with their eyes;  
And so they made a little plan,  
More natural than wise.

## XIII.

They slyly dropped into the cup  
The Sultan used to use  
A junk of indigo to give  
That luckless man the blues,\*  
With an Eastern drug call'd penny-royal  
To make his highness snooze.

## XIV.

And in a green-house in the court  
They had a jolly feast,  
No end of pumpkin pies, and things  
Peenuliar to the East:  
And how the time flew by, the dears  
Were'n't thinking in the least.—

## XV.

When just as Giaffer rose to sing  
A sweet Bohemian air,  
("Old Hundred,") and was steadying  
Himself against a chair,  
He heard some one outside the tent  
Let off a fluent swear—  
"Who's there!"  
And in the Sultan rushed, and took  
The tenor by the hair.

## XVI.

And down and down the culprit went,  
His body in a curve;  
Then the Sultan drew his mandolin,  
And, with a sudden swerve,  
He stuck the Vizier, severing  
The left sciatic nerve!

## XVII.

And as Abbassa couldn't stand  
And see her lover slain,  
Right down upon the ground she flopped  
With all her might and main,  
Fainted away—so far away  
She ne'er came back again!

## XVIII.

And in the Bosphorus they threw  
These lovers; and from out  
The heart of each there sprang, in time,  
A pretty silver trout:  
Had they been buried on the land,  
I've not the slightest doubt  
But a thistle and a brier-rose  
Would have been seen to sprout!

---

Query for E. M.

Will Leap Year give us a Forward Spring?

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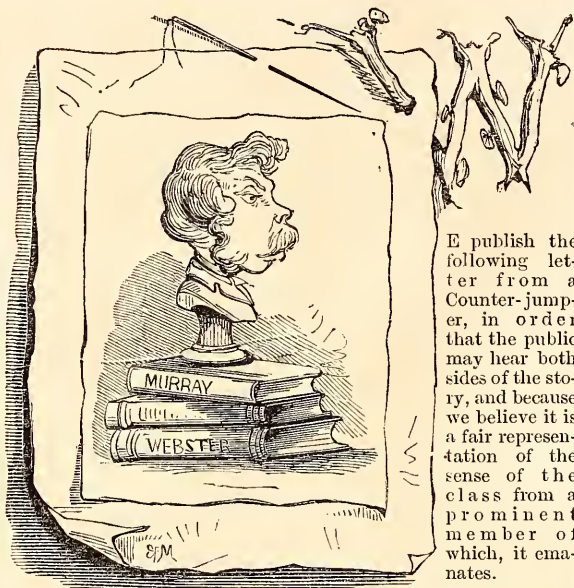
A Jockey's Breakfast.

Sweep Stakes.

\* This drink must have produced what Mr. Keats calls "an Azure-lidded sleep."



## A COUNTER HIT.



E publish the following letter from a Counter-jumper, in order that the public may hear both sides of the story, and because we believe it is a fair representation of the sense of the class from a prominent member of which, it emanates.

MUSLIN, DELAINE & Co., No. — Broadway.

EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.—Gents:—I don't know what you mean by the skurrilous maner in which you have for sun time passed attacked my profession. but I should judge you were mean enuf for any thing, wen you can publish such remarks in your low paper which I suppose you think is funny, but not one of my feller sailsmen who room with me. have ever seen any thing to laugh at in it and I know a joke when I see it as Mrs Dividend of Madison Square knose because the other day when I was showing her some Bobinet, a lovely thing which I sold Mrs Mc Rel a patern she said is this real bobinet and I looking at her my way, which I am noted for, replied, yes mum but if you should wear it it would be a net dividend, at which she smiled and went out, but to the pint. where will you find a nicer looking set of young men than you will see in our establishment there are none politer and as for good looks and teath I am sure no littairy man can compare with us, while as for close none but well dressed and distangay looking clerks is taken in and as for me I have not been able to pay my bord for sun time rather than not to apere genteel which I am sure is a sacrifice for my profession which no scribbler would make. You talk about abandoning my profession and all of us doing sum thing else and giving up our situations to women, that jest shoes how much riters for low newspapers knoes jest as if if women were clerks the ladys would go a shoppin as they do now. I know that such a course would ruin the retale business and that would be the end of the story, for our respectabl employers knoes jest as well as I that it's our good looks that does the business with the women as a case in pint I would jest state that I was once so misfortunate as to be engaged in a store were all the other clerks was not handsum and the lady customers would not look at any goods that I didn't show and though of course I felt complemented I could not stand it and at last I had to insist one saturday nite that they should get some more good looking men and divide the work or else I should hev to resine which I did where I am now ask Mrs Talow or Mrs Sope or any of our best customers who they would rather deal with and without shuffling—I told you I could make jokes they would say me which is proof of the truth of what I say that good looks and figer together with nice hair and soft hands and manner genteel which is my pairomount qualifications is what the ladys like and the comerce of this grate Republic depends on it. You'd better turn your pen and pictures and smartness against some other class of society such as poets and those nasty looking bad dressed people who call themselves artists where they're nothing but painters and literary men who are all alike I want to know if it aint better to sell dry goods than the public by making'em believe you are smart when you aint, as for branes I've got as much as you and if I do use the sissors I dont do it to steel the branes of other people and pass em off for my owne.

Yours Respect.

BUNCE BROWNING.

A "Roman Punch."

The Pope's last letter to Louis Napoleon.

## AGES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The Boston *Transcript*, that great authority in literary matters, has been favoring the world with the ages of several American literary notabilities. Some people, and the ladies especially, may regard this sort of thing in the light of impertinence, but we cannot help it if they do; it is the legitimate duty of journalists to furnish their readers with the little tit-bits which their appetites crave. It is not customary, we believe, to consult the wishes of our Aldermen, our Congressmen, or our burglars and pick-pockets in reporting their speeches and performances. Why, then, should literary ladies be exempt from having their ages published in the daily papers? Echo answers—Sure enough! The *Transcript* having made a few blunders and several omissions, we have fortified ourselves with divers facts on this highly interesting subject, which we proceed to lay before our expectant readers:—

Fanny Fern is in her 19th year; Mrs. Sigourney is 28; Alice Cary is 17, her sister Phebe is 16; Mr. Henry C. Carey is of the same age as Adam Smith; Madam Botta (Anne C. Lynch) is 21; Mary Clavers (Mrs. Kirkland) is 23; Edward Buntline is 76; Sylvanus Cobb, Junior is 87; Grace Greenwood is 18; R. H. Stoddard and T. B. Aldrich, will be 21 on the 4th of July next; Charles A. Dana is 65; Rev. Geo. Ripley is 78; James Gordon Bennett is 91 (supposed to be a trifle older); General Geo. P. Morris is 85; Mrs. Southworth will be 24 in April; Henry J. Raymond is 69 (little but old); Richard Grant White will be 57 on Shakspeare's birth day (bien conservé); the author of *Leaves of Grass* is 81 (his youthful appearance may be attributed to vegetable diet); the age of the author of "*Leaves from Nature*" is uncertain, supposed to be still in his teens; Mr. Fitz James O'Brien is 51 (but looks older); Henry Clapp, Jr. is 101; Parke Godwin and Parke Benjamin are both in their 71st year; Doctor Dixon is a good deal too old to write as he docs in the *Scalpel*; Charles F. Briggs baffles all enquiry, but is at least 80; Henry T. Tuckerman pretends to be not more than 62, but, as he remembers Washington, and often speaks of Doctor Franklin and Joel Barlow, he must be past 82.

We do not give these facts on the strength of rumor, and therefore they may be relied upon; but if we have mis-stated the exact age of any literary lady or gentleman we shall be most happy to correct the mistake on the receipt of refuting vouchers.

## The Country for Babies.

Lapland.



"WHAT IS IT?"



NATURAL HISTORY.  
THE CRITIC.

HEN this monster is tamed it becomes of great service to man. The fierceness of its nature can be so subdued by gentle treatment that it may be led by an oystersupper. First however, it is caught by a preparation somewhat similar to birdlime, and called soft-soap, which may easily be carried in

the pocket, or, indeed, at the tongue's end. Once it falls into this snare it may be approached with perfect impunity, and soft caresses, bestowed with no indications of fear, will reduce it to a state of most beautiful docility, in which it may be taught many pleasing tricks, and will let anything be done with it.

There is now in this country a wonderful critic-tamer, whose ingenuity, coolness, and courage have made him a terror to the tribe, and earned him the title of the "Little Napoleon." One of the largest and most savage Critics in the infected region, from whose den, at the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, no living thing, once having entered, had been known to come forth alive, was completely mastered by this daring man, and, after patient training, subjugated to his own will in the minutest particulars. He is now so gentle and tractable that he obeys the slightest Order from the box-office, and exhibits his fondness for his master by almost daily displays in the columns of the *Herald*. He has even become a pet with the children, and follows Little Patti, the youngest of the family, all over the country.

The "Little Napoleon" has been equally successful with many other terrible specimens, that has hitherto resisted all attempts at taming. His exploits seem almost foolhardy, and if their truth were not constantly attested by the press would be deemed simply fabulous. Instances are recorded in which, with no other weapon than a small piece of paper, known as a cheque, he invaded the lairs of the dreaded creatures, and instantly reduced them to such abject submission that he was enabled to place his foot on their heads! Others are related in which, by merely flourishing a common advertisement, or playfully extending a few pasteboard tickets, inscribed with certain characters of which he has the alphabet, the sternest Critics crouched at his feet.

Three Critics, who were raised in the jungles of France, once made a desperate attempt to free themselves from his toils, but it was so vain and ridiculous that even their old companion, now the Royal Pet, could not refrain from smiling at them, in his own broad way.

The enormous strength of the Critic is well known. It is said that the Little Napoleon's Pet has, by a simple exercise of his natural powers, carried several seasons through! Its extreme height is also a valuable consideration, as by this means it is able to foresee coming danger, as well as to detect faults which would escape the lowly eye.

When untamed, the ferocity of the Critic knows no bounds. It roams hideously over the fields of Art and Literature, trampling down all struggling things that do not do it instant homage; snapping up young ambitions, dawning talents, the results of weeks of laborious preparation, and devouring them all with a greedy and insatiable maw; filling the air, at the same time, with a most discordant din. Sometimes it turns upon its own mate, and tears it to pieces!

The Critic, we observe, has been confounded by vulgar and illiterate minds with the Cricket. It belongs to a totally different genus, and bears not the least resemblance to that cheerful and domestic insect.

## A SURE PREVENTIVE.

When a mother puts a stick into the hands of her wilful child, and, pointing to the window, says, "Now, Tommy, you *can* smash a light, but you *mustn't*," of course, it isn't time to send for a glazier. When medicines of a certain class are advertised as *sure* to do so-and-so if taken at a certain time, of course people of a certain class take warning and do not buy them. When Mayor Wood addresses the members of the "Cartmen's Protective Association," and, after raising their self-esteem by fulsome praise, and informing them they are not appreciated, and are very inadequately paid; tells them how powerful they would be in the event of their striking together, and how easily they could manage matters to suit themselves, but says he hopes they won't do it, of course they will never think of such a thing again. Do you think the pure-minded, high-principled Wood would have used the following language, had he not been certain of its sinking into the minds of his hearers and doing them good? Of course not:—

The cartmen of this city form a numerous as well as an important class. They are indeed indispensable. Without them we could not conduct trade, nor the common transactions and affairs of city life. Imagine the city suddenly deprived of carts and modes of conveyance. Suppose you, gentlemen, should suddenly take it into your heads, (which, by-the-way, for your own sakes, I hope you never will) to strike for prices and refuse to work, the loss and detriment to all interests would be incalculable. \* \* \* But it is undoubtedly true that while you hold so high a place among the industrial classes, you are not permitted the same opportunities with other less essential interests to accumulate property. \* \* \* The established rates restrict him to a small aggregate income. He cannot lay aside anything for a rainy day, etc. \* \* \* The rates of cartage are the same as they were when all articles of food and clothing were half what they now are," etc. But it is not my purpose to discuss topics of this character. Your own interests are, no doubt, better understood by yourselves, and will be cared for in the proper manner, and at the right time."

How lofty, wise, and generous is this advice! How well calculated to soothe and mollify the unruly passions of the excitable cartmen! Had the shoemakers of Lynn been addressed by some good patriot like Wood, there would clearly have been no trouble in that quarter. But we prize him too much to think of sparing him.



## A LITTLE STRANGE.

MR. HARRIS "WAS NEVER SO SOBER IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE," BUT WHEN HIS FRIEND JONES ASKED HIM TO TAKE A CHAIR, HE SAID HE WOULD "WAIT TILL ONE CAME 'ROUND.'"





#### THE UNPROTECTED MALE.

CHARLEY.—Why, Gus, ain't you going to the party to-night?

GUS.—No, ah, I guess not. You see there's no trusting ones self among the women now it's Leap Year.

#### The Cue for Every Billiard Player.

1. Enter the Saloon, as it were, inadvertently. A careless, somewhat weary manner impresses the markers. Survey the scene, through the smoke of your cigar, with a calm and grave deliberation, that forbids suspicion of a frivolous purpose.
2. A protracted debate upon the relative strength of your own and your adversary's game is demanded by every consideration of time and place. End it by "playing even."
3. Whistle. Begin low. Gradually get high. Express surprise by a prolonged and fierce note. For the ordinary progress of the game select a very popular tune. The more familiar the better. This shows a graceful deference to the tastes of the other players. One air has thus been known to do for all the tables. But whistle.
4. If you miss a simple carom, indignantly devote yourself to chalk, or, lost in amazement, gaze vacantly at the meeting of the wall and ceiling.
5. Swear, "Well you'll be —," at every point. Let the oaths be the rippingest. "Luck" will stand any amount of cursing. Never forget this, and pile it on the leather, the balls, the cushions, and—your own stupidity.
6. Mention "Mike," in the subdued tone of sacred friendship. Mention him often.
7. Show a shot or two you saw Mike make.
8. Have an account.
9. Call it "no account."

#### A Breakfast for Louis Napoleon.

FRENCH viands please the Emperor's taste no more,  
He goes abroad in search of something Nice;  
And finds the dainty on Sardinia's shore,  
Which he is fain to swallow in a trice.  
Sardinia's King the morsel bids him take,  
And offers, if His Majesty will risk it,  
A sumptuous breakfast for this guest to make—  
And treat him nobly to a "Savoy Biscuit."

Pyrotechnical Remedy for a Crying Nuisance.  
Rocket.

#### CHEAP BENEVOLENCE.

Dear V. F.:—I have a few words to say to you. May I say them? Thank you. I always knew you were a good fellow. Well then, you must have noticed, of late, that whenever any great disaster takes place, which appeals to the charity of the public, the falling of the Pemberton Mills for instance, acknowledgements to the following effect appear in the Daily Journals: "The editor of the New-York Daily *Cockchafer* acknowledges the receipt of three dollars and fifty cents from Mr. Snooks, Superintendent of the Newsboys Lodging house, which sum has been contributed by the boys of that institution towards the relief of the sufferers in the late catastrophe at Pemberton Mills." Now charity is a divine and noble thing, and it looks charming in print to see these poor ragged newsboys contributing their mite to the distressed and crippled. But I would rather, I confess, see the relief coming from some source that was better able to afford it. Heaven forbid that the generous impulses of those boys were ever checked, but I cannot help asking myself whether or no the subscription movement was spontaneous with themselves. I fear not. The boys are very poor, and you, Cressus that you are, rolling in fifty dollar gold pieces, can scarcely conceive how large a cent looks to ragged Dick, who sells you your *VANITY FAIR*. The little fellow can't afford to be benevolent. That's the truth of the matter. There are plenty of people in the city to give all the alms that are needed. I had rather that you, plethoric proprietor, gave that three dollars and a half, and that Dick had his three cents in his ragged pocket. I don't wish to be uncharitable, but I notice that the only one who receives credit for this charity-giving, is the benevolent superintendent, Snooks. That amiable man's name is paraded in the journals, and innocent old ladies bless the dear creature, but I see no mention of little ragged Dick. His individuality is lost in the "boys" of the paragraph.

I remember well, when at Doctor Birch's school, how that worthy pedagogue played off a similar dodge. We boys were all of us well supplied with pocket-money by our parents, but inexpensive as our pleasures were, we somehow never were flush. The benevolent Birch was continually relieving distressed humanity with our money. Crippled veterans, and distressed widows blessed the name of Birch, who doled out with such magnificence, money that was not his own. Our credit in the affair consisted of a paragraph in the local paper to the effect that the boys of Doctor Birch's school had contributed, etc. The result is obvious. Mr. Jones sees many such paragraphs. "Bless my soul!" he cries, "what an amiable man this Doctor Birch must be! I shall certainly send Harry to his academy." Old Mr. Griggs, who has a nephew with the charitable Birch, is extatic over his virtues, and sends him a thanksgiving turkey; and so the academy flourishes, and the little boys subscribe as they are told to do, and Birch is a philanthropist.

Now, V. F., you see what I want to get at. I don't like to see poor boys, who have only the *minimum* of means, drilled into charities that, from their insignificance, are useless to those for whose relief they are intended, and which, small as they are, are of considerable object to the boys from whom they are extracted. There! You can say I'm unamiable, if you like, but I'm not, I'm only

AN OLD BOY.

#### That Naughty Napoleon.

We congratulate the *Independent* on the fact that its correspondent has found a place of safety. Read the announcement:

"Our French Correspondent, writing from a nameless place in France (where the Emperor will not be likely to find him out,) gives the latest intelligence as to the position and prospects of public affairs on the Continent."

"Nameless place," is good. We think we see the correspondent in that nameless place far removed from the danger of Napoleon's interference, giving an account of what he is far removed from. Why, oh! why does not the *Independent*, like its cotemporaries have its French correspondence writers at home. In the upper story of that Beekman Street publication office, we feel sure that the wicked Emperor would never find him out, and the correspondence would be much improved.

#### For the Marines.

Dr. Geo. B. Windship lifted on Friday with his hands, *eleven hundred and thirty-six pounds*, and is confident that within twenty days he can raise twelve hundred easily.—*Exchange*.

We cannot doubt the ability of this Windship, and his hands to raise even twelve hundred within twenty days. We once knew of a Steamship, the hands alone of which raised nearly two thousand pounds in half that time, and spent every penny of it with still greater celerity.

#### The Sex of "The Zoyara."

C'est égal!



# SOMETHING UNPRECEDENTED In the Annals of Journalism.



**Vanity Fair Triumphant!!**

**ENORMOUS ENTERPRISE!**

**ALL COMPETITION KNOCKED HIGHER THAN A KITE!!  
EXPENSE NO CONSIDERATION WHATEVER!  
Ch-h-h! Boom!! Ah!!!**

The SERIOUS ILLUSTRATED PAPERS having been very lavish of announcements setting forth WHAT THEY HAVE DONE, in the way of sending Artists and Writers abroad to report the FIGHT BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS, establishing Correspondence with all parts of the World, including Sandy Hook and Kamschatka, etc., etc., etc.

**Vanity Fair.**

is determined to distance them all, by Announcing

**WHAT IT IS GOING TO DO!**

**TE DEUM LAUDAMUS! AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS! E PLURIBUS UNUM!**

In consequence of the IMMENSE, PONDEROUS, ENORMOUS, and MOST COPIOUS EXCITEMENT which will attend the proceedings of

**THE CHARLESTON AND CHICAGO CONVENTIONS,**

**Vanity Fair,**

instead of sending Artists and Correspondents to those cities, will

**GO ITSELF!**

The arrangements are all completed. The Entire Establishment will proceed to Charleston and Chicago, simultaneously. The former place will be reached by a





## NEW STEAMER,

Built expressly for the occasion, at an expense such as would ruin any other—or all other—Newspapers in the World!

THE GALLANT AND PECUNIOUS PUBLISHER!

THE NOBLE AND SYLPH-LIKE EDITORS!

THE DISTINGUE AND DREAMY-EYED ARTISTS!

THE WELL-DRESSED AND HALO-CROWNED CONTRIBUTORS!

THE VIRTUOUS, BUT SEDENTARY, ENGRAVERS!

THE EMINENTLY RESPECTABLE COMPOSITORS, AND VALIANT PRESSMEN!

THE DIGNIFIED PAPER-MAKERS!

THE CHARMING NAIAD WHO SCRUBS THE OFFICE, AND THE POOR, BUT HONEST, OFFICE-BOYS, BOTH EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS!

Will be accommodated with  
SUMPTUOUS STATEROOMS AND NUTRITIOUS ALIMENTS  
for the voyage.

At the same moment, the whole company will set off for Chicago, in express-trains, furnished with gas, baths, and other modern improvements, composed and arranged solely for the VANITY FAIR troupe. The Lakes have been bridged, and rails laid down from 113 Nassau-street, N. Y., to the foot of Lake-St., Chicago, and the journey will be one ceaseless period of hilarity, mirth, and things. The VANITY FAIR train will arrive soon enough to allow of the paper being issued on its regular day, not only in Chicago, but in all cities yet discovered.

For the Charleston trip, the forward part of the

## VANITY FAIR STEAMER

will be fitted up as a publishing establishment, and the Paper will be regularly issued on board! If, on arrival,

## THE LORDLY PROPRIETORS

like the looks of Charleston, they will

## BUY THAT CITY,

and bring it home with them as a free gift to the Corporation of New-York, to be placed in the

## CENTRAL PARK!

This Brilliant Enterprise gives

## Vanity Fair

a better opportunity for correctly reporting the doings of the Conventions than any other paper in the country, not excepting the Charleston and Chicago papers, the publication of which will be suspended during the VANITY FAIR SOJOURN!

## TRUST NO OTHER REPORT!

The *Tribune* Correspondence will be Bogus!

The *Herald* Correspondence will be BRUMMAGEM!

The *Times* Correspondence will be BUNGROWN!

None Genuine except that of

## VANITY FAIR!

Reported, illustrated, printed and published

## ON THE SPOT!

CH-H-H! BOOM!! AH!!!

## An Explanation.

The *Tribune*, last week, contained the following extraordinary announcement:—

"Sugar was steady at 9 1-2 reals."

We should like to know how a thing can be steady when it reels! If we were to see a middle-aged gentleman giving 9 1-2 reals, we should put him down as being anything but steady. A friend of ours had the misfortune to reel only once, and he was immediately accused by his mother-in-law of being in a "dreadful condition." Or, perhaps, the *Tribune* may mean that after giving 9 1-2 reals it fell, and then became steady. Or, again, the *Tribune* may intend to acquaint us with the fact that it remains steadily in the condition to give 9 1-2 reals. Will Horace thank us for explaining this?

## Costly Embroidery.

Our Texan Border.

## A MELANCHOLY SWELL'S FAREWELL TO THE GAY SEASON.



LAS! 'tis all ovah! and wetched again,  
Aw weturn to my fiah and my sobah  
cigaw;  
Fond memowwy whispers unto me in vain  
Of op'wa and parties, gone away ever-  
more.

## II,

Maw fwriends were enchwnting, aw nevaw, 'tis twue,  
Have passed a more fasc'nating winter than now,  
Altho' the young ladies have had cause to wue  
For a master in flirting aw will never allow!  
(Here this swell "larfs" pleasantly.)

## III

The Op'wa was wewfeshing, aw never, in fact,  
Could select a more fwee and delicious wepose,  
Where no diswpectable wowdy attacked  
The fwail state of maw nerves tow'rd the Op'wa's close.

## IV.

By yelling most odious and vulgah "eneores,"  
By making gweat wumpus and tewible wiot;  
Oblivious in toto of æsthetical laws,  
Might wudely and wongly disturb my calm quiet.

## V.

Adien to Poliuto and sweet Twaviata  
Bwight Colson's wich wapture forever is mnite;  
For white kids and cawwage, no more may we barter,  
And hushed is the cadence of the dear "Magie Flute."

## IV'

Fawewell to the Lancers and waltzes! Ah me!  
Fwom sighing gweat sighs, aw cannot wewstain;  
Aw am wetched indeed, in the diwest degwee  
And aw long for weturning of Jack Fwost again.

## VII.

Fawewell, to thee, Pawti!—Bwignoli! Alas!  
No more Twovatowe shall gladden our ears;  
Aw cast to one side maw now valueless glass.  
The season is over,—Aw give vent to my tears!

## Wade, and what he found Wanting.

Mr. Wade (of Ohio), in his speech before the Senate, on Wednesday of last week, said:—

"The party to which I belong have been, for many years, without any power to control, in any way, the policy of the Government."

We confess that we can't see any just cause for complaint in this; the party to which Mr. Wade belongs could not be expected to get on Swimmingly.



## PETRIFIED NOVELS.



*their books at the end.* It would be infinitely better if these imaginative ladies and gentlemen could be prevailed upon to end their books at the beginning. A general putting-into-practice of this idea would, it is true, result in the utter confusion and ultimate extermination of trunk-makers. Miss Sappho would take to fairy-like crochet-work, as she did in those days of pristine innocence ere her pretty fingers were soiled by the black kisses of Maynard & Noyes' writing-ink. Mrs. Minerva would rock a neglected cradle, and nurse her emotions. The magazines would not be left to tell a tale. There would no longer be an excuse for knocking down a publisher with one of his own publications.—And an army of hungry authors, having failed to get a livelihood by selling books, would probably have to earn a competency by keeping them. All this, indeed, would be a melancholy spectacle; but one deserving no sympathy from that earnest lover of the human species who desires the greatest good for the greatest number of people. And the greatest number is, of course, the reading community; for wherever there is one tiresome writer there are two hundred tired readers. We have just been assured by the distinguished author of "Irregular Habits" that this is not an exaggerated estimate.

Yet this proposed martyrdom of the minority for the benefit of the majority, presents salient points for serious consideration.

Suppose, now, before one of us could say "Jack Robinson"—but I trust no reader of VANITY FAIR would be guilty of so inelegant an expression—suppose that in the twinkling of an eye, (Amaryliss' eye for instance,) some marmorean Fate were to turn all the flash story-writers of this happy land into solid marble—touch them into a lapideous slumber for a hundred years, like the king and court of Pennyson's sleeping palace? Would it not play the very *diable* among the scrials, premising that all the *dramatis persone* were also changed to stone? With what unmeaning statues would the temple of literature be strewn—what petrified types of agony, what frozen shapes of divinity, what powerless monsters, what incapable heroes, what incomplete sacrifices, what never-consummated happinesses! How full of silent mystery and suggestion and nonsense would be the world of romance. The beautiful Arabella would no longer meet Bernardo by the haunted well—she kneels, cold and pallid, in the centre of her prison-chamber, and never knows when it is morning! the grim Rival who has torn her from the arms of her lover, stands outside the door with a lifeless hand on the ponderous lock : so he will stand, motionless, breathless, for a century! The Mysterious Stranger has just sunk beneath the dagger of the Hired Assassin, but he doesn't die, and he doesn't get well, and the man in the green mask never ceases to bend gloatingly over him. The stalwart man-at-arms will never, in our day, drain the great flagon which rests on the edge of his bearded lip. The sorry jester will never shoot off the scintillant *mot* which sparkles on the adamantine tip of his tongue. Nobody can know who stole the Missing Will. The Heavy Father little guesses that the Indian maiden is his "long,

L A T E lamented critic, who had a pleasant habit of saying disagreeable things, suggested that our romance-writers should a hint from the Chinese, who, in spite of building their houses downwards, have still sense enough

long lost child"; and the twin brothers, with the venerable strawberry-mark on their arms, are still ignorant of their relationship; each has a stiletto at the other's throat, but neither can strike the fatal blow, for they are stone, stone, stone! The thrilling plot has come to a sudden stop, like a Connecticut clock, and a hundred years must pass away before the wheels and the weights, and the irritating pendulum can be put in motion.

Now, whether or not this abrupt cessation of sanguinary events would please everybody, is not the vital question. It would force the masses into the cultivation of better taste, however much they might miss, at first, the feverish broth which so many cooks are spoiling. At the expiration of a century, the readers of the—*the Ledger* for example, might become (it is to be hoped,) intelligent people, to whom it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether the beautiful Arabella were ruined by Bernardo's grim rival or by Bernardo himself, or, in short, by the pair of them. They would have no sympathy for the Heavy Father if he failed to find his daughter, and the hereditary strawberry-mark would delight them not.

As to ourself, the writer of these graceful paragraphs, we hail with enthusiasm the idea of literary petrification—especially as we have not, at present, a serial of our own on the tapis.

THE CONSERVATIVE'S LAMENT.

(After Tennyson.)

## I.

I hate the dreadful nigger within the pile of wood,  
His name is the demagogue's weapon, dabbled with blood in its  
sheath,  
At HARPER'S FERRY still lingers a silent horror of blood,  
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

## II.

For there is a ghastly grin on political faces found,  
The nigger is all their life—they know how to manage him well—  
Dandled and flattered, then crushed on political grounds—  
This is the rock on which the Whig Party split and fell.

III.

Have we flung ourselves down? if so, the greatest of nations has  
 fail'd,  
 Our honest men mutter and madden, our statesmen are wan with  
 despair;  
 When the nigger has walked through the land, the working classes  
 have wail'd  
 And the flying gold of the ruined merchants gleamed on the air

IV.

I remember the time when my bitterest bile was stirr'd  
By the *Herald's* gas and the dead-weight *Times*, and the *Tribune's*  
fright,  
When its white-coat editor said in every column, he heard  
The shrill-edged shriek of Kansas divide the shuddering night.

Y.

Villainy somewhere! whose? I think they are villains all;  
Not one politician his honest fame has maintained:  
And that old man, now lord of the WHITE-HOUSE reception hall,  
Will soon drop off from his term and leave us, flaccid and drained.

VI.

Why do we prate of our Government's power? we have made it a curse,  
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for tin that is not its own,  
And the lust of gain, or the senator's cane, are they better or worse  
Then the scalping done by the savage in war with a sharpen'd stone?

VII.

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind.  
When who but a fool would have faith in a politician's word?  
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind  
The viler as being political—abuse, instead of the sword.

VIII.

Sooner or later I, too, may passively take the hint  
Of the golden bribe—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;  
May make myself eligible, set my face as a flint,  
Cheat, be elected, and steal: who knows? we are ashes and dust.





A SUGGESTION FOR THE COUNTER-JUMPER—EXPENSIVE BUT NECESSARY.

## ZOYARA AND THE BOSTONIANS.

It is not the common thing for the people up in Boston to allow themselves to be baffled by any public question whatever, no matter how profound may be its mystery, nor how difficult its solution. The appearance of Mr. Nixon's Circus, accompanied by the Zoyara, in that region, has consequently produced a state of feeling at once intense and exhilarating. "It may be," said the Bostonians, "an easy thing for you, Mr. Nixon, to elude the circumspection of your New York audiences, especially as they never had any circumspection worth mentioning; but we, in Boston, are used to this sort of thing, and are not at all accustomed to be led by the nose anywhere excepting in the direction of Truth." So the people of Boston at once disposed themselves for scientific investigation, and, it is said, have been doing that thing ever since. We learn that, upon the opening of the Circus at the appropriately-named Academy of Music, a large number of elderly gentlemen, supposed to be *savans* of the first magnitude, took possession of the seats nearest the ring, and gave themselves up to the closest scrutiny of the Zoyara's movements, during the entire time of her performance. Immediately after her disappearance, they withdrew in a body to the *foyer*, and there held greedy consultation for several minutes, the result of all which was, that a deputation waited on Mr. Nixon, with the request that he would express his own views on the subject. Mr. Nixon's reply was neat and original:—"My little dears," said he, "whichever you please;—you pays your money, and you takes your choice." The deputation then, we are informed, retired in disgust to the Temple Club, and thereafter adjourned, to meet, the next evening, beneath the enticing shadow of the ring. Meanwhile the public at large engaged itself in animated discussions, and spread varying reports. Four distinct opinions as to the Zoyara's sex prevailed. The newspapers took the matter up, and with ingenious skill succeeded in leaving the matter in rather more doubt than surrounded it before. The *Evening Transcript* said:—

"The masculine Zoyara is in Boston, and his performances gave much satisfaction last night."

But the *Journal* of the next day, unwilling to admit the justice of this opinion, declared that:—

"The Zoyara is a veritable woman, a graceful and handsome specimen, too, there can be no doubt whatever."

Two leading newspapers having thus defined their positions, with a clearness and directness quite unusual in journalism, it became

immediately evident that something must be done. Precisely what, we believe, has not yet been determined; although at the last accounts, there was talk of a meeting to be held in Faneuil Hall, at which the whole subject was to be fully discussed and considered, distinguished speakers to participate in the proceedings. Hon. Moses Kimball, of the Museum, was expected to preside, he being the possessor of the original Fejee Mermaid, and competent to the exposition of ingenious managerial expedients. Professor Agassiz, it was hoped, would furnish an elaborate argument, more or less appropriate to the occasion, touching on the Origin of Species, the relations between Circus proprietors and the public, and gradually leading to the inevitable conclusion that the Zoyara could be nothing in the world but a woman, unless, indeed, it could be directly proven that she is a man; in which case, reasonable room for doubt would exist, and a further investigation of the case would be desirable. Exactly how all this excitement will terminate, no person can tell, but the present prospect appears to be that it will not terminate at all; which will, doubtless, be very gratifying to the manager, who, at the close of the season, will be able to point triumphantly to the Zoyara, in full glory of decorations and adornments, and say with truth, in a double sense,—"I have made a handsome thing out of her."

Circumstances under which one may be allowed to Swear—  
Provided it be done Mildly.

1. When "breaking in" new boots.
2. When, from your position in an omnibus, fourteen other passengers expect you to hand up their fares,—a feat which could be better accomplished had you taken care to leave your spine at home.
3. When the family bill-of-fare begins to read:—Cold Mutton! Cold Mutton!! Cold Mutton!!!
4. When, after a herculean courtship of five years' standing (and kneeling), Arabella consents to regard you "only as a friend."
5. When "Hannibal" (not the son of Hamilear, but the elephant at Palace Garden,) takes a fancy to your maiden "high hat," and, knocking it off, coolly "puts his foot in it."
6. When your friends listen to your very best jokes as they would to so many mathematical problems.
7. When there is a bill on your house, and the "House-hunters" t the scent.

## Unprecedented Attraction.

T. B. P—t—n and Brothers take great pleasure in sending us an advance copy of Mrs. E. D. E. N. S—th—th's new work, entitled "The H—t—d H—st—d, by the distinguished American Authoress," so-and-so, author of forty or fifty first-class works of fiction. Now there is nothing odd in this, we confess; but the peculiarity of the present contribution to "standard literature," is an "Autobiography of the Author's life, written by herself." This is certainly a feature that may claim the merit of novelty. The work must sell.

As the writer of the "H—t—d H—st—d" is called in one place "author," and in another, "authoress," it is, perhaps as well to know definitely who wrote the Autobiography. "Herself" seems to settle the point.

## Wanted to Know.

MISTER V. F. :—I am informed, and I hope correctly, that a bill has been introduced into the state Legislature to abolish the sixpenny eating-houses. Is this intended to meet the praisant want of Sanitary Laws so ably advocated by me frind Raymond of the *Times*?

Yours truly,

COSTIGAN.

## More Dreadful Outrages.

There is talk, in Washington, of two new equestrian statues by Clark Mills!

## A Joke,

(By Governor Wise.)

THE KIDNAPPER'S SAUCE:—"Ketchup."



## COUNTER-JUMPS.

A POEMETTINA.—AFTER WALT WHITMAN.



AM the Counter-jumper, weak and effeminate.

I love to loaf and lie about dry-goods.

I loaf and invite the Buyer.

I am the essence of retail. The sum and result of small profits and quick returns.

The Picayune is part of me, and so is the half cent, and the mill only arithmetically appreciable.

The shining, cheap-woven sarsnet is of me, and I am of it.

And the white bobinet,

and the moire antique, thickly webbed and strown with impossible flowers,

And the warm winter gloves lined with fur,

And the delicate summer gloves of silk threads,

And the intermediate ones built of the hide of the Swedish rat,

All these things are of me, and many more also.

For am the shop, and the counter, and the till,

But particularly the last.

And explore and rummage the till, and am at home in it.

And I in the shelves on which lie the damaged goods ;

The damaged goods themselves I am,

And I at what's the damage ?

I am the rate, and the hamper, and the yard-wand, and the box

Of milk fresh from France,

And when I came into the world I paid duty,

And I never did my duty,

And never intend to do it,

For I am the creature of weak depravities ;

I am the Counter-jumper ;

I sound my able yelp over the woofs of the World.

## OUR LAW INTELLIGENCE.

TOUTOURS SPURGEON.—An interesting case, involving the whole Law of Sacred Meatmeats and Clerical Comfits, has recently been decided in London. Mr. Watkins was persuaded by his wife to give an evening party, and we need hardly say, yielded to the bland importunities of his better two-thirds. Mr. Watkins commanded a supply of bon-bon for the hilarious gathering. The spirit of the age is pictorial and biographic ; and Mr. Watkins, therefore, ordered portraiture n-bon—expecting, of course, quite a gallery, or rather tray-full of the gallant, the gifted, the good, and the great in counterfeit sentiment. The confectioner sent home the variegated delicacies. The guests gathered ; the voice of the violin was heard in the drawing-room ; the floors trembled to the dancers dancing in tune ; you! Meerscham was in his maddest, mirthful mood ; Beauty beamed on Bravery ; music arose with its voluptuous swell, when from the gay group to another ran the welcome murmur—"Supper!" The bon-bon were distributed. What anxiety is depicted upon the fair young face ! With what a gentle tremor do those taper fingers untwist the fringed and golden en-

vlope ! How those lake-hued eyes brighten, as the lake-hued lips whisper—"Mario, I hope—D'Orsey, perhaps—Spurgeon, good gracious!" Yes, it was he ! Not the romantic visage of the dulcet and delicate tenor—not that head of the late Count, so suggestive in its hirsute luxury of brushes by the wagon load, and of Macassar by the puncheon—but the lineaments of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon ! From one end of the board to the other flew the exclamation, "Spurgeon !" Everybody had drawn Spurgeon, not to quote profanely, it was :

Spurgeon su—Spurgeon czu—  
Spurgeon qua—Spurgeon la !

We would not speak disrespectfully of the great preacher, but we just don't think he has a nice face for an evening party. His best friends, the lithographers, although they have everything their own way, and a wayward way it sometimes is, do not attempt to present Mr. Spurgeon as the Rev. Apollo Belvidere. We are not sworn believers in that Philosopher of Figure Heads and Monarch of Mugs, Dr. John Caspar Lavater. In spite of his facial flabbiness, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is, no doubt, a gentleman, an orator, and a scholar. But he does not engrave well for bon-bon wrappers. Such a good man is altogether too good for the goodies ; and any young lady who has seen the pious portrait in the shop-windows for an age—we mean a certain age, of course—may be pardoned for seeking a less familiar countenance in the haunts of fashion and festivity. Besides, how might that severe face put the fiddler out of tune, and discourage the most enthusiastic and long-winded cornet-a-piston ! How might it bring heaviness to the lightest and most fantastic toes ! How might it bring the German to an untimely end, in spite of its natural longevity ! Mr. Watkins, justly indignant, refused to pay the artist in sugar, and bade him go to the deuce with his confounded tray. Of course, thus requested, Mr. Watkins went to law. The Court, being a jolly Court, non-suited the serious-minded confectioner, who will probably, hereafter, confine his portraits of Spurgeon to the Bronchial Comfits which he tenderly and scientifically prepares for sore-throated exhorters, and the "organs" of young ladies who sing in Don Giovanni at the Opera House, and in Elijah at Exeter Hall.

## REV. THEODORE PARKER'S NIGHTMARE.

It is not in the nature of some men to keep still under any circumstances. You might pile a family of quiet hills on the head and shoulders of Etna, but still that mountain would blaze and bellow. The same may be said of the Rev. Theodore Parker, who is a moral Etna in a chronic state of eruption. We are therefore not surprised to find in the Boston papers a second letter from him on the subject of John Brown, written in the shadows of St. Peter's, amid the colossal grandeurs of Rome. We have all given up J. Brown in these parts. He is not mentioned unless it is absolutely necessary. The national air is clearer for that great thunder-bolt propelled into it by a strange destiny. The people everywhere are restored to their temper, and their business, and can afford to laugh at the frights and follies they were betrayed into by one old Round head, born in a wrong age. Therefore these letters of Mr. Parker come like dreams of the past, and the only serious thought they provoke is a sad apprehension that while all this country is smiling in serene peace and content, the gray ghost of John Brown will be periodically appearing, stirred by Mr. Parker, far away in Rome, and moved upon our happy horizon like the most disagreeable of puppets, controlled by the wire of one man's will. Accordingly and hence, it may not be indelicate to suggest to the intimate friends of the Rev. Theodore Parker the propriety of intimating to him in his classic retirement that his fellow citizens have been thoroughly done Brown, and that in the way of correspondence nothing is more interesting to the general reader than graphic descriptions of famous places and persons, such as the Coliseum (moonlit, if possible,) and his Serenity, Pius IX.

Yet an appalling doubt will interfere. For we read toward the close of the epistle these words : "But I did not mean to write you such a letter as this—it wrote itself, and I couldn't help it." If this letter wrote itself, why should not an indefinite number of letters, now floating in Mr. Parker's brain, also write themselves ? And what is to prevent all these letters, after writing themselves, from coloring themselves Brown ? Indeed a gloomy prospect is before us, and we do trust that the press of Boston will not fear to offend Music Hall, but see the propriety of refusing further contributions from the Rev. Theodore Parker, whose nightmare is Brown.

## Seasonable Con.

BY A YOUNG PERSON OF DEFICIENT INTELLECT.

Why is a summer like Pride ?  
Because it Goeth before a Fall !





A VALUABLE COLLECTION.

"So frequent have these robberies on the part of servant-girls become, of late, and so difficult is it to convict the real offenders, that the ends of justice would be greatly furthered if heads of families throughout the city—borrowing an idea from the Rogues' Gallery—would have the portraits taken of the different domestics whom they may engage."—*New-York Herald*, Feb. 3d, 1860.

MR. VAN GOOSLEBERRY ADOPTS THE SUGGESTION OF OUR WORTHY FRIEND BENNETT. HE IS REPRESENTED ABOVE AS EXHIBITING TO A LAY FRIEND THE RESULT OF A FORTNIGHT'S EXPERIENCE OF THE SYSTEM.

## DIPLOMACY AND BUSINESS.

THE extreme and unconquerable *cheek*, of the Purely Commercial Man is admirable beyond all expression. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, wine-merchant, of Cincinnati, is a type of the Purely Commercial Man. Mr. Longworth has become very wealthy by his business talents. He is a capitalist—a nabob—a millionaire—a Croesus—and a donkey, except from a commercial point of view.

Mr. Dallas, our Minister to the Court of St. James, is very much of a Gentleman, and very little of a Commercial Man. The unwashed philosophers of the *Tribune*, who seem to think that good-breeding, good raiment, and good-nature are not gentlemanly attributes in any sense, assert that Mr. Dallas is not a gentleman, because he refused to act as a commission-merchant for Mr. Longworth. That person sent two bottles of his wine to Mr. Dallas, with a request that he should drink one and sell the other to his family grocer, at as good a profit as possible. The request was mildly, but firmly denied, and the *Tribune*, in order to please the masses—to whom the idea of dignity and courtliness is disgusting—assails the Ambassador with all sorts of abuse, because he is not willing to chaffer and truckle with trades-people, in addition to his legitimate diplomatic duties.

A poet, named Longfellow, a man of *esprit*, once wrote a poem, beginning:—

"Catawba, I love thee Still!"

or somehow in that manner; ever since which, Mr. Longworth has expected all men of *esprit* and position to advertise his wine. Mr. Dallas, who is dignified to an almost alarming degree, couldn't see it. We can't see it. Nobody can see it. Hence, the wine has not been very extensively advertised, except at its proprietor's expense. But the *Tribune* says this is all wrong. Mr. Dallas is hired by the government, and therefore ought to be Mr. Longworth's commission-merchant! He should be kept up to the eyes in wine, cheese, iron-ware, pickles, flannels, onions, axe-handles, cigars, and everything else that American tradesmen might please to send him. If he refuses, he is no gentleman, and is not interested in the

starting of "idle spindles." This is not very logical perhaps but is very much in the style of the *Tribune*, and we beg to call the attention of our readers to our artist's conception of the site of things that would shortly exist, among our plenipotentiaries if the teachings of that paper were realized. Shall such things be

## HOW MANY RICHMONDS?

The *Herald* is advocating still another candidate for the Presidency. On Saturday last, it continued its sketches of the men before the people, and after mentioning several of the Union Opposition candidates, said, editorially:

"These are all prominent and popular men. Bell, perhaps, would make the best race next to Sam Houston, who would undoubtedly be the most winning man of the whole. Though we have mentioned him among the democratic candidates, he may be taken up by the opposition."

The *Herald* has evidently forgotten what it said on the 2nd of February, about another gentleman whom it had occasionally "mentioned among the democratic candidates," and the most winning man of the whole." We must jog the *Herald's* memory again:—

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will see between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man who will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent republicans. Mr. Buchanan, then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

The Seeds of Rebellion in Massachusetts.

Lynn-seed.





# THE WHOLE DUTY OF THE FOREIGN MINISTER,

AS LAID DOWN BY THE TRIBUNE.

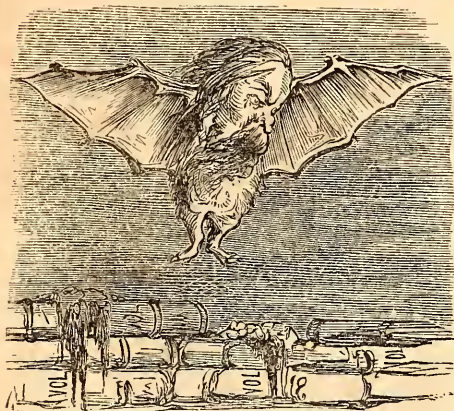
AMBASSADOR DALLAS (to Lord P--m--st--n.)—WELL, WE'RE NOT PREPARED, MY LORD, TO ARRANGE THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR THIS MORNING, BUT I CAN PUT YOU IN A FEW EASEKETS OF SPARKLING CATAWBA AT A LOW FIGURE.







NATURAL HISTORY.  
THE LITERARY GHOUL.



HIS strange and horrible creature belongs to a race which humanity, in its blind credulity, had believed extinct. It is true that its family does not multiply with ease, and that the hatred which mankind feels toward it tends frequently to its complete extermination. But still it walks the earth, and at evil times

rises from its lair to perform its heartless and detested works.

One of the most revolting specimens of the Literary Ghoul appeared and flourished in New York some years ago. It was known among men as Griswold, and the unfortunate victim of its diseased appetite was Poe. Ignorant of the Ghoul's real nature, Poe gave himself, when dying, into his hands, trusting that some share of that tenderness with which the memory of the unhappy dead touches all true hearts, would be shown to him. But how the Ghoul rejoiced! How he tore and trampled on the spirit which he felt to be for the first time incapable of resistance within his grasp! The world has not forgotten this.

Another specimen, certainly not less painful, was recently known to exist in London. It was called Trelawney, and with a singular exaggeration of its miserable character, it delayed until many years after its victim's death, the accomplishment of its foul design. The stains which this Ghoul sought to fix upon his master, Byron, only rested with tenfold blackness upon himself.

A more remarkable specimen has, within a few weeks, been discovered in the city of Boston. Of the habits and practices of this one, much is known. That he stands as a type of the race to which he belongs, is by no means certain; yet, in the general movements of his life, in his cautiously-laid plans, in his anxious preparations, and in the triumphant glee with which he rushes to the results of his subtle snares, it may safely be assumed that he furnishes a fair example of the usual course of his species.

The Boston Ghoul is frank and free, innocent, to all appearance, and incapable of great wrong. Early in life he fastens upon his victim. He pursues him remorselessly, but always with a smile. He clings to him, and wins him with words of affection. He invades his home, and gathers all that is held sacred from the stranger. He never leaves his victim free from his deceitful presence. But the victim, unconscious of the shadow that pursues him, although often wearied and harassed, finds in his great heart a corner for the Ghoul to rest in. He heedlessly aids the very plans that are working for his own evil, and for the sorrow and distress of those most near and dear whom he may leave in dying. The Ghoul takes courage. From month to month, and from year to year, he waits coldly and calmly, noting every sign, retaining each chance syllable, gloating over the glorious achievement that is to come. Thus sparing no toil, and ever watching with keenest eye, he weaves his noiseless web about his victim.

At last, death claims the little that is mortal of this man. There are few who do not yield a true regret. But the Ghoul is now free to fulfil his ends. Forth come his ill-digested pages, teeming with distortions and hideous disfigurements. By his reckless hand, his victim is raised before the world in form so painful and unnatural that men who knew him when alive, are loth to look upon it. Careless of all but his own exaltation, he heeds no creed but his own, and in a loud voice justifies his profanation. The scorn of all who surround him is pointed at him, but he withers not; for this has been the purpose of his life, and, banqueting upon the dead, he finds his great reward.

Distressing Casualty.

President Buchanan, last week, spoke well of a gentleman who had done him a kindness during the Presidential campaign.

To get up the "Conflict of Ages."

Ask two rival beauties how old they are.

THE STRIKES IN NEW-YORK.

The Cause of the Strikes,  
THE "UNSMOTHERABLE SHINDY,"  
&c., &c., &c.

The workmen of New England are showing anything but a good example to those of New-York. Since the shoemakers of New England have refused to strike their lapstones, rumors of great discontent, among the workmen on Manhattan Island, have risen around us. Indeed, it was whispered, that a strike was threatened, so we immediately despatched a large corps of reporters to glean as much information as possible. How they have succeeded will easily be discovered by perusing

OUR REPORT.

Much dissatisfaction had been expressed by the laborers employed on the Central Park, on account of the arbitrary measures adopted by the foreman of the works, who refused to allow the men to leave their employment, at irregular intervals, to obtain refreshments. In consequence of this severe restriction, the men, in a body, left their work at twelve o'clock. From all appearances the strike had been well planned, as the men had a plentiful supply of provisions with them, being determined, no doubt, to hold out as long as possible. The workmen congregated in small bodies, and talked over their grievances; after they had all smoked a pipe a-piece, we presume some arrangements were entered into, for they returned to their work at one o'clock.

The clerks connected with a large importing house down town, also turned out yesterday (from their various boarding houses) but turned in again at bed time.

Mr. Deadbroke's landlady struck yesterday, as also his washerwoman, in consequence of which Mr. Deadbroke had to turn out, and has not succeeded, as yet, in obtaining a new landlady.

LATEST PARTICULARS.

The laborers at the Central Park left their work again at six o'clock, and have all departed to their homes. We would advise the Committee to put a stop to this constant striking; let them employ a fresh gang of men, and not, on any consideration, allow those who have left their work to resume it.

Our reporter intends staying at the Central Park the remainder of this week: if anything of any moment occurs we shall publish a new edition.

THE VERY LATEST.

(Reported by the Editor.)

Strikes are catching. The whole of our literary and artistic corps have struck for higher wages!!!! We were absent at the time and the presses came to a stand still. A general gloom spread over the land. Upon our return, we told our numerous contributors, mildly, but firmly, that it was impossible to accede to their demands, as already they had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of their money by Saturday night. We are sorry to report that at this juncture we were groaned at, and a strong determination was expressed not to do any more work. Upon our promising them—a promise, by the way, we don't intend to keep—a free passage to England, for the purpose of witnessing the great fight between Heenan and Sayers, they resumed work. The presses are once more in motion, and VANITY FAIR will continue to gladden the world.

LIGHT AT LAST.

We find the following acute information in a late number of the *London Times*. Average Americans will find it worth their while to glance over the extract. They will be sure to learn a deal from it:—

It may be thought that Congress has an immense deal to do in regulating the finance of a great and industrious people, and in solving the numerous problems of legislation which baffle the timid statesmen of old communities trammelled by inveterate traditions, and lorded over by monarchies and aristocracies. *No mistake can be more complete.* It takes a vast deal of oratory to spin out the session and to fill up the requisite period allotted to deliberations by which nothing is decided. The *Assembly*, at least, which has no executive duties to perform, leads a tolerably easy life until in the last week or two, and under the stifling heat of a Washington Summer, it hurries through, in an almost continuous session, the work that should properly have been spread over many months. The fact is, the Federal *Legislature* does not enjoy in America anything like the importance, nor does it exercise the influence of the English Parliament. The void which it would create, were it to disappear altogether, is one that it would be by no means impossible to fill up.

When one is master of his subject, how entertaining he is certain to be!



### The Godenski Cap.



1. He has bought a Godenski Cap—but in attempting to bow to a lady finds the want of a brim.



3. A bright idea strikes him—he attaches a handle to it.

#### To the Proprietors of Great Unknowns.

The What Is It, at Barnum's Museum, has achieved a success which we cannot wholly attribute to its own intrinsic charms. As every day of its triumphal career attests that there is a great deal in a name, we beg leave to suggest to all the proprietors of Zoyaras now in the country, the propriety of adopting more mysterious and captivating titles for their daring creatures. How would the No You Don't sound, or the It Mought And Then Again It Moughtn't? The Where Did It Come From would draw, it seems to us, and advertising genius could scarcely go farther than the announcement in block letters, one foot high, of the What Do You Think, or the How Does It Strike You.

#### The Main Question.

The Washington Statue has been a good deal criticized since its inauguration, and great objection has been made to the tail of the horse. In view of this, it has been suggested that the horse be taken to pieces, and modelled over anew. This, however, would be a very unnecessary expenditure as the animal is considered all right in the Mane.

#### Exception to a Rule.

Although it is said that extremes always meet, yet it is certain that the extreme absurdity of the incoming fashion for ladies' bonnets does not meet the approval of any reasonable being.

#### Tupper for Congressmen.

A babe in the House is a well-spring of pleasure.  
So is Order.

Our Law-maker at Albany.  
George Law.



2. He, however, gets his cap off the best way he can.



4. How it works.

### PHILADELPHIA CORKED UP.

The *North American and United States Gazette* is all published in Philadelphia. Although devoted to the commercial interests of the city, its light fantastic spirit has won it a place in the social circle which few journals are ever permitted to attain. In the issue of the 8th inst., the fact of a speedy cessation of opera was the basis of the following reflections:

"To the musical circles of Philadelphia this will convey a melancholy sensation, for the opera is fast becoming a necessity of fashionable life, and when it is away there is a great void in society. Present in the city, it serves as a rallying-point, where all the coteries meet and gossip about each other, and everything else imaginable is a topic of polite conversation. And oh! how their tongues go between the acts. One sees everybody else talking, and the sound of soft voices, and the sparkle of bright eyes, and the gestures of pretty fans, render the temptation to talk irresistible. No matter what it may be about, conversation is indispensable. And all this is to come to a dead stop on Saturday night! Is it not shocking?"

We should say very shocking. But there is really no reason why

Philadelphia should give up its talking just because the opera is gone away. The pictures now on exhibition—"The Heart of the Andes," and Church's and Gignoux's "Niagara"—will afford the same charming opportunities for "polite conversation." Art appeals to the tongue with just as much force from the canvass as from the stage. If, however, these amusing works should "convey a melancholy sensation," all the coteries might resolve themselves into a mass meeting before the Continental, and there, inspired by the noble architecture of that stately pile, "gossip about each other" to their hearts' content. At all events, let there be no "dead stop."

#### "Mother Goose" for Counter-Jumpers.

Robin a-bobbin, the dry-goods clerk,  
Dressed better than *real men* who did *real work*;  
It sported a beard;  
Through an eye-glass it leered;  
Measured ribbons and guimpure  
With a smirk and a simper;

Yet the creature complained that its salary wa'n't full.



## HERE AND THERE.



of course, have his pit and his pole, and the usual number of innocent babies will fall from their nurses' arms and be devoured in public, to be reproduced in type under the title of Horrible Accident. Little Evesdrop, who, on one occasion, was known to hire lodgings opposite the Cooper Institute when it was in course of erection, in order to be on the spot when the usual hod carrier fell, will haunt the Bengal tiger's abode, and be sure to be present when the elephant devours the lady's bonnet, and it will be all served up in glorious and expansive phraseology to the night editor who will ruthlessly cut down all Evesdrop's flowers of rhetoric, and reduce his epic to a paragraph. On the whole I think the Zoological Garden will be a good thing. Of course there will be the usual civic battles. Grumpy will stick his hands in his pockets and growl out that he don't want any rampagious wild animals about, and what's more, don't want to pay taxes for them. A dog and a cat are all he wants. As to knowledge, and science, and popular improvement, it's all fudge, sir. He didn't have no science when he went into the wholesale groceries, and look at him now. I do look at you Grumpy, and an ugly sight you are. You have plenty of money, I know, but who likes you? Your own wife is never so happy as when you are in the basement or down town, and your son cuts you on Broadway. Thank heaven that you and your friend Frumpy can't prevent us poor fellows from having our cheap Zoology and our fresh air. So you had better make up your mind to the tax and have done with it.

"Walk into our parlor, and behold our drawing-room entertainment," said Captain Morton Price and Miss Catherine Lucette, through the organ of a poster, to Mephisto and myself, as we strolled up Broadway, one evening last week. Of course we walked in, and beheld Captain Morton Price and Miss C. Lucette. Captain Price is one of those mysterious military men who annually appear in this country, surrounded with cloudy rumors of having been in the Guards, and of dropping in to dine with the Queen whenever he had no outside engagements. Whenever these heroes take to acting, or to selling pictures, or to acting as agent for somebody's patent gin, they are always doing it for a bet. Vast and weighty sums of gold depend on their earning a certain sum of money within a year. Paragraphs appear in the papers to this effect, and a certain Jim Baggs-ian notoriety attaches itself to the man of war. Fifth Avenue people dine the dashing fellow, and discover in all his actions a certain veiled, aristocratic grace. The son of Mars performs, and the admirers of the British Lion on a spree flock to see his abominable acting, or to listen to his worse singing, and the bold soldier boy fills his pocket, and, like the great Orion, Slopes gently to the West. Captain Morton Price, according to his own account, is flashing his histrion for a bet. I am by far too well-bred to doubt the martial comedian's word, but, in spite of a personal explanation which he made on the evening in question, I may be permitted to say that his elucidation of his antecedents was, to say the least of it, muggy. However, the question is, not what Captain Morton Price is, but what Captain Morton Price did. Captain Morton Price changed his clothes three times during the evening, and as clothes seemed to form the chief incident of the entertainment, I cannot help

remarking that I have no ambition to form any acquaintance with his tailor, even should the introduction be attended with unlimited credit. Captain Morton Price represented three Captains Morton Price, two of them bearing other different names on this occasion. Each person represented was supposed to be an English gentleman, and if the impersonation is at all truthful, I feel rather sorry for the British female. One of the captains M. P. had occasion to breakfast with a young lady tête-à-tête, and certainly I never saw a meal so curiously conducted. One of the first points the Captain made was to put his hat on a bust of Shakspeare, which joke occasioned such quiet enjoyment to the select audience of thirty persons (paying) and twenty (free) that not a laugh was heard. The rest of the fun consisted in M. P. filling his mouth with meat, and talking thick to the young lady. Then she sang a song, and he sang a song at her request, said "she" displaying an extraordinary clairvoyance with regard to what song he was about to break into, as without the slightest consultation she hit upon the very one. Then M. P. rubbed his chin several times against the young lady's cheek, all of which she took wonderfully well; then he got on his knees and proposed, and she said "don't" and he said "do," and the usual song ensued, and all was serene. But why, in the name of all that is lovely, did M. P. ever make a bet that he could earn money by acting? Without appearance, without manners, and with two distinct voices one proceeding from the roof of the building, the other located in his boots, and each jostling the other for precedence, there could not have been a more unpleasant exhibition than M. P. Miss Lucette, who is pretty, and sings nicely, acts as a sort of dramatic life-boat to the gallant Captain, I presume. The man tried to bamboozle us with his patriotism, and sang a song of his own, "vive! America," in which the "star-spangled" floated widely; but it was no go. Americans will stand any amount of Buncombe from an American, but the foreign palaver they can't stomach. M. P.'s eagle was a dead failure.

Mrs. Benicia, Ada Isaac Menken Heenan Boy is making a considerable stir in the papers. Her poetic effusions, teeming with astronomical figures, are extensively copied. One illustrated paper, distinguished for grammar and enterprise, furnishes us with a life and portrait of the fair bride of the champion. The biographer performs his task in an elegant as well as cautious style. He tells us with the most commendable prudence of statement, that

"Mrs. Heenan's maiden name must have been Campbell, for she is the daughter of the late Dr. Josiah Campbell, of New Orleans.

Having relieved our minds of all doubt regarding the lady's name the great biographer proceeds to inform us that "Ada has never been inside of a theatre, consequently had never seen a performance." Ordinary minds would not, perhaps, consider this very wonderful, as people do not usually see through stone walls, but considering the gifted person who is the subject of his memoir, the statement ceases to be platitude.

Her first appearance on any stage is described in the following gushing strain:—

"Gazing upon a thousand upturned faces, listening to the soft music of the orchestra, inhaling the fumes of blue and white fire, could she not see in the long, long distance, the features of her darling Benicia Boy, 'the best and bravest man in the world?'"

I am sure I have not the slightest idea whether she saw the Benicia or not, but if she did, under the above-mentioned circumstances, she must have no common powers of vision. "Inhaling the fumes of blue and white fire," is not a favorable condition for close observation. It is not impossible that this extraordinary ordeal to which she was subjected accounts in some measure for the marvellous eyes which decorate her portrait in the *N. Y. Illustrated News*. Their area, I should say, was about twelve square feet, and they look as if they never would close in the world. But enough of the Benicia's bride. He might, if I went any farther, throw up his engagement with Sayers, and come back and pummel me.

Signed,



## Epigram.

FOR THE STUDENTS OF THE "DICTIONARY OF SLANG."

Tom, drinking his sherry and writing a song  
(Such things will at times come to pass),  
Makes a dive for the inkstand, but, getting it wrong,  
Dips the nib of his pen in the glass.  
"Ah! what have I done?" he exclaims in surprise,  
As Will shakes with laughter his ribs;  
"Done? nothing," says WILLIAM, more witty than wise,  
"Except that you've Sherried your Nibs!"



## THE GOVERNOR'S GREATNESS.

WHEN Shakspeare inscribed that familiar quotation, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," he knew (bless his dear old eyes!) that there would be United States Governors, one of whose prerogatives it would be to attach titles to the names of innocent and unoffending men, who have done nothing to deserve them. In spite of their arduous efforts to be nobody, modest citizens are, at any moment, liable to wake up and find themselves somebody. We are all at the mercy of the Guvnor. Has it been our pleasure to belong to a militia company, for the sake of the exercise, perhaps, or to display to good advantage a figure of neat and graceful proportions? Let us not be surprised at any time to receive a formidable mass of correspondence from the seat of government, conveying intelligence that we have been sacredly set apart for Assistant Judge Associate General, with the rank of Major! As a lawyer, have we made it our constant study how not to intrude ourself before the public, and to sustain ourself in all modest graces, and not to let ourself be seen or heard of men only when it is absolutely necessary that the voice of ourself should be raised in behalf of injured innocence or disabled guilt? Let us not emit a gentle objurgation from beneath the sheets, if at a fabulously early hour of the morning, we are aroused from our slumbers by a long document, apprizing us that we are an Aid. Vain thought, that we are a little man, quite unequal to the frightful emergencies of the Governor! Absurd idea! banish it at once, that we cannot leave home to protect the Governor's person—that we have business that will keep us away from the Capital—that the only weapon in the house is a revolutionary sword, inherited from our greatest grandfather, and now used by the children for chopping their hobby-horses' heads and tails off. The Governor will have our assistance—therefore let us immediately arise and buckle on the best armor we can get and go forth to him!

We do not thirst for glory. Thank ye Guvnor; no greatness for us, we say. But O, it will not do! Farewell, peace of mind! a long farewell to all our littleness. There shall be no more sleep for us, but through the long nights we shall restless lie, wondering if the Governor needs us now. A personal responsibility weighs down our eyelids. By day we are thinking of him in danger and distress, assailed by numerous hosts of adversaries, and crying in vain for his Aid.

There is now, in the city of Philadelphia, a gentleman whose constant depression and occasional bitterness awaken the liveliest apprehensions of his friends. Always distinguished for the playful exuberance of his manners, universally esteemed as the prince of good fellows, eagerly sought for all social occasions, yet possessed of a retiring disposition, and notoriously averse to publicity, a strange change was suddenly observed to come over him. The salutes of his old companions were seen to sadden his countenance, and he hurried by with no other acknowledgment than a half-resentful, half-supplicating glance. In a very few days, those who had known him longest and best were scarcely able to recognize the once glorious fellow. A Committee was appointed to wait upon him, and, if possible, ascertain the cause of the peculiar malady, and prescribe a suitable remedy. They found him sitting in an obscure apartment, haggard and solus, but he arose when they entered, and received them with a subdued courtesy which instantly melted the youngest man of the party. After much gentle soliciting, he unfolded his tale, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Gentlemen, I was once a simple and a happy man, but Governor Packer has made me Major!" and fell into the arms of his chair.

We call it a downright shame. What is our boasted freedom, if it brings us no immunity from greatness? Is not the crop of Colonels, Majors, and Generals, and also Major-Generals, together with Assistant-Major-Gen-

erals, sufficiently large already, that paltry Governors should have it in their power thus to sow titles throughout the land? Let an indignant people rise in their might, and hurl back the Governor's greatness.

## FREE (AND EASY) SCHOOLS.

We are a wonderfully enlightened people. We have cheap books to read, Park Benjamin to lecture to us, and Free schools to teach us. When ignorant foreign nations, like England and France, rile us, we scratch the head of our pet eagle and proudly talk of free thought and free education. All over the surface of this great and glorious land, sir, is spreading a vast net-work of scholastic system. The States are prolific of professors, school-marms and school-masters. Learning is running wild about the country, and, fortunately for the newspapers, every one of us can read, and, unfortunately for the banks, every one of us can write. We are an eminently accomplished race, and some day or other we will knock stars out of the rest of the Universe.

Sometimes, however, our enthusiasm over the blessings of our system of free education encounters something like a damper. That we have plenty of free schools is beyond a doubt, but how far their freedom is carried is yet a matter to be discussed. Do the scholars learn anything in many of these schools? Are the teachers competent, and are they elected and examined previous to election by competent people? Perhaps the best reply to these queries will be to print verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim, the following letter which was written by a teacher in one of the free schools of this State. We assure the Reader, that the letter is entirely genuine, and that no attempt has been made to heighten the elegance of its style or to adorn its orthography:—

ELLENSVILLE, Ulster County N. Y.,  
Feb 23 1860.

Dear Sir:—I reseve youer leter on sed suit and the amount of cost His ruther on consider i Think Mr. Schoonmaker Has bin in his bill, and i not noing i od Him N. G. Graman and Hardenburg i new i owd a bill but noing i woure puer that you wold not charg euch a bill has Mr Schoonmaker sent in Mr Hardenburg ples send me a bill and omit my Surkamestans And i will send it to you  
And O. B youer

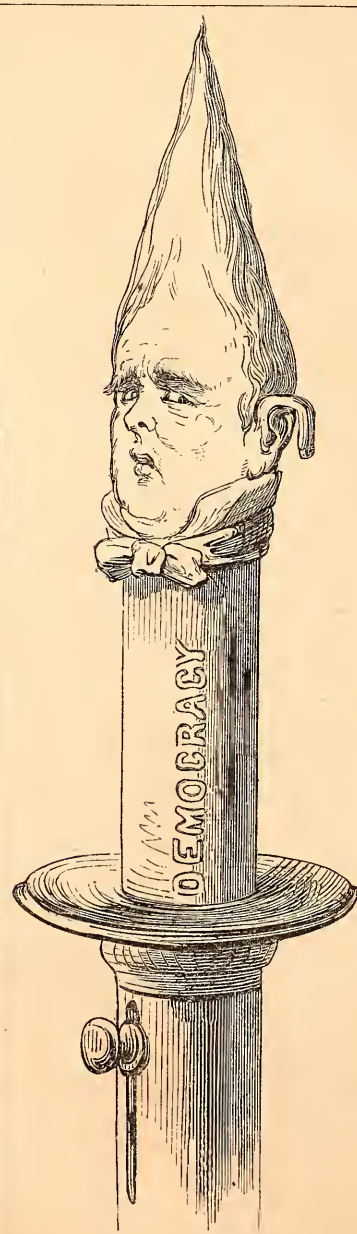
C. Woods.

There is certainly a freedom of style and spelling about this marvellous epistle which entitles it to the consideration of all such eminent scholars as Messrs. Webster and Worcester. It is a pleasing speculation to reflect upon the scholastic brilliancy of the pupils coming from under Mr. Woods' tutelage. How chaste must be their language and style of composition! How varied their attainments in the several branches of learning! Such is our admiration for the untrammelled genius which prances through the rhetoric of Woods that we would like much to have the names of the principal who examined him, and the committee that appointed him a teacher of the young idea. These people must be a treasure to their country, and a pride to Ulster County. A collection of the literature of that district would doubtless exercise as improving an influence on the literature of America, as the Yellow-plush Papers did upon the literature of England. Still we would say to the juvenile who is passing through the hands of Ulster County teachers, "Don't holler on your spelling till you're out of the Woods."

Con. By a Rebellious Jour. of Lynn.  
Why is our employer like the Red Sea?  
Because he is *not* the Bos-phor-us.

Austria's Lament.

"A-loan, a-loan, ah woe, a-loan!"



"Good Night."





"REFUSES TO BE COMFORTED."

MEDICAL MAN.—Come, come, my dear madam, there is evidently something wrong ; make a confidant of me.

BLIGHTED BRIDE.—Well, Doctor, it was always my great ambition (*sob*) to be the wife of a dry-goods (*sob*) merchant, and now I have thrown myself away upon a hardware (*sob*) dealer, and, although the dear fellow is as kind as he can be, (*sob*) and brings me home any quantity of scissors and files and door-knobs and things, yet what are these to the (*sob*) wounded spirit that expected oceans of brocade and point lace. (*sob, sob, sob.*)

A SEQUENCE WITH "NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

"You're another," was the response of Fielding's rustic when Parson Adams mildly informed him that an argumentative deduction he had made was a "non sequitur."

Somewhat in the same style will, very probably, be the answer of one G. C. S. to the remarks we are about to indulge in in regard to the wild and uncontrollable series of papers he is now publishing in the *Home Journal*—that is if these papers (on "Our Public Amusements") contain their author's idea of a logical sequence.

The initials, G. C. S., we should first assure the reader, do not stand for Gyascutus, as he might at first suppose, but for Genio C. Scott, a gentleman mainly remarkable for instigating Fashion plates and for attending to the Shakspeare Department at Laura Keane's Theatre.

In the last of G. C. S.'s articles which we had the pleasure of reading, G. C. S. was kind enough to give us some particulars in the early life of Mr. Dion Bourcicault, the author of *VANITY FAIR*, the new comedy, and not the journal of that name. "Young Dion," it seems, had left a one act play in Charles Mathews' hands, and was to receive an answer in a week. The following sentence conveys at the same time the distracted state of mind of Young Dion and the distracted state of Grammar of G. C. S. :—

"Those only who have looked upon poverty as the strong demon with whom they may be obliged to grapple—who find themselves in a large city, a *compara'tive stranger*, seeking a career—can realize the feelings of the young gentleman during that week of suspense."

"Those who find themselves a comparative stranger" must be in a very bad way indeed, but his condition are not equalled by those in which "Young Dion" afterwards found themselves. For we learn, further on, that when Bourcicault wrote the comedy "London Assurance,"

"The play was immediately given to the reader, who reported favorably, and a

courier was forthwith dispatched to find the author, but this was not so easy a job, for 'poverty makes strange bedfellows.'"

It will be a great pity about people after this, we think, if they are not found when wanted because "poverty makes strange bedfellows." And G. C. S. will have it all to answer for.

What a revolution in reasoning, by the way, would take place if Mr. G. C. S.'s precedent were recognized!

Imagine the Historian, if you can, gravely penning a sentence like this :—

"Julius Caesar hesitated on the banks of the Rubicon, but suddenly remembering that Washington's birthday occurs on the 22nd of February, he crossed over without further delay."

Or the Mathematician proposing a combination after the manner of the following :—

"If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how long will it take a man to walk three times around the Bunker Hill Monument?"

Or the Professional Joke-Maker handing in a conundrum in this style for *VANITY FAIR* :—

"Why is a Broad-street merchant who dines on roast mutton and tomato sauce at Windust's, every Tuesday and Thursday at half-past two, like the man who struck Billy Patterson?"

"Because 'such is life.'"

Or the Politician arguing thus :—

"Bennett advocated Buchanan for the Presidency in February, therefore he will advocate him for the Presidency in March."

On reflection, however, this last is too absurd a statement for even G. C. S. to make.

"ISLE OF PALMS."

The African correspondence of the New York *Times* informs us that most of the slavers now engaged on the negro coasts obtain their clearance from this port, and that the immense show of water-casks shipped on board of them, is accounted for under the pretext of the "palm oil" trade.

An Alderman of this city informs the public that Mr. Superintendent Pillsbury, during his incumbency as head of the Police Department, received some \$7000 in various amounts from sundry individuals. Is this circumstance also to be accounted for under the pretext of the "Palm Oil" trade.

An immediate reply to this query would be desirable, so that, if affirmative, no time may be lost in applying to the Legislature for authority to change the name of the Island of Manhattan to that of "Isle of Palms."

"Palmam qui meruit ferat."

How's this, Heenan ?

An English letter-writer, describing a visit he paid Heenan at his training quarters, and a dinner of which he partook there, says :—

"The meal was soon discussed, and we had a chat about things over the water."

This does not coincide with our notion of the Benicia's hospitality ; if he is the Boy we think he is, he and his visitor would have had a chat over the wine.

What could he Expect ?

Live Oak George need not be at all surprised at his Albany defeat. What could he expect of a Gridiron Bill, except that it should be Hauled over the Coals ?

New Motto for Belligerents.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just right."

The Position of the Zoyara.

"That's neither here nor there."



## A VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.



O THE EDITOR  
OF VANITY  
FAIR:—

It is my misfortune, I will not say my fault, to belong to that despicable class the Counter-jumpers. Nature designed me for better things, I know. The country needs lawyers—I should have been a lawyer, or I should have helped to fill up the rapidly thinning ranks of the medical profession. In the very cradle I gave symptoms of an eloquence

which would have done very well in the pulpit. Indeed there was a time when the dawning energies of my life might have been directed into an agricultural channel, and at this moment, instead of simpering at lolling ladies, lavishing love and tender care upon the hair of my face, and presenting a fair target for the arrows of your wit, I might have been illustrating the true nobility of manhood at the pig-sty or over a bed of onions—conferring honor and dignity upon our common humanity by persevering, I may be allowed to say perspiring, efforts in the direction of fodder.

Yet here I am at the age of somewhere about twenty-five, with a soul far above my business, and not seldom inspired to write a piece of poetry or do some other fine chivalric thing, stupidly earning my bread with the sweat of—other people's brows; a convicted defrauder of woman's rights, completely spoiling her destiny, which is to look out for herself and in no wise be dependant upon man! Over the counter, this wretched day, when there is nothing doing, and my fellow jumpers—sad shades of departed manhood—measure the weary length of Tit Bit & Co.'s "palatial emporium," I shed a tear of honest contempt for myself. And yet, before you strike again, hear one feeble cry for mercy! In the name, and for the sake of my most degraded and insufferable class, I ask you to make common cause with us against our natural and implacable foe—the Upas (if I may make use of my before-mentioned poetical turn,) in whose shade we all languish and fall short of our just standard—the CUSTOMER!

Is it not enough that circumstances have placed us in a position only superior to that of the monkey at the menagerie; that we must pace uneasily behind a counter, objects of universal contempt—our life measured by the yard-stick, our ambitions bounded by the hour for shutting-up; that we must weekly submit to the taunts of all our friends and acquaintances who read VANITY FAIR; (I find that all of mine do;) is this, I say, not a sufficiently heavy load of mortification to bear, without having added to it the insults of this inhuman monster—this painted and perfumed embodiment of all coarseness and meanness?

O you are strong and independent! In the pride of your free and happy manhood you have never known that crushing heart-blow which is daily dealt me over the counter, when bright eyes glare a fierce suspicion that I am doing my best to deceive them, but can't do it; when a soft voice insinuates in mocking tones that *that* isn't anybody's yard, or that Mr. Tit sold those very buttons ten cents less a dozen, only the other day! Well may you poke your fun at us, for you have never been called to endure the odious coquetries—the sickly blandishments—the desperate tenderness, of the O-so-clever Bargain-Maker, who leaves her blazing equipage at the door to exert all her wiles to get a skein of sewing-silk or a roll of ribbon a few nickels cheaper than her dearest enemy, Mrs. Screwedown, got her's; who leans tenderly toward the "poor Counter-jumper," beguiling the measurement of tape, or the telling of buttons with dexterously managed compliments; flashing, now and then, her polished bare arm athwart his vision; parting her lips in most winning smiles; and torturing her countenance into alluring expressions; who, with all her wealth and all her fashion, needs nothing to make her entirely unhappy but a failure to get a deduction from

the original price! Well may you hold our service up to the ridicule and contempt of the world, for your spirit has never been wearied, nor your flesh made weak by the fickle desires of that lovely daughter of one of our worthiest citizens who creates a revolution on the counter and in the shelves—whose appearance is the signal for confusion and inward profanity—taking up and tossing down, with impatient fingers, all the articles by which the utmost activity can surround her; or by that select sample of all the feminine disgraces who treats our attempts to satisfy her inexplicable want with petulant shrugs, angry frowns, sudden snatchings,—whom nothing can pacify, and who finally flaunts out of the store with an intimation that she guesses she knows where she can get it!

I ask, should our misfortune be made a crime? Because cruel fate has denied us a place behind the plough, or failed to endow us with those faculties which command respect and admiration in the editorial chair, have we therefore lost all claim to the common civilities of human intercourse? Are we beasts that we should be trampled upon or cunningly cajoled? Are we exempted from all those privileges which the humblest of God's creatures have no need to exact? Is our simpering all natural and sincere? With all our whiskers, is it not possible that we may have a few of the most ordinary sensibilities?

I throw myself and my unfortunate class upon that sense of justice which all the world knows prevails in VANITY FAIR, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Very respectfully, your o'edient servant,  
JAMES MIT.  
(of Tit, Bit & Co.)

## THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A NEW SCOTS PASTORAL.

FAR from that scene of many a wordy war,  
Where Fulton crosses turbulent Nassau,  
Where, when some chariot overturns their stalls,  
Pomona's virgins mourn their loss with squalls;  
Where rattling engines 'neath the pavement move,  
In sense the rivals of machines above;  
Far from those dens where, sworn the mails to cheat,  
Paris, Vienna, London, Berlin meet;  
Where o'er some foreign journal's hacked remains,  
Paste-pot and shears perform the work of brains;  
Where 'neath their master's most uncertain eye,  
Unhappy toilers stale lampoons supply;  
Where, 'neath the influence of that magic squint,  
They smear fresh libels on the smallest hint;  
From mud familiar and congenial noise,  
Jamie retired to taste bucolic joys.  
At leisure stretched beneath umbrageous trees,  
He snoozed in quiet—scratch'd himself at ease;  
And, as some butcher when his toils are o'er,  
Slaughters and snores and sniffs a fancied gore;  
As some stale punk, shut up in Blackwell's keep,  
Dreams of Five Points, and pilfers in her sleep,  
So Jamie dreamed, baronial towers below,  
Of vicious joys, to wake to virtuous woe.  
Or like a cit who opulent has grown,  
By midnight scourgings of the fragrant town,  
On many an ancient scent, in memory dwells,  
And pines, 'mong roses, for accustomed smells;  
And weeps, unheeding the perfumer's art,  
Th' Arabian gales that hovered 'round his cart;  
Our Jamie mourned, as each descending sun,  
Saw him to bed, no dirty business done;  
So 'midst the blossoms of his blooming seat,  
Wept the retirement that still kept him sweet;  
Unhappy Corydon! of what avail  
To dream of Paris, and attend his kail?  
Vainly with honest Scotch he feeds his nose;  
Vainly he sniffs the strongest Athol brose;  
Vainly for him neat Phyllis boils or bakes  
The woolly sheep's-head or the oaten cakes.  
So when great Edwin with accustomed din,  
(As black outside as Jamie is within,) Othello plays, the galleries hear him mourn—  
And wish 'twas true—his occupation gone.

"Better than this," cries Jeems, "the poignant pain  
My shoulders felt, when fell the uplifted cane;  
Better than this that nameless moist salute;  
The doubled fist, the high, uplifted boot;  
Better the thrusts of every honest pen,  
The fear of woman and the scorn of men;  
Better the general town's indignant hiss



Or still contempt, than such a fate as this."  
He spake; and summoning to his ancient side,  
The bairn he loved, his own and Plumgut's pride,  
He sang his sorrows, and the bairn replied.

OLD JAMIE.

Ye ken, my wean, in days of auld lang syne,  
Before these biggins and this gear were mine,  
My siller sma', I aften felt afraid  
To buy the ointment that my pangs allay'd.  
Poortith the bogle dogg'd me lang and sair;  
Bannoks I'd nane—of bawbees had nae mair;  
Awsome my fate! but when I'd tarried lang,  
Luek cam' at last and cam' too wi' a bang.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Go on, *mon père*, and to your bairn relate  
What Plumgut saved you from a pauper's fate.

OLD JAMIE.

Gie me your lug, and hear the lave, my boy!  
Ablins ye've heard or read of bauld Rob Roy;  
How he agreed, if Loulands paid him weel,  
Nae fauld to scatter and nae kye to steal.  
He took their gowd and spar'd them, head and tail;  
The gowd he took was aften ca'd Black Mail.  
Sae when I chane'd to ken some ruefu' gent  
Had done the deed he wad na hac in prent,  
I gard him bring me meikle cash ye see;  
And gif he brought enow, he went Scot free.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Go on, my sire! But say, 'twixt you and I,  
Suppose he paid not?

OLD JAMIE.

Paid na! I let fly!

Gif he had freends, I made them a' turn eauld;  
Gif he had faes, I made them muckle bauld;  
Had he a wife, and wad nae haec his shame  
Break her saft heart, I broke it a' the same.  
Sae when he, cannier, tried his luek anee mair,  
He took enow, and Jamie had his share.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Your wisdom strikes with awe a simple tar;  
Go on, I pray you, my sagacious pa!

OLD JAMIE.

Hout tout, mon! wad ye ken my various wiles?  
Can ye na read? Gae read my noble files!  
Read how wi' mony a neat, satiric slap  
Isquibb'd my Maker—then auld Elder Knapp;  
How I display'd, in hideous blaek and white,  
For fules to girn at, God's baptismal rite;  
And ev'ry morning brawlier blasphem'd  
The things that daft auld leddies holy deem'd!  
Read how, when brothels made unusual noise,  
And wanton lassies jig'd wi' wanton boys,  
I tauld the story—decency defied,  
While church and brothel figur'd side by side.  
The blow that laid puir Ellen Jewett dead  
Gave me a boost, and so I went ahead!  
Wad ye ken mair?

YOUNG JAMIE.

The rest, my father, tell!

OLD JAMIE.

I put your mither, bairn, in prent as well,  
To a' the mob her mony virtues told;  
Folk star'd astonish'd—but the papers sold.  
When you, a wee thing, in this world were born,  
Ye can na think how sales went up the morn;  
Fondly I wrote with, a' a daddy's pride,  
Call'd you *Le Jeune* and *Editeur* beside;  
Sae ye were famous from your earliest day.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Such kindness, sire, O how can I repay?

OLD JAMIE.

Wad ye repay me, O beloved son!  
Keep up the breed, and do as I hae done.  
When I'm nae mair, tho' on thy sounding back  
The eudgels cruel fall wi' mony a thwack;

Tho' wi' a scorn too deep for wards or blows,  
Indignant fingers seek that comely nose:  
Bear, as I've borne, a still unshrinking part;  
Kieks are not kieks, when coppers heal the smart.  
Prove to the world, against the general mind,  
That moral monsters can repeat their kind.

YOUNG JAMIE.

I hear you, sire, but lest these evening airs  
Should chill your aged frame, we'll go to prayers.

[*They enter the castle.*]

#### THE LATE COLD SNAP.

The country papers come laden with statements and observations on the cold snap of this week past, but we will venture to say that in no part of the country has it been taken so severely as just in the neighborhood of our office. For the benefit of future times, that the oldest inhabitants of a century to come may speak by the card, we have made the following notes for the week;

*Monday.*—Thermometer 172 degrees below zero; six ballet dancers beame rigid on the third *pas*, remaining in the position in which they were first struck.

*Tuesday.*—Thermometer still falling; clouds freeze and drop off in chunks, endangering the lives of pedestrians. Air becomes so rarified that ordinary conversations are held between New York and Albany.

*Wednesday.*—Officials at the City Hall have their fingers frozen in their *own* pockets, this being the most remarkable phenomenon of the whole week.

*Thursday.*—The Editor of the Herald refrigerates his sympathies, which heretofore have been too warm. The atmosphere becomes sufficiently solid to be opaque. Thermometer still falling.

*Friday.*—Illustrated papers froze solid, no issue. *Laus Deo!* first instance of solidity. The moon is cold and the stars have an icy look. Thermometer still falling.

*Saturday.*—Sunbeams freeze in fifteen minutes. Hot whiskey toddies fall down the throat one solid lump of ice! Fire petrifies! The writer congeals! The thermometer has fallen!



#### A BIG THING."

CHARLES.—An astonishing coat you've got on, Fred.

FRED.—Yes, I fancy it is rather gay, and quite the Limburger, too; had my Raglan stolen last night, so I borrowed my sister Clara's what d'ye call it?



## THE POLICE ON A NEW LINE.

The neighborhood of Chatham-street was startled a few days since by the announcement that De Lave, the rope-walker, would become peripatetic upon a cord stretched from the National Theatre to a house opposite. The Gallic hero had scarcely entered upon his stage of action, when those tyrants of celebrity and crushers of genius, the Police, made their appearance on the scene, and demanded the cessation of the instructive spectacle. Is it to be wondered at that the Gaul refused? He was upholding the honor of his native land, à la Blondin. His foot was on his native rope, his name was, etc. Capt. Seaman, of the 4th Precinct, and a posse of men were in attendance. The rope walker must be captured. Ha! Ha! Who would beard the lion in his den? Ha! Ha! again. The expectant thousands gaping stand. The balance pole is in his hand. The Gallic champion stands on high, and waves his pole toward the sky, while Seaman swears to do or die. Ha! Ha! once more.

One moment for breath.

But hark! a cry; the hero hears; the Captain's cry for volunteers, "Who is there here of warriors dight, can walk yon swinging, dizzy height, and bring the churl to me?" Then spake six roundsmen stern and bold, "Brave Captain we cannot be sold, for any scurvy Frenchman's gold. This recreant Gaul shall never dare to breathe defiance on the air, we'll drag him from his cloud-capped lair."

Another pause. Ha! Ha!

Along the caves the roundsmen glide, three warriors they on either side, to circumvent De Lave. With noiseless step they strode along; they tried the rope and found it strong; then with victorious scheming flush, they went it with a mighty rush. Ha! Ha!

Now for it.

The Gaul while revelling in the dance, can see his grim-faced foes advance, and watch their eager, grabbing glance. In well-poised attitude he stands, till almost touched by outstretched hands; then with a spring he flew to air, and left six wretched roundsmen there, with shivering limbs and standing hair. Ha! Ha!

Some days have passed since this occurred, and of the Gaul no single word has by a mortal soul been heard. Some say, that by his standing game, he saved his country's name and fame; he leaped and landed safe from harms, in great Napoleon's sheltering arms, and knows no longer war's alarms.

Positive fact!

The six policemen, not one less, when this brief statement went to press, still stood in high and dire distress. In short no way has yet been found to turn these roundsmen six, around. The lures have all been tried in vain. Twelve fancy gents, with might and main, have kicked up rows and dared them down, while well-known prigs from white to brown have just stood down on the pavement, and enticed them to do a bit of catching; all to no purpose. It is generally supposed by the most intelligent of our fellow citizens, that they will have to remain there until De Lave comes back to relieve them.

Ha! Ha! H—a—a!

## Our Spiritual Correspondence.

## A PROTEST FROM HAYDN.

EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR:—Dear Sir,—Allow me to call your attention to the language of an ignorant person writing editorially in the *N. Y. Times* for March 9th. He is speaking of the performances of a mob in London:—

"Parties of enthusiasts enter the church when divine service is about to commence, and, accompanying the opening voluntary on the organ with grand choruses of their own, convey a far more lively notion of the music of 'animated nature,' than HANDEL's imitative passages in the oratorio of the 'Creation.'"

Now then. G. F. Handel was a good musician, and was probably equal to the composition of the oratorio called the 'Creation'; but he did n't do it. It was done by another fellow. That fellow was me.

HAYDN.

## OLD SPITEFUL!

The *Herald*, having failed in its attempt to crush us, loses no opportunity to exhibit a terrible spitefulness. When we announced, last week, with a somewhat unusually gorgeous flourish of trumpets, that the entire establishment of VANITY FAIR would attend the nominating conventions at Charleston and Chicago, simultaneously, and that all our arrangements were completed at an enormous expense for steamers, railroads, etc., the *Herald* immediately pitched in, to thwart our plans. As nothing could keep us from making the trips, save the absence of the conventions from the cities mentioned, the *Herald* cunningly comes out with this advice:

"New-York, which everybody wants to see, is the place at which the Convention ought to be held—the most central and the most easy of access; and no matter what numbers may come, there will be plenty of accommodation for all without extra charge. . . . By all means, let the Convention meet in New-York."

But it shall *not* meet in New York. We will not permit our plans to be annulled in this manner, nor do we see any good reason for the change of location. The *Herald* says that Charleston cannot accommodate more than five thousand people, but what of that? The politicians who will go there, are nearly all accustomed to sleeping in the streets and going hungry, so they cannot mind it much, and as there will hardly be more than one or two thousand decent folks the accommodations will be ample. By all means, let the Convention meet in Charleston.

## Preposterous!

From the New York *Herald* we cut this advertisement, which we only republish for the purpose of showing how utterly lost to all the proprieties of life are those who keep boarding-houses.

WANTED—A GOOD BOARDING-HOUSE COOK; MUST COME WELL RECOMMENDED from her last place, be very obliging, and no impudence. Call at 20 — street.

It further shows how forgiving are the race of Bridgets, or we make not the slightest doubt that the least revenge taken in the case would have been the detailing from the intelligence offices of the most skilful of the gastronomic Borgia's who would have, in less than a month settled their advertising, without impudence.

## Discovery of a new "World."

A correspondent wishes to know for what purpose another daily paper (*The World*), is to be started in this city? Whether it has literary, artistic, or religious objects in view?

We believe that the journal in question is to be started for the purpose of grinding its own Axis. Such an undertaking in Paris would be promptly suppressed,—for the Emperor stands in dread of Revolutions every day.

HAVING A BRUSH AT HIM.





YOUNG MAN IN THE GODENSKI.—Y-e-e-s, hair is very well in its way, but then she positively adores moustaches.

#### THE COQUETTE OF THE HERALD.

Our worthy friend, Bennett, is very fickle in his attachments. Every few days he takes to his Caledonian bosom some new aspirant for the Presidential chair. The bones of those whom he has dropped from his embrace whiten the sandy deserts of the *Herald*. Dear old J. B. was the first one whose affections were thus trifled with. Don't we all remember how he was cuddled in the *Herald* of Feb. 2nd? Of course we do, but then the man who wrote the article seems to have forgotten it. Let us remind him:—

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

And now, overlooking the incomprehensible construction of the sentence, hearken to the encouragement he gives, in his issue for March 14th, to an entirely new suitor:

"The best man for the Charleston nomination, and the best to run, is General Lane, who, having been born in the South, would be acceptable to its people, and having settled in Indiana, and finally made Oregon his home, which sent him as a Senator to Congress, he thus became favorably known to the people of the West, where he outstrips in popularity all competitors."

Inconstancy, thy name is Bennett!

#### Bad for Virgil.

The *Times* man is continually astounding VANITY FAIR by his prodigious knowledge. In grammar or classics or geography—from Murray to Mincio—he is always superb. His latest performance has been in the columns of the 16th inst., where he appears clad in a complete suit of Virgilian metaphor. His article on "Virgilian Vengeance" commences with this powerful sentence, "When Mr. Wise resigned the gubernatorial seat of Virginia to his successor, we hoped that the political Jack Ketch of the Old Dominion might be about to retire from office with her pyrotechnic Palinurus."

What in the name of Ulysses had that unhappy pilot Palinurus to do with fire-works? We know that he fell overboard and was drowned, but that fate scarcely entitles him to be called pyrotechnic. Does the *Times* scholar mean that because he was a pilot of Ulysses' vessel, he must naturally run to Rock it?

#### CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Last Friday, (which, if our readers will take the trouble to think about it, was the 16th of March,) Our 'Bout Town Reporter brought in an account in the vicinity of a mile and a half in length, of the Celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and of the dinner given by the Friendly Sons of the aforesaid at the Metropolitan. If Our Reporter thinks we are going to publish this he is very much mistaken. We haven't the remotest idea of getting out a Supplement on his account, nor do we think very seriously of writing him a cheque for \$325 00, which, at our magnificent rates of payment, would be the price of his article. We have relented so far, however, as to print a part of his Report.—Eds.

#### [FIRST EXTRACT.]

The cloth being removed the President proposed the regular toasts of the evening, as follows:—

#### I.

"The Invintor of the Day we cilibrate."

Music. *Air*:—"St. Patrick was a gentleman."

#### II.

"The Shamrock Queen—Victoria. On the stim of ould Ingland there grows, like laves on a shamrock, the sister countries, ould Ireland, ould Scotland and ould Wales."

Music. *Air*:—"Three blind mice"

#### III.

"The presidin' Genius of these United States—J. B."

Music. *Air*:—"Turn about, fling about and jump Jim Crow."

And so on to LXVI.

Immense applause greeted each toast. At the conclusion there were loud calls for Doctors Keel, Kale, Ca-ill and Ca-hill, whereupon the last gentleman arose and spoke substantially as follows: Ladies and Gentlemen—To-day is Saint Patrick's, Day, I'm sure. Or rather there is a good deal of doubt as to whether it is or it isn't. Some say it is and there is more say it isn't. If you'll read the Saint's autobiography you'll very likely conclude that it is, but then if you read it a second time more attentively you'll be mighty apt to believe that it isn't. History seems to favor both parties equally, especially one; probably out of love for the row the question begets.

I am happy in meeting so many friends here to-night, as there is something prying on my mind I would like to be rid of. It is this: There's one of these hebdomadal weekly Punches in this city which takes upon itself to twist wrong meanings out of sundry private letters sent by me to the Dublin newspapers at home. This is a dangerous paper. It is an inimical friend to liberty of speech. A man can't inform his acquaintance that he is "very well, I thank you!" but he is at once jerked up by the young juvenile scribblers who edit it and paraded, like a military company, from one end of the country to the other at his own expense. This is deserving of censure. Is it for this that I crossed the dark, blue, deep, briny waters of the Atlantic, etc.

#### [SECOND EXTRACT.]

Loud calls were now uttered for Bennett. Then Bennett, of Bennett's *Herald*:—He regretted that he was not an Irishman. He was a proud man, but would have been prouder still could he have been born on that Green Turf—in the Gem of the Sea. He could not account for the fact of his not being a Hibernian, unless that he was wanted for another country. His father, like Norval's, "fed his flocks on the Grampian Hills—a frugal swain." He himself had, for years past, fed his poekets on the Washington Heights—a peaceful swain. He fully agreed with Dr. C. in his sharp allusions to the SCORPION of the New-York Press. In conclusion he begged to state that he had that day found another "Man For Charleston." The editor of the *Freeman's Journal* wished to know whether the latter was not also "The Man For Galway?"

[Laughter, at which the Editor blushed.]

Here our good nature gave out.—Eds.

Motto for the Expelled Free Negroes of the South.

"Westward Hoe!"





## EFFECTS OF THE PUGILISTIC MANIA.

YOUNG LADY (*indignantly*).—How's this, Mr. Bodgers? I don't get my *Clipper* regularly.

That Gridiron Bill.

This bill, so happily defeated last week, is a splendid specimen the legislative absurdities that the Spoilers of Albany attempt—with only too frequent success—to cram down the Metropolitan throat. The city railroad car is a nuisance only second to the everlasting omnibus, and New York will never be decently navigable until the Hansom cab becomes an institution here. We are thoroughly glad that this network railroad scheme was a failure, and we wonder that George Law, of all other men, had the assurance to propose it. What can he want of a Gridiron, when it is well known that the *Herald* Cooked his Goose for him, long ago?

## OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

BLODGER'S BAR-PARLOR, }  
Exeter Hall, London, 1 March, 1866. }

With all the means of information undoubtedly possessed by them as to the great question of the day—the Fight—your sporting papers have strangely let slip some capital anecdotes connected with the interesting men who may be characterized as the hooks upon which the eyes of their respective countries are at present fastened. I need hardly say that I allude to the bold Benicia Boy and the stalwart Sayers. Let me devote a few lines to the subject.

Dropping in at Vicious Fosberry's the other night, I found a distinguished party there assembled, including L—d P—m—rst—n and the B—sh—p of L—nd—n, the occasion being that of a visit from the Benicia Boy, on the sly from his training grounds, to taste the invigorating XXX for which the sporting rendezvous in question is so justly renowned. Grantley Berkeley was there too. That celebrated Nimrod—who, for his exploits among the bison-herds of the far West, has been elevated to the dignity of a chief among the Caribboo Indians, by a *soubriquet* which being translated means, "The Cowcatcher"—made some sportive remarks in the course of the evening, in which he alluded to the Boy as the "Young American Ajax." At this expression, old Lank Flannikin, a veteran bruiser, notorious for his truculent disposition and knotty knuckles, fired up. Lank has a grudge against Sayers, and wants the Boy to whip him, guided by which principle, he expressed a floridly constructed wish that he might be blown and otherwise uncomfortably disposed of, if he'd sit by, like a muf and hear any friend of his called a "Young American Jackass." This might have led to

serious results but for the timely interposition of Caddy Ossmonger, who explained that the party alluded to was Hayjacks, a son-in-law of the lamented Butcher of Bethnal Green. Confidence was restored by this explanation, backed by a humorous speech from the Boy, in which he introduced a quotation from Horace with great effect. By-the-bye, have you not a sporting journal in your city called the *St. Leger*?—edited, I think, by one Bonhcur, or some such name, a great trotting-horse man? *On dit*, here, that the Benicia Boy, if victorious, is to be engaged as a contributor to that paper at a fabulous rate of compensation.

Rumor intimates that Sayers' mind is much affected by the circumstance of his never having yet succeeded in obtaining an interview with his antagonist. It is a curious fact that pugilists, when "out of sorts," spread their melancholy to dry on art, and become painters. Thus with Jem Ward, whose landscapes have long been the theme of connoisseurs—his mental obliquity being suggested only by his azure skies, which are firmly painted in with emerald green, and his red cows, which are produced by glazings of cobalt over indigo. And so with Sayers, whose mind has become so impressed with one idea that he has lately embodied on canvas his impression of what the Boy must be—a veritable *enfant terrible*, of supernatural proportions, armed to the neck with knife and revolver. This gem belongs to Sir Culling Eardley, who declared, in his place in the House, that he would not have it copied for a "wilderness of monkeys." Sir Culling is a sharp man, but your countryman who filched the enclosed photograph is a sharper—for he disguised himself as a lock-mith, and got his Negative in spite of the Baro-net's positive. Bird's Eye.



THE BENICIA BOY, AS HE APPEARED TO THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN A VISION.

The Natural Effect of the Gridiron Bill.  
A great many small Broils at Albany.



[MARCH 24, 1860.

# VANITY FAIR.



## DISHED.

LIVE-OAK GEORGE :—HANG IT ALL ! THAT CONFOUNDED WEED HAS GONE AND BROKE MY GRIDIRON !







## NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE GOSSIP.



N offensive creeping thing that is encountered in society of all qualities, rearing its wrinkled front at tea-

tables and attaining a terrible degree of strength and ferocity at large boarding-houses.

The Gossip is chiefly valued by naturalists for the great length of its tongue and the sharpness of its sight. By the latter it is enabled to detect its prey afar off, and clearly to distinguish objects through the smallest apertures, such as key-holes. Perhaps it is the spectacles the Gossip nearly always wears that cause it to magnify everything it sees. Horrible distortions of facts are quite in its way. Its sense of hearing is almost as acute. A word whispered, perhaps in the sacred confidence of friendship, is instantly caught by the Gossip and exaggerated into a whole volume—not of sound simply, but of meaning as well.

Reputations are its favorite food. These, however fair and beautiful, it loves to mangle and mutilate. It, moreover, has an insatiable maw for well-broken youthful attachments, and darts its poisonous fangs into the opening buds of affection and sympathy.

The mode of attack adopted by the Gossip is as cowardly as it is cruel. Often while seemingly most playful and affectionate it is inflicting fatal injury upon the unconscious victim.

The Gossip reaches a great age, but is true to the instincts of its deceitful and hateful nature to the last, although its cunning is such that in most cases it manages to elude pursuit.

## IMPORTANT PUBLICATION EXPECTED.

A work of great value and interest to the business, as well as to the literary world will probably soon be issued from the office of the *Home Journal*. Its title, we believe, has not yet been decided upon, but will undoubtedly be "The Complete Puff-Writer;" or "Puffing Considered as One of the Fine Arts;" or "The Aesthetics of Advancing;" or something of equal import. It will be made up of selections from the numerous ingenious achievements of Mr. N. P. Willis in the elegant art of concealed puffery. The original plan, which was to have embodied in one volume all that this gentleman has accomplished in the same line, was set aside, on account of the enormous amount of material on hand. Great care will, however, be taken to secure the most admirable specimens. It is expected that they will be divided into appropriate sections, under significant headings, as:—"The Moral Puff," "The Puff with Humor," "The Medical Puff," "Puffs for the Pure in Heart," "Puff on the Understanding," &c., &c. A chapter devoted to "The Modest Puff" was contemplated, but was necessarily abandoned, the author never having produced anything of that order. Those puffs which are looked upon as the most effective and profitable, will be designated by some special mark of recognition. We give a specimen of one of these, from a recent number of the *Home Journal*. Its elaborate artifice can be discovered only by minute examination.

The article advertised is the Bronchial Troche, a subject not easy for poetic or dramatic treatment. But Mr. Willis's fecund imagination overcomes all such difficulties. Here we have a paragraph of passing rhetorical sweetness, a moderately jocose phrase deftly infused, and a carefully wrought allusion to a much lamented man of letters, which gives tone to the entire production. Mr. Willis relates a circumstance of one of his visits to Washington Irving:—

"The honored invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviate I had lately chanced upon myself for a similar trouble—asking accidentally for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary's shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for three notes in the gamut. I contrived to call to memory the Ossawatimytic inscription on the box, ('Brown's Bronchial Troches,') and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. Irving called on one of his nieces, (explaining aside, 'this is my doctor,') to remember the name of the medicine."

This may be considered as perfect in its way. It combines with subtle skill every element of success. It as far surpasses the Russia Salve and Granville Stokes styles of advertising, clever as they are, as the refined operations of the educated professor of legerdemain surpass the vulgar tricks of the vagrant bar-room magician. The work, when it appears, will be received with the applause that always waits on successful ingenuity and profitable sharp-practice.

## Advertisement.

The public is respectfully informed that a great change having been experienced by the proprietors of *Punch*, it is their intention to publish that paper, in the future, on a new, and, it is believed, a better plan.

They cannot view, with indifference the serious turn the world is taking, and deeply regretting that the columns of *Punch* should have hitherto been lent only to the diffusion of profane and unseemly hilarity, they are determined that hereafter they shall be entirely free from all entertainment.

They pledge themselves to spare no reasonable expense or endurable pains to give the paper a tone which will commend it to sober and discreet persons.

All light and frivolous matter will be rigorously excluded, and the great questions of the day will be treated with becoming gravity. Constant scrutiny will be exercised over the style as well as the subject of its contents, and indications of gaiety will be instantly checked, while it is hoped, by industry and perseverance, to approach nearer the high standard of the religious press.

To this end, the proprietors have felt it to be their duty to dispense with the services of those reckless and abandoned writers, whose shocking flippancy and heartless disregard of the solemn interests of society have made the very name of *Punch* a reproach. While they entertain no hostile sentiment to these vain wits and empty jesters, they cannot but express a hope that they may speedily be brought to a realizing sense of the weighty obligations resting upon them at this crisis in the world's history. It affords them genuine pleasure to announce, in this connection, that they have already engaged a corps of the heaviest contributors, who, although not so distinguished for earnest devotion as the

REV. C. H. SPURGEON!

or the

REV. DR. CUMMINGS!

have led lives blameless and correct in all particulars, and can, with safety, challenge competition on the point of seriousness. The public is assured that none of them has ever been guilty of a pun, a fling, or any other breach of decorum, and that all are incapable of a play upon words, or any other worldly expedient for creating a laugh. As metaphysicians, statisticians, and moral philosophers, they need only to be known to be appreciated.

Particular attention will be given to the religious and scientific movements of the day, in treating which, (as well as all important questions in social ethics, etc.,) care will be taken to employ no terms but those of kindly interest and deep concern for the welfare of the whole human race.

Although to effect this radical reformation, time and patience will be required, the proprietors may point to the latest numbers of *Punch*, as guarantees of the future course of the paper. By a skilful employment of the means at their disposal, they are encouraged to believe that their paper will eventually arrive at that degree of excellence, where it will cease to provoke the faintest smile. They ask the support of all serious-minded persons.

## "Sylvan" Wit.

A Peoria critic thinks Mr. Hawthorne's "Faun" should be reviewed Satyrically. We suggest the present clerk of the House as the reviewer.

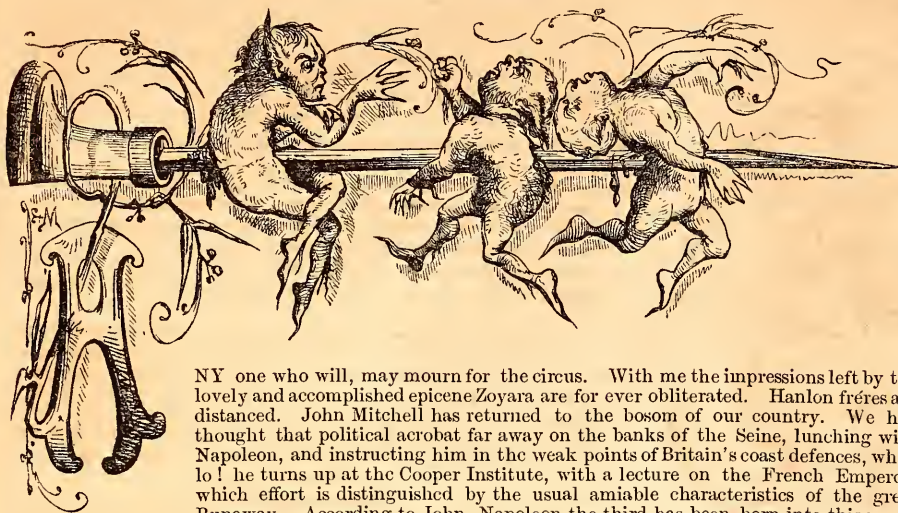
## Query for Dramatic Authors.

Can a man's Plays be considered as his Works?

Why is the Well of Jacob like a Dutchman's Brewery?  
Because He Brews drink there.



## HERE AND THERE.



NY one who will, may mourn for the circus. With me the impressions left by the lovely and accomplished epicene Zoyara are for ever obliterated. Hanlon frères are distanced. John Mitchell has returned to the bosom of our country. We had thought that political acrobat far away on the banks of the Seine, lunching with Napoleon, and instructing him in the weak points of Britain's coast defences, when lo! he turns up at the Cooper Institute, with a lecture on the French Emperor, which effort is distinguished by the usual amiable characteristics of the great Runaway. According to John, Napoleon the third has been born into this world expressly for the purpose of invading England and decapitating the British lion.

This view of things seems to have been highly relished by the intelligent and cultivated audience that listened to the urbane lecturer. The applause fell thick whenever the fatal destiny of the unhappy Bull was alluded to. "A Napoleon on the throne of France," says J. M., "did bodc ill to the present aristocracy and crown of England, (applause.)" "England and France would soon be at war—(cheers)—both of them felt it (cries of 'good' and renewed cheering.) How good this must have made all the Celtic patriots feel! "Ha!" cries Captain O'Mulligan, who keeps the grog-shop in Cedar-street, and wears a wonderful green uniform on festival days, "Ha! Now it's coming, you haughty English tyrant: say your prayers, for your hour has arrived. John Mitchell has doomed you. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" and the gallant Captain goes back to his groggery, and distributs his three cent poison as usual.

But J. M., not content with foreseeing the Gallic avalanche that is to sweep over the British Isles, hints darkly and awfully at the terrific chastisement that awaits perfidious Albion at the hands of his wronged countrymen. Hear him: "There are 500,000 tall men in Ireland, and I believe that whether under the green flag or the tri-color, they would not much care which, they would ask no better holiday than a fair field, on a fine day, with the whole British army within point blank range, (enormous cheering.)"

Passing over the little circumstance, that in 1848, when J. M. was transported, the 500,000 tall men did not exhibit that anxiety for combat that they doubtless possess at this moment, I feel sorry that the able lecturer did not enter more fully into the details of the irrepressible conflict that is evidently at hand. Not wishing the public to be disappointed, I have obtained, with some trouble, the entire plan of the coming movement, and embody it in the following

## PROGRAMME:

On a given day—weather permitting—500,000 Irishmen, armed to the teeth with shillelagh and reaping-hooks, will meet the entire British army on the Curragh of Kildare, H. R. H., the Duke of Cambridge having kindly recalled the troops at all the foreign and colonial stations, in order to meet the views of the Irish generals. The Irish army will be commanded by Smith O'Brien. John Mitchell will have charge of the left wing, and Thomas Francis Meagher of the right. Lunch having been served at one o'clock, P. M., at two precisely the order to advance will be given to both armies. The Life Guards will charge, and the Royal Artillery will sweep the field with grape. But nothing will be able to resist the impetuosity of the brave Irish, and at 4 o'clock, P. M., the English army will be put to flight. On this occasion, at half past four, the Duke of Cambridge will exclaim, "all is lost but my honor," after which he will be slain in a hand to hand combat with Mitchell. The Irish army will proceed forthwith to Dublin, where, on the hill of Tara, Smith O'Brien will be crowned monarch of Ireland. The celebrated harp of this locality will be hired expressly for this occasion. Poteen will then be served to the entire nation. King O'Brien's first act will be to create John Mitchell, Prince of Parole, and Duke of Van Dieman's Land. The Prince will also be Prime Minister. On receiving his appointment, he will at once despatch a Cunard steamer to London for Queen Victoria, and in a week from that date, the unhappy lady will make her entry into Dublin in chains. She will be condemned to perpetual imprisonment on the Island of Dalkey. Prince Albert will be drowned in a butt of Hockheimer, and the cask forwarded without delay to the Duchess of Schleswig Holstein. Lord Palmerston, after having evaded pursuit for weeks, will at length be captured in Fingal's cave, and torn to pieces by wild horses in the court-yard of Dublin Castle. All the estates of the Irish gentry will be confiscated by King O'Brien, and divided among the leaders of the Young Ireland party, and as soon as order is restored, the persecuted 500,000 tall men will return to their native cabins, and dig potatoes, *da capo*. Won't this suit you, J. M.?

✠ An appalling sign has made its appearance lately in Park Row. This consists of a large sign-board on which is inscribed the annexed terrifying sentence—COURT OF DEATH. We have, it is true, been accustomed to all kinds of courts in or about this neighborhood—courts of corruption, courts of Common Pleas, which non-suited litigants may call courts of never please; Marine courts—which are very fishy indeed—Police courts, which, on account of the Muffs that preside there, might be called, suggestively, Pelisse courts; but we were quite unprepared for any such mortuary institution as a Court of Death. How is it managed I wonder? Do Minos and Rhadamanthus preside in turns? Do they employ a skeleton to serve the summonses, and are the writs headed "The People of Hades *ag* John Smith, deceased? What do the witnesses testify on? A skull I suppose. Do they issue Habeas Corpus, or Habeas Corpses from this court? Is every non-suited litigant confined in the Tombs?

I pause for a reply. To my astonishment our office-boy replies to the effect that the Court of Death is only a picture. I get the picture, and find it to be a harmless combination of pigments representing a series of interesting persons more or less occupied in endeavoring to look wretched. These persons are Allegorical, and consequently incomprehensible. We have such pleasant people as Delirium Tremens, Pestilence and Suicide. This latter gentleman the publisher kindly explains, "sinks beneath the poignant he is drawing from his own heart," though why he should be represented as drawing the weapon out, instead of plunging it in, I cannot very well understand, unless his normal condition was to have a dagger in his heart, and that self-destruction was the result of pulling it out. This Court of Death is, I am further told by the publisher, "a solemn and cheering lesson." Cheering indeed, with such company as "flushed Fever," "bloated Apoplexy," "Dropsy, with pale and swollen face," &c., &c. The great point, however, insisted on in the publisher's manifesto is that there is no skeleton in the picture. Considering the singularly bad drawing of the figures, a little anatomy I think would not have been out of place.

Signed,



## Scientific Muddle.

The Smithsonian Institute has discovered, after an investigation conducted on "the broad principles of science," that, in games of chance, the longer one plays the more he must surely lose, provided the game is "on the square." Very good! But it strikes us—a benighted outsider—that some other player must win the losings of that Smithsonian victim, (unless, indeed, he play against himself, as the Irishman did, "to kape his hand in,") and, the more obstinately bent on playing the Smithsonian is, the more of his cash will pass, "on the broad principles of science," into the pockets of his antagonists. Now we should like to hear this theory of the Institute explained, on the before-mentioned "principles," with regard to the recipients of the Smithsonian's cash. How does their rule work both ways?"

## Motto for a Gymnast.

Suffer, and be strong!

When a comet is around don't the stars run aster risks?



## LETTER FROM MISS VENUS.



O THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR:—

Dear Sir:—Having caught your admiring gaze, the other night, and therefore feeling that you take an interest in me, I am the more encouraged to carry out the design I have lately proposed to myself, of dropping you a line, on a subject of infinite concern not only to me but to the Universe in general.

At my age, one can afford to disregard the sneers of the prudish; more especially when she feels that her motives and actions will shine all the brighter for a careful scrutiny. The circle in which I move is so extensive that the slightest giddiness could be excused only on the plea of eccentricity.

I have been around a good deal, in my time; I made a figure—other than my customary ellipse—long before you were born. Why I should say it, however, I know not; certainly this is no time for trifling, or idle boasting—when perhaps I am on the verge of annihilation, in company with the other orbs that are visible from your planet. They are all equally aware of the danger; and there can be no harm in confessing that it was their suggestion which first put me upon the motion of addressing you; judging that the one who apparently is richest in friends, in the quarter whence the menace has issued, would be the most suitable medium of communication on this subject of it.

Not to weary you with preliminaries—with which, I confess, the letters of my sex are too often burdened—I will announce that our enemy is a woman—a Jewess—whose ancestors, it is well known, entertained none but the kindest feelings towards us. “Why,” says Astaroth to me, “in Job’s time they called us by name; and we’ve never done the least thing to offend them!” Perhaps the twinkling, winking, etc., to which many stars are addicted, has been construed by this formidable person—who, by the way, is called “Captain Ada Isaacs Menken Heenan”—into a piece of persistent impertinence; certainly I can think of no other possible offense, real or imaginary. I am told her husband has acquired much renown as a pugilist; and as her own title suggests anything but tameness, I own I tremble at the language she has lately seen fit to employ. There has been considerable fluttering among the smaller luminaries because of it. I will quote a few passages:—

“Oh, how long will my poor thoughts lament their narrow faculty? When will the rein be loosed from my impatient soul?”

Ah! then will I climb the blue clouds, and dash down to dust those jeweled stars, whose silent light wafts a mocking laugh to the poor musician, who sitteth before the muffled organ of my great hopes. With a hand of fire he toucheth the golden keys. All breathless and rapt I list for an answer to his sweet meaning; but the glittering keys give back only a faint, hollow sound—the echo of a sigh.

Cruel stars! to mock me with your laughing light.

Oh, see ye not the purple life-blood ebbing from my side?

But ye heed it not—and I scorn ye all!

Now I hope you will believe me when I assure you there is no prejudice entertained, in this region, against poor musicians, unless indeed they are *very* poor; in which case—making tolerable harmony ourselves—I confess it is difficult to restrain our merriment. Thus,

\* From “The Fragment of a Heart.”

we have repeatedly been diverted with the performances of the band attached to the Museum of Mr. Barnum. But I solemnly declare that neither the hot-headed organist nor the golden-keyed instrument, mentioned by the Captain, has been noticed here—the latter having been muffled to that degree that it has arrested no one’s attention. I may say the same in respect to the purple life-blood,—the flowing of which ought certainly to be rather an agreeable spectacle to such of us as remember what we are promised.

This thrust is not so terrible by itself, considering that, in the general confusion of the dashing-down, some of us might hope to escape; but when you come to the following language, you will perceive we are to have rather a severe time of it unless something is speedily done to restrain the Captain:—

“Foolish stars! ye forget that this strong soul will one day be loosed.

I will have ye in my power yet. I’ll meet ye on the grand door of old eternity!

Ah, then ye will not laugh, but shrink before me, like very beggars of light, that ye are; and I will grasp from your gleaming brows the jeweled crown—rend away your glistening garments, and hold ye up *blackened skeletons!* for the laugh and scorn of all angels; and then drive ye out to fill this horrid space of darkness that I now grovel in.”

I tremble when I think of that set-to on the door of old eternity?—which I hope is not yet really fallen. I am horribly afraid she will do as she promises, in relation to rending our garments and airing our skeletons, in that unseemly fashion, for the amusement of angels—who are not the people I take them for if they could make game of so much real distress. It isn’t pleasant to think of.

Will you be so good as to try and soothe the Captain (her very initials spell “aim!”) and persuade her to abandon her fell design, as at least to content herself with a few dozen of us? There’s Sirius; he declares he is tired of the dog’s life he is leading; and Mercury says for all he knows he might as well be boned in the way proposed as roasted to death. Leverrier, being generally half-frozen, thinks a little rough handling might warm him up very agreeably. Mars is whetting his sword, and vows it shall be a job to handle him. Of course few of us will submit without a struggle. I can scratch and bite, and am considered very good at opprobrious epithets. Saturn smiles grimly, when the subject is mentioned, and looks very ugly. Many of the stars wink significantly; and several couples which have been waltzing for ages without cessation, stopped and grinned when they heard of it.

Remembering our numbers, Mr. Editor, you perceive that the enterprising Menken has laid out no ordinary day’s work. When it is finally accomplished, and the stellar skeletons are all hung up to dry, you may imagine the grief and rage of astronomers, who will suddenly find themselves in the condition of poor Othello, with starvation in the distance, and many of them having families at that. How will the poets like it, too?—and lovers?—and mothers, whose children may have but just committed to memory the pretty poem commencing—

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star?”

I think if you were to draw up a petition to Mrs. H., you could have it numerously subscribed at short notice;—and you would certainly very cheaply earn the gratitude of the Universe in general, and in particular that of

Yours, very truly,

VENUS.

P. S. You dear good man—make it *strong*: strong as ideal punch.  
V.

#### Erudite Law-Makers.

“The people of the State of New-York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact a great many queer laws. Take, for instance, the late “Act to authorize lateral plank, turnpike, or flag-stone roads in Ulster County.” Greek is a fool to the first and second sections:—

SECTION 1. Any person or persons are hereby authorized to construct in Ulster County lateral plank, turnpike, or flag stone roads, connecting with any other plank or turnpike road, or the Delaware and Hudson Canal lateral plank or turnpike, or part plank, turnpike, or flag-stone, one or more miles, and erect a gate.

SEC. 2. The present plank and turnpike roads are hereby authorized to relay their roads with heavy flag-stones.

Authorizing roads to relay roads—governing roads—connecting with plank or turnpike roads, or part plank, turnpike, or flag-stone, one or more miles, and erecting a gate—

But this too horrible.

THE POINT OF EVERY JOKE BUT OURS







"WHAT IS IT?"

We Congratulate the South,  
And we had almost said—the public. We  
cut this paragraph from a city journal :  
"Col. Fullers "Mince Pie" is not yet  
cooked, so of course not ready for sale. The  
Colonel had no intention of going South, as  
was stated."

We make no doubt that Fuller is a pru-  
dent man, and has heard that they are hang-  
ing Northerners, farther toward the Tropics,  
for less crime than publishing twaddle.

#### What Is It ?

Having seen this question asked very ex-  
tensively and pertinaciously, of late, we beg  
leave to say that, knowing all the facts, we  
can positively answer : It is a Humbug !

#### Under which King ?

The Virginia House of Delegates has in-  
troduced a bill requiring all sojourners or  
passers through her territory to take an oath  
of allegiance. To which King must they  
swear it ? To Wise or otherwise ?

#### A Solemn Fact.

The Filibusters now in rendezvous at New  
Orleans, waiting to drop on Sierra Madre,  
ask for arms. A few weeks only will elapse,  
and they will want legs more.



WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW ?

### PROSPECTUS.—TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA.

#### A MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE.

THE schoolmen have been much exercised of late by the Dic-  
tionary war. "A Webster! A Webster!" and "Worcester to the  
rescue!" have been the battle-cries heard even above the cannon of  
Nap. 3d, or the roars of the Papal bulls.

This wordy combat has given the subscriber an idea, which he  
desires to offer the public the benefit of, through the columns of  
VANITY FAIR.

From much intercourse with the ladies, he is convinced that  
great injustice has been done them by Lexicographers. They—the  
fair ones—ought to have a special Dictionary. They speak a lan-  
guage eminently their own; incomprehensible to the uninitiated.  
The uninitiated being that monster at large—Man.

The subscriber proposes to devote himself to this good work, and  
to compile and publish, *A Dictionary of words and phrases, as used by  
the women of America, in the 19th Century, defined by the relative standards  
of the male vocabulary.*

To this end, the subscriber solicits the aid of his countrywomen.  
He begs each and all to send him a list of such peculiar words or  
idioms as, within their own knowledge, are used to convey mean-  
ings different from the established definitions of Webster or Worces-  
ter. With a view to stimulate the zeal of the *collaborateuses*, the  
subscriber offers the following unprecedented premiums—to wit :—

To every lady sending twenty approved definitions of as many  
feminine expressions, an elegant copy of the Dictionary, gilt-edged  
—when it appears. To every contributor of ten or more, less than  
twenty, a costly steel engraving, expressly executed for any pur-  
pose. To every contributor of five or more, less than ten—the sin-  
cere thanks of the subscriber, and the privilege of having her ini-  
tials attached to her contributions. All contributors of less than  
five will receive the thanks, equally sincere,—without the addi-  
tional privilege.

In order to develope his idea more fully, the subscriber presents  
below a few examples of the style and matter wanted from the  
lady contributors :—

*Feminine words, etc.*

Awful. Awfully.

All over everything.

*Definitions according to male vocab.*

1. Great, unbecoming, unfash-  
ionable. *Ex:* a bore, a mous-  
tache, a dress, etc. 2. Very, slight-  
ly, somewhat, more or less. *Ex:*  
cold, warm, tall, short, slow, fast,  
stupid, vexatious, etc.

Drops of liquid, or minute frag-  
ments of solids falling upon ap-  
parel, carpets, table-cloths, etc.,  
and covering spaces varying from  
a square inch to a foot, are said  
to be "all over everything."

Arrange things.

Cleaning House.

Dear.

Five minutes.

Gracious! Goodness! Mercy!

Horrid.

In a moment.

Lovely, to love.

Shameful. Scandalous.

To place or secrete articles in  
corners, cupboards, or wherever  
they will require much inconven-  
ient search and removal when  
wanted.

Language is impotent to define  
the pandemonium indicated by  
these two words.

A chameleon word, used in every  
mood, but chiefly sarcastic, and  
applied to the partner of her bo-  
som.

Any period from half an hour  
to half a day, according to who  
waits and what is waited for.

Exclamations delicately insinu-  
ating delight, alarm or surprise.

Synonymous with Awful

Ditto with five minutes.

1. Agreeable, elegant, tasteful,  
artistic, clever. *Ex:* a walk, a  
piece of furniture, a bonnet, a  
voice of prima donna, a picture,  
etc. 2. To admire, to be fond of,  
to rather like, to desire. *Ex:* land-  
scapes, poodles, cream-cakes, a  
set of diamonds, etc.

Any extravagance, flirtation, or  
kindred folly which the fair speak-  
er has been unable to compass,  
and in which a rival has suc-  
ceeded

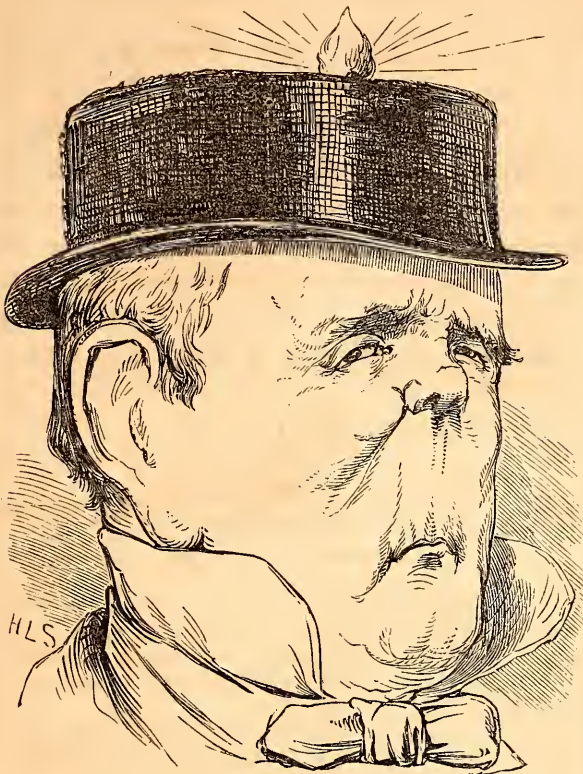
The subscriber has written the above definitions with considerable  
diffidence and hesitation, feeling his inability to translate fully the  
mysteries of the feminine dialect, but they are merely offered as in-  
dices of the manner in which he wishes the contributions to be  
made. He concludes by earnestly entreating the coöperation of  
the ladies in this immense (speaking femininely) enterprise, and by  
requesting that all communications be addressed—to this office—to  
their most obsequious servitor,

PHINEAS S. PHYNKS, L.F.

George Law's Railroad-Signal.

Signal Failure.





THE HEAD OF THE NATION.

#### NATURAL HISTORY. THE STREET WALKER.

Of all God's creation the most pitiful object.

Of all God's creation the most sorry and most sacred object.

Of all beings made in the Divine likeness, given a sense of immortality, an eye for the stars at midnight and the sun at noon, an ear for the murmur of the Spring and the deep cry of the mighty sea, rocked babe of the Great Mother, given a voice for the utterance of the things of the heart,—the one only whose eyes are never turned to heaven, whose ears are sealed to the spherical sounds, whose voice, untuned, rattles over a dry bed.

Of all a little lower than the angels, the one only that wants the death of any brute. The only one, Our Father help her! that would have no flowers pointing with fragrance to her grave, no stone to stay the stranger's heel from trampling down her dust. Only to lie quietly, never to wake when this is over.

The Street-Walker haunts all the places of men. The city, with its walls so high that they veil the face of the sun, with stones that never cry out, and mingled sounds that drown the still small voice, is her only home. She has a memory of another scene, now and then. While it is light, and she lurks in her covert, shrinking from the searching eye of day, it sometimes crosses her mind—a still and peaceful land—cape, fields, a brook, a white church, a cottage with the vines about it, and there, under the tall trees before the door, with the sunset touching his thin face with glory, and the pleasant air blowing through his white hair, an old man fondling a child upon his knee, a child whose large eyes are turned trustful and truthful into his, and whose golden tresses embrace his neck. But she curses this vision, and drowns it with fire!

If the Street-Walker ventures out into the brilliant tide of happy and hopeful life that rises and falls in the favorite promenade, she is followed by black and angry glances. As if her breath were poison, as if her touch were certain taint, fine ladies shrink away at her approach, wives and mothers blush with indignation as they see her, and holy men rebuke her with stern contemplation. Through all her disguises—be her veil as thick and impenetrable as that which hides her destiny, be her garments those of deepest contrition and most suppliant sadness—bet your life the fellows know her! The gentlemen so proud and handsome, picking petted teeth or caressing beautiful moustaches at the hotel fronts, or lounging with large eyes and graceful canes over the pave, exchange brief

but pertinent phrases as she goes by, wearily perhaps; and, if none of their up-town friends are in sight (of which they are careful first to assure themselves), bestow upon her a few sly familiarities, of which they have an ample vocabulary.

When it is dark! Who does not know that figure, so laboriously light, of such ghastly gaiety, decked with the sacrificial tokens, flowers and jewels—a bloom in her cheek, but not the bloom of health and innocence; a light in her eye, but not the light of hope—flashing by there under the gas? Now she walks erect and bold. Now she laughs a sharp and furious laugh. Now her voice strikes a dismal pain to the heart still beautiful in purity, still tender in mercy. Now Society shuts its eyes and its doors and prays to the God of the outcast for the Street-Walker out in the Night.

Dear friends, no. Gentlemen in front of the hotels, no. Careful shepherds, ladies whose necks are so lovely and laces so light, mothers that some of us remember, sisters that some of us love,—No.

A Descent is just made upon them by a posse of the Mayor's police—the same Mayor, dear friends, who, when a great many complaints are preferred at his office, by sewing-girls and other operatives, who allege that their employers cheat them out of their wages, (see the *Times* of March 21), observes that "he can do nothing for them"—and the *Herald* tells all about it in a story which it is a stirring thing for respectable citizens to glance over at breakfast. The reporter shows up the "vile creatures" in all their monstrous rapacity, and follows them to the station house in the gentle clutch of Captain Turnbull's posse with virtuous rejoicing. The *Herald* says that the "Baby story did not take." The "baby story," dear friends, was told by nearly one-half of them. It was only that they had little children at home who might die without them.

The Street-Walker, although spurned by all good people, and driven out, branded with shame, from all pure circles; although taken up not tenderly by His Honor's police; although put out to die like a worn beast,—when her laugh gets hollow and her eye dull, seldom takes any other revenge than an over-dose of laudanum, or a plunge that only the droning watchman and the creatures of the midnight hear, into the black stream.

Indeed it is said that to the very destroyer of her peace and happiness—him who turned her destiny out of the light into the eternal shadow—she is often true to the last,—following him with longings and benedictions, and breathing his name last of all.

#### A TRIBUTE TO THE HOUSE.

CALLED FORTH BY A RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF COMMON SENSE.

A grateful nation sends its thanks

—May they their destination reach—

To those who, in the House, ordained

The late Impediment in Speech.

No more shall noisy babblers sound,

Day after day, their senseless screech;

To "short allowance" now they're bound,

Restrained to just one hour each.

And now the House may, if it choose,

Its dingy record somewhat bleach:

Push on to business; heed no more

Of all this overflow of speech;

Check the Ohio member's brawl,

Of the new rule permit no breach;

Keep sharp look-out on one and all,

And give them but their hour each.

Let no man make himself again

Of public time the Sponge and Leech.

Pity the bleeding treasury,

And, like the Speaker, make no speech.

You'll find it, if you only try,

As well to practise as to preach;

It will come easier by-and-by,

This rule that's now so hard to teach,

This golden rule,—One Hour Each.

#### Why Not Have Cabs, Then?

In a certain cheerful work called a Thesaurus, we find the words "Carriage," and "Mien," set down as synonyms. Doubtless, this refers to the Hackney-Carriages that encumber our metropolis—they are certainly synonymous with everything that is Mean.

#### Con. for Parents.

How should a father bring up his children to avoid the Seats of Depravity?

Bring them up Standing!



DO SO BY ALL MEANS.



return to their "native sod" on that occasion, we should say it would be a rather good thing to do, especially if they should take a large consignment of their fellow-countrymen over with them,—and forget to bring them back.

## THE SWEET CHARITY OF BOSTON.

We are in the habit of looking toward Boston for all sorts of goodness in small packages. We may not receive any large invoices from that favored place, but we are always sure of the quality. It is well known that when a moral fall happens in those crooked streets, not only the Samaritans, but even the Priests and Levites, make a sudden rush for the unfortunate, and that they do actually impede each other in the struggle to apply the balmy oil.

All readers of the public journals know that quite often men are pricked with a sharp remorse at the memory of pecuniary misdeeds, and that under the influence of such pricking they sometimes refund, in a covert manner, the money of which they have cheated individuals or the public revenue. Thus, the Chancellor of the English Exchequer is perpetually occupied in acknowledging the receipt of previously unpaid income-taxes from tender-conscience subjects of Her Majesty. Therefore, we were not startled when we saw by the following "Card" that some man in Boston had gone and done likewise; but we certainly were not prepared for the exceeding kindness with which the reparation was received. Let it be known to all:—

A CARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER: The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of an anonymous letter enclosing two dollars, which sum the writer declares he obtained fraudulently, and now restores. If the writer had made payment in person, and disclosed the unworthy means by which he obtained the money, so that future frauds of a like nature might be guarded against, it would have been more satisfactory. The debt will be discharged in full if the interest has been computed and added.

DANIEL DRAPER.

How soothingly, with what a gentleness, does this, our Daniel Draper, write! The words of his pen exha'e myrrh and sweet odors! Take note of the tender reproach implied in the suggestion that the writer ought to have called on Daniel Draper! Mark the loving kindness with which he forbears to use harsh words, glossing over the unfortunate original transaction by speaking of "frauds" and "unworthy means"! What ineffable love, tinged with an irrepressible humor, in the closing hint that the compunctious man might have been more explicit in his figures! We must suppose that the offender did not thoroughly know Daniel Draper; else, would he not have seized with rapture the opportunity of calling on that milky humanitarian in his counting-room, instead of sending an anonymous letter? It was not shrewd in Daniel Draper to show so clearly his disposition as he has done in the "Card"; he must watch his cash-box with a hundred eyes hereafter; for his written words will set crowds at him, each man striving to defraud him for the sake of sharing in similar droppings of his love. The chilling East wind may blight the peach-blossom, the fogs from the sea may obscure the sun which rises chiefly to shine on the State House; but Boston's sweet charity flourishes ever, the light of Christian love still gladdens her people. So may it be!

A Tale more Harrowing than any of Sylvanus Cobb's.  
The tail of Clark Mills' Equestrian statue.

[Private.]

OFFICE OF *Vanity Fair*,  
113 Nassau Street.

New York, March 23d, 1860.

*Vanity Fair*, though it has differed in its time with Mr. Cochrane, now begs to present its compliments, and to thank him, in the name of all poor and friendless women, for the ability and perseverance which he has devoted to the establishing of a Law "For the protection of Female Emigrants."

TO

Hon. John Cochrane, M. C.,

Washington, D. C.

## THE DOOM OF THE IRON LAW; OR, THE GOBLIN GRIDIRON.

BY KILVANUS SOBB, JR.

## CHAPTER I.

The fatal hour had struck.

The gloomy Halls were filled with solemn Senators, and rapacious Reps. Vote after vote howled grimly through the darkling air. Bill upon Bill crept with the assassin's stride along the shadowy rows of desks.

"Ha! ha!" and the walls shook with the mighty blast, as the stalwart form of the Wizard of the Gridiron brandished aloft his goblin weapon. "Ha! ha! Ye are mine! Body and soul!"

And the ghastly echoes answered, "Body and soul!"

The fiery Gridiron whirled fearfully around the heads of the Rapacious Reps, and discharged legions of invisible fiends wrapped in grimy bank-notes, into the Reps' capacious pockets.

The spell worked!

The eyes of the Wizard gleamed with horrid triumph, as, shaking out a Map of New-York City, he pointed with demon finger to the black lines of Iron Doom that ran snake-like through its fated streets.

And still the Gridiron did its stealthy work.

"Ha! ha! Ye are won at last!" shouted the Wizard.

And the Reps bowed and kissed the mighty Gridiron, and clutched the demons in their pockets with a ghastly smile.

The hour struck again.

And the Wizard strode among the solemn Senators, waving the mystic Gridiron.

But at this moment a bright form, arrayed in robes of sparkling Newspaper, and bearing "a banner with the strange device"—"Public Spirit," flashed into the hall, and stalking majestically up to the solemn senators, he confronted the affrighted Wizard. The Gridiron shook in the magician's grasp. The solemn Senators scowled doubtfully on him, when, in a voice, clearer than the tones of the New York Herald, the Bright-robed Visitor cried

This is all of this splendid and fascinating story that will be published in these columns. The conclusion of this unparelled drama, every chapter of which intensifies in interest, will only be found in the pages of the '*New York Cadger*,' of which Mr. Sobb is the exclusive Romancer. Be sure to ask for the '*New York Cadger*' of March 31st, and the succeeding numbers for five years (one every week), at the expiration of which period, either the story of the "*Goblin Gridiron*," or Mr. Sobb himself—will be finished.

## Sentiment by our own Poet.

Everything has its poetical aspect: in Jersey, where Applejack is the national beverage, toddy-blossoms might be called Apple-Blossoms.

## Refreshing Modesty.

The Herald says that the art of scolding has been brought to perfection by Wendell Phillips. O, Pryor!

The Aggressive Politician's Inquiry.  
Is Mexico going to Cede?



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

The *Herald* of the 21st inst., in the course of its editorial columns, asked itself this question, (having probably grown tired of putting it to its more enterprising contemporaries), and considered it to itself after a fashion beginning thus:

"Almost every day we are able to lay before our readers a budget of intelligence of the greatest importance. Indeed, so accustomed has the public become to look for its diurnal astonisher, that it has almost ceased to be shocked or surprised at anything. . . . Inform the general reader that the French Emperor has seized Savoy, and thinks of giving the Pope power over the Romagna, after all; that the distinguished representative of the Five Points is a great lion among the English bruisers; that &c., &c., &c. . . . And the only reply is, after the Turkish manner of answering a question, What next?"

Or:

Inform the general reader that, after having cringed in the dust at James Buchanan's feet, obsequiously minded every cock of his disconnected eye, covered him all over with a loathsome coating of penny-a-line flattery, befouled his opponents, and fairly earned the office of little dog to run between his legs—having, indeed, assured the general reader he is the "only man for Charleston," the tough old J. G. B. now endorses and goes its whole length of bunting for the last man, totally neglecting his master,—and the only reply is, What Next?

Inform the general reader that he has found some new and helpless object upon which to exhaust the spleen of his nature—a woman, or a colored oysterman—and still he will say, What Next?

Inform the general reader that, having become nervous and peevish with extreme age, he could not stand the fun of *VANITY FAIR*, and thought he would crush it, and the reply will still be, What Next?

Inform the general reader that the *Herald* has got one really fresh and interesting piece of news, and all he will say, in a loud and anxious voice, will be, What Next?

## PORK AND PERFDY.

A most affecting case of desertion and cruelty is recorded by the *Detroit Free Press*. It is designated a "Breach of Promise" case; but whether a breach of promise of marriage, or breach of promise of pigs, it is difficult to decide. A woman declared before one of the Police Justices, that she had for a long time devoted herself to a certain man, on the strength of six little pigs, which he had given to her. She regarded this significant present as a sufficient indication that his intention was honorable and his purpose marriage. She had placed great confidence in him, and had cherished the lively symbols of his supposed affection with much tenderness. And, as they grew, and grew, so grew her love for the giver, until, like the briar-bush from Lord Lovel's breast, "it could n't grow any higher." About that time, she desired to carry out the metaphor of the song by "twisting herself into a true lover's knot" with the original possessor of the six little pigs; but he, curiously enough, could n't quite see it, or, in other words, appeared disposed to go back on her. Nor was this the full extent of his heartless conduct; for, watching his opportunity, he seized one day upon the six little pigs—which had now grown to be six very big little pigs, full of promise for the future, and nearly ripe for martyrdom—and drove them away to his own house, with the announcement that his swine should be her swine no longer, but that thenceforward they should be part and parcel of his household, and should feed uninterruptedly upon the refuse of his table until death should them sever. Then swelled her woman's heart with honest wrath. Revenge pointed her the way to the office of the Police Justice, before whom she laid all the particulars of the affair, including the pigs. It is truly a touching story. The *Free Press* withholds the names of the parties, probably out of regard to the feelings of the pigs, who might otherwise be drawn into an unenviable notoriety. But we trust the world may know the termination of the case. We are anxious to learn whether the faithless abductor of pigs will keep the lady's heart and give her back the live-stock, or retain the live-stock and give her back her heart. Though now bereft of pigs, it is to be hoped she will yet save her bacon; and in case the final settlement should be distasteful to her, we would recommend a pilgrimage to Cincinnati, where, we will answer for it, she will find many of the inhabitants ready to plight their trough to her at any moment.

Quite Likely.

The newspapers, speaking of Madame Fabri, the prima donna about to appear here, say that she has several good qualities, and "sings with great Warinth." This must be because her voice has an uncommonly large Register!



## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

OLD LADY.—Oh! deary me! I wonder if there's any heat a-comin' up this register. I'm powerful cold.

## NOT THE RIGHT THING.

Our sentimental contributor complains that an article covering only thirty pages of that magazine, has lately been refused by *Harper's Monthly*. On looking into the matter we conceive the rejection to be extremely unjust, as the article is made up entirely of anecdotes of "a little four-year-old," a commodity in which serial has indulged to at least the extent of twenty pages per number, for a couple of years. As a specimen,—and we must declare it better than the article they have been using,—we transcribe one of the little gems:—

"A friend of ours has 'a little four-year-old' who is remarkably fond of cake. His mother, one day, in distributing the savory compound, gave a piece to his sister, 'a little three-year-old.' The little four-year-old retreated into a corner, where for a few moments he was silent, at the end of which time, it was plain that he had devoured his allotment. With hasty strides he crossed the room, to where stood the three-year-old, and in a jiffy, away went her cake, and down the throat of the four-year-old. This little four-year-old will make a great man."

This specimen will show that the article teemed with wit and humor, and should not have been rejected.

## "Say and Seal."

We see that the authoress of "The Wide, Wide World" has been writing a book with the rather singular title of "Say and Seal." Not having yet read the work, we confess to being somewhat puzzled by the name. Can it be a biography of the talking seal at Barnum's? or is it a genealogy of the family of Lord Say and Sele, with the name a little altered? Is the title in the imperative mood, and if so what's to be said, and what's to be sealed? Has it anything to do with Mr. Selah, late street commissioner, or is it in any remote degree apropos of Tom Sayers? These doubts are maddening. Whatever the "Say" may be, let us trust that the "Seal" will be read.

## Who Knows?

Is not that Consistency which is esteemed a Jewel apt to be the Consistency of Paste?



## HERE AND THERE.



make no reference whatever to the peripatetic female who, supplied with a bascaudian vessel cunningly woven of osier, proffers to our Editorial corps at noonday, the rosy-streaked spitz-bergen, or the mellow pippin. I speculate, and in all probability will continue to speculate, upon the great, insoluble mystery presented by those persons who, clad in inexplicable garments, occupy bleak sites in public resorts, and sit placidly before an apple-stand, with evidently no hope, and, as far as I can see, no chance of ever disposing of a single p m m. I want to know why they continue day after day to expose themselves to the inclemency of the weather without prospect of profit. What do they subsist on? They never transact any business—certainly none that is obvious, for I do not account the occasional cent of the nomadic boy as a mercantile transaction worthy of mention. Do they eat their own apples? I trust not, for at times I have detected a mysterious system of polish applied by the proprietors to the fruit in question, which, in my eyes, scarcely increased its attractions. I am at a loss to know at what hours they come to their place of (no) business, and when they leave. I entertain a vague theory that they are fixtures. I have never seen any indication of motion on their part, and am inclined to think that when night comes on they are boarded up by some charitable person, and left until morning, when the same philanthropist returns and takes down the shutters. I am bewildered as to how they effect their purchases of stock. I don't think that they have the slightest idea of the source of the apple. I don't believe that any one of them ever saw or heard of an orchard. It is even my opinion that they have only the most dislocated notions about cider. What they are not I know, but what they are I know not, unless they be the legitimate descendants of the Sphinx. Solemn, immutable and inscrutable they sit before their stores, gazing calmly at curious mortals like myself, who marvel at them, and pass on, while they, clad in their mystery, remain. I here personally offer a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars annual income to any one who will furnish me with an authentic autobiography of an Apple-woman.

I am the original Ruined Man. Despair sits in the first floor of my heart. I have deposited large amounts of ashes on my head, and just given an order for a new suit of sack-cloth to my tailor. All this desolation is on account of Captain Morton Price. M. P. is down on me, and calls me a monkey frequently. I am thankful to him that he did not assert that I was a Gorilla. If the Captain's style of acting invites comment, what shall be said of his inimitable epistolary style? The first sentence of a letter which he addresses to "the patrons of VANITY FAIR," through the columns of a certain sporting paper of this city, is distinguished by an originality of construction that is quite refreshing:—"To the Editor of —: Dear Sir,—May I beg the favor (an additional one to many I have received at your hands) of insertion of a reply I wish to make through the medium of your columns, to an attack made upon me by the periodical particularized above which under the heading or frontispiece of a monkey with a cigar in his mouth, has been guilty of a flagrant neglect of truth in the following would-be funny sentences." There! Isn't that enough to take a fellow's breath away? I am in an entire state of doubt as to who, or what, or which, has been guilty of the flagrant neglect; whether it is the monkey, or the frontispiece, or the cigar, or VANITY FAIR. I wonder what sort of an examination

S you will perceive, on reference to the initial, I am about to discourse of Apple-women. If I were a Frenchman, I should, of course, commence with Eve, inasmuch as all writers of that nation invariably tend, in their treatises, towards antiquity, and when they write about pen-knives, open with an allusion to Tubal Cain. But I have a contempt for Frenchmen. I have always secretly entertained a belief, incompatible with my muscular development, that I could whip any four Frenchmen that ever existed, always excepting M. Caussidière. I abstain, therefore, from all allusion to Eve, or Pomona.

I have now arrived at the mature age of forty-two. At least thirty-eight of those years have been spent in profitless speculations about Apple-women. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I allude to Apple-women that have stands, and

M. P. passed when he got his commission! I think that he must have been shaky on his grammar. M. P. is angry, it seems, because I doubt the legitimacy of his claim to being Her Majesty's servant. I confess that I cannot understand how M. P. obtained such lengthened leave of absence from his gallant regiment. Such furloughs are only granted in special cases, or when the officer has served a long term in a distant colony or possession, such as India. Neither would the Colonel of M. P.'s regiment, or H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, be pleased to learn that an English officer on full pay, or even half pay, was playing in public for money. To be sure, being a monkey I am not necessarily over intelligent, but still, to say the least of it, these things are mysterious. The gallant warrior further promises me that whenever I meet Miss Lacette I will "get nuts to crack." Miss L. is a very pretty singer, and it is quite kind of her to undertake to provide me with nuts. I am particularly attached to the Filbert.

Signed,



## The Young Gentleman's Lament.

I.

Broadway is shockingly nasty,  
The mud is slimy and slub,  
Unctuous, oozy, and pasty—  
But ah! there is never a Cab!  
My elegant French patent-leathers,  
That shone so brightly at morn,  
All unfit for such changeable weathers  
Are drabbled, foul, and forlorn.

II.

The rain in torrents is falling,  
The night is low and dark,  
But the carriages are appalling,  
That stand in a row by the Park:  
Their faded cushions are dusty,  
The winds through their broken glass sigh,  
Their curtains are ragged and musty,  
Their prices are fearfully high!

III.

And there goes a bevy of stages,  
Each with fourteen inside;  
The sight my spirit enrages;  
'Tis horrible in them to ride!  
So here I stand at the corner,  
In the mud and the pelting rain;  
No fellow was ever forlorn,  
And I can't help being profane!

IV.

The stage is a city pollution—  
The hack is, if possible, worse—  
And till Cabs are an institution,  
All travel is only a curse!  
'T would be worth a potentate's ransom  
To annihilate both with one stab—  
To do up the business handsome,  
And give us the Hansom Cab!

## New Kind of Life Preserver.

The London Court Journal says:

"The officers of the Great Eastern steamship have presented to Dr. Watson, who so nobly exerted himself to save the life of their late much-beloved commander with a handsome pipe, beautifully mounted with silver."

We regret that the *Journal* did not state what it was that was "presented to Dr. Watson," as also in what way he used "a handsome pipe," in his exertions to save his friend's life. Could it have been an Escape pipe?



## A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST.



RIGHT bright and forward young gentleman is Mr. Theodore Tilton. Tilton is his name and tilting is his profession. Republicanism of the true black, we may say the Japanese Polish variety, has in Theodore one of the firmest and least liable to be broken of ribs. If he is particularly known and beloved in Brooklyn, the letters upon Washington Irving and Mrs. John Brown which fell, exactly at proper time,

from his vigorous pen, have extended his influence and his fame far beyond the limits of that admirable suburb. He cannot be confined to Mr. Beecher's church. The Cause needs him. Therefore it was none other than he who accompanied Mr. Wendell Phillips, through a double line of policemen, upon the platform from which that meek and lowly apostle of freedom presented his Plea for the Dissolution of the Union. Therefore we find, in the report of the cheerful proceedings, this little remark :

On introducing Mr. Phillips to the audience, Mr. Tilton came forward, and said he would like to know if the ladies and gentlemen were all in good humor."

After this no other jester need go to Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher may rattle his most merry jokes from the pulpit of Plymouth, but they will not do. There is but one genuine Son of Momus, and that is T. Tilton.

Perhaps he would like to know whether the ladies and gentlemen assembled for the burial away of one they have dearly loved are "in good humor"? Perhaps he would like to know if the white-faced crowd suddenly drawn together over a form struck down by some mad hand, and grovelling in the dust, is "in good humor"? Perhaps he would be glad to be informed if the members of the happy family, called up by the cry of danger, and trembling in uncertainty of its source or true nature, only sure that their peace has been ruthlessly disturbed and their privacy ruthlessly invaded, would not be "in good humor"?

Can anybody imagine the excessive gaiety and glee of Mr. Theodore Tilton, in the event of his dear friend Wendell's plea proving successful? His "good humor," under the very circumstances which the patriot's heart has only shuddered to contemplate, would rise to a point of brilliant geniality that no common creature could resist. The very sight of him, when the foundations of our faith were crumbling to ruin, and sections were rushing against each other in bitter frenzy, and the stars and stripes torn and blotted were trailing in the dust, would be enough to raise a laugh under the ribs of Death. Amid the crash of tottering bulwarks and the desolation fast settling over the face of nature, with the wails of a hosts whose hearts broke when their Union was dissolved, ringing in the thick air, would not Mr. Theodore Tilton, seated on a pile of gory ruins twiddling his thumbs and shaking with ill-suppressed mirth, be an inspiring object to regard? Would not Mr. Horace Greeley, and Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, and Mr. W. L. Garrison, with others of the jolly ilk, be obliged to ask him to desist and mercifully respect their lives? It is indeed a terrible power that Mr. Theodore Tilton has over the risibilities of his countrymen, and we can only send out of the heart of VANITY FAIR a mild petition that he will not be as funny as he can. We could not survive it.

Con. By a Radical.

Why have the Japanese more need of Liberty than other nations? Because they lack(h)er more.

The great Question among Admiring Young Men.  
"Is it an Ella or a Fellah?"

## SIMPLE RECIPES.

## A BRILLIANT CONVERSATION.

Take a number of good sound commonplaces. Of course your object will be to disguise their taste, and give them an original flavor. Therefore mix in well all the polysyllables you can remember. Add a few difficult technicalities. Should the taste of your company be sufficiently cultivated and refined, use cynicism freely. A dash of heartlessness, a spicing of all uncharitableness, will impart zest to the appetite, while a strong infusion of the vinegar of skepticism will tickle the palate of the consumer very delightfully. Sneers at simple faith and natural purity, with clever flings at the religion of old women and dying men, may be introduced in equal proportions. A most important ingredient is the quotation from a foreign tongue of ambiguous phrases; selections from old and forgotten authors also give a certain richness to the compound, which connoisseurs know how to esteem. Formerly such insipid condiments as truth, charity and simplicity were liberally used in the composition, but now the best cooks never employ them, giving as a reason (the sly rogues!) that the market has been exhausted of those materials!

Put the whole over a very slow fire of feeling, and let it simmer with blasé elegance; an icing of conceit makes a handsome dish of it. Be very careful how you serve. Remember that the correct taste is not common to all, and endeavor to stimulate the most vulgar old-fashioned appetite to an appreciation of the new science of conversational cookery.

## Interesting to Farmers.

The *Tribune* magnanimously divulges "the secret of successful farming." An important injunction is, "don't try to grow oranges and yams at the poles." It must be understood that all successful farming has resulted from a careful adherence to this rule. The popular agricultural mind, naturally captivated by the charms of polar productiveness, has long been too intently turned in a hyperborean direction. The growth of oranges and yams in those regions has, however, been of late somewhat unprofitable. Hence the *Tribune's* warning, which comes, indeed, with peculiar aptness at this time, and will probably have a beneficial effect on the expedition of Dr. Hayes, which would otherwise undoubtedly have set sail with a very large cargo of oranges and yams, with a view to their reproduction somewhere on the luxurious shores of the Open Sea. The *Tribune's* "secret" will unveil the eye of the farmer to an entirely new state of things. Nothing, for the present, should be grown at the poles, excepting, perhaps, beans and hops, for which poles are considered requisite.

## The Seventh.

The Cleveland *Plainedealer* says that the Seventh Regiment will be invited to attend the putting-up of the Perry Statue in that city. On behalf of the Seventh—though not officially empowered to do so—we would say that the Regiment was so delighted with its trip to Washington, that it has determined on holding itself always in readiness to answer invitations from every source. We do not wish to be premature, but as no business can be done without making it known, we advise the Seventh to advertise. As a rough draft we would submit the following:

## TO THE PUBLIC.

The Seventh Regiment of National Guards, grateful for past favors, take this opportunity of informing the public that they hold themselves always in readiness to respond to calls from any source. They trust that their past reputation will be remembered, and pledge themselves to uphold it. The smallest orders thankfully received.

N. B.

By Our Enthusiastic Contributor, after seeing "Evangeline."

In Summer Gardens, roses  
Vie with the lilies fair,—  
I can hardly choose my darling  
That grows i' the Summer air!  
But in the Winter Garden,  
... That Garden of the Blest! ...  
Pretty Katie Bateman  
Is the blossom I love best!

## Fact.

If a man's Aim in this world be good, the chances are that he will Miss Fire in the next.

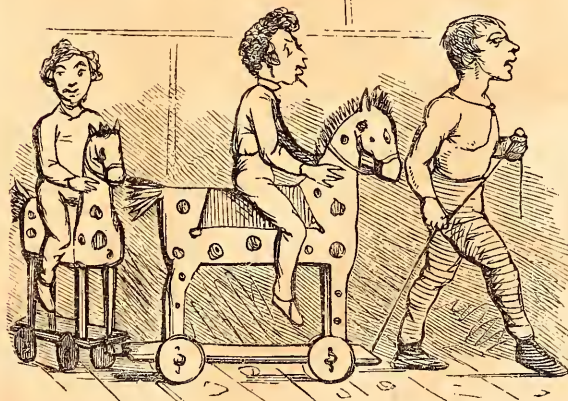


## THE COUNTER-JUMPERS' GYMNASIUM.



'TIMULATED by our gentle remonstrances, the Counter-jumpers have suddenly been inspired with an idea. Alive at last to their miserable physical condition, they have determined to follow the example of the Seventh Regiment and start a gymnasium specially adapted to their peculiar wants. We have been favored with an inspection of the establishment, and report accordingly. The apartment in which the Counter-jumpers exercise, is a fine spacious hall, handsomely decorated with show-cards, dummies, and such like ornaments. The floor is carpeted with a thick pile velvet carpet, and the walls are lined with a luxurious divan seat, where the Counter-jumper, exhausted by exercise, may recruit his energies. A bar is also attached to the institution, and the refreshments are served by a number of those females in hoops, who are the joy of the retail clerk when he disports himself in fetid concert saloons.

The apparatus consists of the usual machinery for the development of muscle, slightly altered, however, to suit those for whose use it is intended. The parallel bars are covered with a nice soft



EXERCISE OF YE YOUTHFUL JUMPER ON "YE PRANCING STEED."

padding to protect the hands from injury. So also are the rungs of the ladder, to which apparatus a lifting machine is attached in order to assist the Counter-jumper in elevating himself by the force of his arms. The dumb-bells are specially suited to the persons using them. The heaviest weighs two pounds, and they descend by scale to the weight of one ounce. There are now in the gymnasium no less than three clerks who can put up the two pound dumb-bells fairly. For the Indian Club exercise the superintendent has ingeniously substituted a game played with knitting-needles, which it is expected will answer all the purpose. Horse exercise is also a feature, and a number of trained animals have been provided for the use of the gymnasts.

These sports have already had the finest possible effect on quite a number of Counter-jumpers. Their constitutions are so invigorated by these Olympic games that they are enabled to undergo their usual nocturnal dissipations with far more impunity than usual. They can drink worse rum and smoke cheaper cigars than formerly, and one may behold their manly forms in the concert saloons of nights, swilling the festive strychnine and dallying



YE FEAT OF YE ELDERLY COUNTER-JUMPER.

playfully with those lovely nymphs, who condescend to serve the



YE AMOROUS JUMPER AT YE CONCERT SALOON.

visitors with delicate refreshments. Observe the skill with which



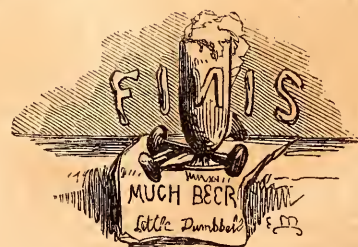
YE IDOLLE OF YE CONCERT SALOON.

our artist has caught the exquisite expression which is characteristic of the Hebe in question. The refinement of her manners is on a par with the piquante beauty of her features. Her attire is chaste, elegant and expansive; and the skill with which she makes her rigidly hooped skirts gyrate as she moves through the room, gladdens the heart of the sentimental Counter Jumper. Seen through the cloud of cheap cigar smoke, and the mediums of beer and brandy, she seems to him like some lonely goddess floating through ether, bearing in her hands the drink of the Immortals; and he leans back in his seat, and gazes at her with that stupid, sottish leer, which is his ideal of all that is expressive of tenderness and devotion. In the distance stands, it may be, the nymph's "particular friend," scowling, and muttering, but bless you, the Counter-jumper no longer fears him. Does he not go to the gymnasium and put up the two-pound dumb-bells? We have been assured by the superintendent of the Counter-jumpers' gymnasium that he expects in the course of a year to turn out at least twenty of these creatures who shall be healthy, manly, and courageous.

Bravo!



YE IDOLLE'S "PARTICULAR FRIEND."



## Worth Knowing.

"The small-pox has broken out among the Kaws."—Western Paper.

What can the Cause be?—Crow Indians?

The Very Latest from Europe.

NAPOLEON TO THE POPE. "Pray keep your seat, Sir!"



MARCH 31, 1869.]

VANITY FAIR.



WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH MEXICO.

U. S. MARINER. — Now, THEN, YOU NASTY GREASER, JUST DROP THEM HULKS AND COME ALONG WITH ME.





THE BATTLE OF BOSTON, 1775



A BAS LES POLYGAMES!

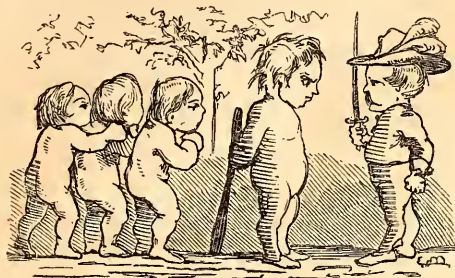
According to the *Herald*, those delectable persons the Mormons of Salt Lake City, at a recent festival, carried aloft, in procession, a banner bearing an inscription by which, we are told, they intended to characterize themselves: this—

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0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
                                The Edge Tools
                                of the
                                Almighty.
0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

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We hope the U. S. Government will set the old proverb at naught, in this case, for the Mormons are certainly Edge-tools that ought to be meddled with.



The Vanity Fair Juvenile Library.

THE publishers of VANITY FAIR beg leave to announce, that having solely in view the moral interests of the young, they have commenced the preparation of a series of works designed expressly for the rising generation. The productions of PETER PARLEY have been rigidly excluded; and it is the intention of the publishers to submit every volume to the scrutiny of the managers of the American Tract Society, and to publish nothing which is unfortunate enough to meet with their approval. The following volumes are in press. Orders from the Trade are solicited.

I.

CHARLEY'S A B C CONUNDRUM BOOK; OR THE ALPHABET MADE EASY. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

“ Why is the letter A like the Year 1861 ?

Because it is next to B.

Why is the letter B like a Post-Master?

Because it stands for Buchanan.

Why is the letter C like a naughty boy ?

Because it begins crying.

Why is the letter D like a sailor?

Because it follows the C."

## II.

TRUE STORIES FOR MY LITTLE GIRL. BY THE EDITOR OF  
VANITY FAIR.

“As Wil-li-i-am Wil-kins was walk-ing in the gar-den one day, he met his dear sis-ter and thus he did say : ‘Why is a squash like a lit-tle news-boy?’ She gave it up. ‘Be-cause,’ said this wick-ed boy, ‘the old-er he grows the more of a yell-er he will be.’ His good grand-mam-ma over-heard him, and went to bed sick with grief.”

## III.

WILLIAM'S FIRST BOOK OF UNNATURAL THEOLOGY. By  
THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

“ Thomas Jones was a naughty boy, and when asked by his parents to attend church, he replied, “ Not if he know'd it.” So he went to take a walk ; and fell down ; and tore his new pantaloons ; and his nose bled ; and he lost his knife ; and all his marbles playing with a dirty little boy near the Battery. Then he cried, and the dirty little boy said, ‘ Dry up ! ’ But he could not ; and lost his way ; and was advertised in the *Herald*. This disgrace was too much for him, and he said, ‘ He s'posed he might as well die. ’ And he did ; and then he wished he had gone with his good parents to church.

## IV.

MARY, THE LITTLE MISSIONARY. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY  
FAIR.

“ Mary’s uncle Charles came to see her, and gave her a bright gold dollar. Then Mary said : ‘ Now I will buy some candy, and some chewing gum, and a pickled lime ; and I will give Sarah Jones two cents ; and the woman on Broadway with the little baby three cents.’ But Mr. A. Sleek, that good man, heard her, and he groaned, and he said : ‘ Mary, remember the Pottawottamies !’ So she gave her dollar to good Mr. Sleek for the Pottawottamies ; and when he took it, he was kind enough to say that he wished the Pottawottamies might get it. And Mary was made a life-member of Mr. Sleek’s Society. Was not that better than a pickled lime ? ”

Y.

TOMMY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

“George Washington was the Father of his country, but it is not known who was its Mother. He was made of brass, like papa’s door-knocker, and as soon as he was finished he was put on a great brass horse, and left out in the cold, giving great grief to all who saw him. Some kind people wanted to take him down, and some said the horse was ‘no go.’ If I am a very obedient little boy, perhaps, when I die the artists will let me alone, and then nobody will laugh at me.”

## VI.

HYMNS FOR LITTLE BOYS. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

“HYMN XXVIII.

“ I am a foolish little boy,  
But when I older grow,  
For less than twelve per cent I will  
Not let my money go.

In Wall-street I will pass my days,  
And have an office there ;  
And sometimes I will be a bull,  
And sometimes be a bear.

In shaves and eornering, my time  
Shall usefully be spent ;  
So when I die the folks will say,  
‘ He was a rich old gent.’ ”

VII.

SCIENCE FOR LITTLE SHAVERS. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY  
FAIR.

“*Mrs. Multiplex.*—George, my gifted boy, will you state to me what you saw during your walk this morning?

*George*.—I will. I was paying my respects to Trivia, otherwise called Diana, the Goddess of Streets. I heard music proceeding from a cubical box. It was elicited by the revolution of a crank in the hands of an Italian. Italy is shaped like a boot, and when Napoleon III. tried it on, he put his foot in it. The minstrel was performing in andante, the music of a well-known ballad :

'I dreamed that I dwelt in Marblehead,  
With vessels and skiffs by my side.'

These words were written by Alfred Bunn, who was born in 1632, and who is still living, at the advanced age of two hundred and twenty-eight.

*Mrs. Multiplex.*—Correct, my boy, to a year! Can you illustrate the law, ‘Nature abhors a vacuum?’

*George.*—Ask the Seventh Regiment.

*Mrs. Multiplex.*—You may now devote a recess of five minutes to gymnastics, and then return to your trigonometry."

Address, VANITY FAIR OFFICE, No. 113 Nassau-street, New-York,  
and be sure to enclose the Cash!



## A TERRIBLE TIME IN BOSTON.



HERE is a one hundred dollar note, somewhere in Boston, in whose fate we feel the liveliest interest. It has no legitimate possessor; and the fact of a one hundred dollar note existing for any length of time, with no person to claim it for his own, we regard as one of the most melancholy in nature.

The history of this bit of paper is peculiar, and serves to illustrate in a degree the extraordinary

character of the Massachusetts mind. A number of Bostonians wanted a new City Railroad, and asked the Legislature for a charter. The Metropolitan Railroad Company, which enjoyed the monopoly of the city travel, looked upon all further facilities in that line as vanities, and opposed the movement. The opinions of both parties were very strongly pressed upon the Legislature, which bore the bother very calmly until somebody embodied his views on the subject in a bank-note for one hundred dollars, which he sent to Mr. Shaw, the chairman of the Committee who were to determine upon the matter. Mr. Shaw and other gentlemen forthwith addressed the House in language of burning eloquence and fiery reprobation. The nerves of the Commonwealth were thrilled, and the tail of the venerable codfish which hangs in emblematic purity from the ceiling of the Representative's Hall was seen to writhe as if an unpleasant bait had been offered it on a particularly palpable hook. It was evident that the expansive and liberal ideas which obtain in New York upon matters like these, have not yet become popular in Boston—another proof of the provincialism of that place. Investigation immediately set in. A Mr. Hubbard, who sent the objectionable money to Mr. Shaw, was brought up with a round turn. Mr. Hubbard was found to be the attorney of the Metropolitan Railroad Company. Then the public laughed "ha! ha!" and scented the mystery afar off. But Mr. Hubbard told a story about "a man" who gave him the note for this other man, and this first man had disappeared, and he never expected to see him again, and this other man might say what he pleased, but that was all he knew about it;—having pronounced which, Mr. Hubbard straightway fainted away, before the assembled wisdom of the State of Massachusetts. The fainting, however, was not admitted in evidence, so the entire Board of Directors of the Company declared they would make no feint, and came out boldly and said the bank-note was none of their affair, in proof of which, they all signed their respectable names to an advertisement, and put it in the newspapers. This produced a profound impression upon the community, but still—there was the bank-note. Mr. Hubbard would n't acknowledge it, and the Company would n't hear of it, and Mr. Shaw would n't touch it on any terms. So it was temporarily confided to a gentleman named Parsons, one of the legislators, in whose discretion the people have a profound trust. Mr. Parsons is said to be quite overwhelmed by the awful responsibility of his situation. He is in daily consultation with his friends as to whether his constitution will stand by him under the mental anxiety he is compelled to endure. Meanwhile the investigation goes on, and will go on, until the injured honor of the Legislature is supposed to be sufficiently purified, when it will probably stop. It is to be feared that the one hundred dollar note will never find a claimant, and that it will ultimately become the property of the State;—in which case, it will be likely to be appropriately framed, and hung up opposite the ancient codfish, an ever present warning to those who would tamper with the integrity of Massachusetts Legislation. But, if we might venture to suggest it, a surer way of accomplishing its moral purpose would be for the State to invest the sum in subscriptions to VANITY FAIR,

copies of which, when distributed in public places, never fail to recall the wandering sense of duty, nor to bring erring footsteps into the true path again. But this is merely a suggestion—we do not make a point of it, at all.

## CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A CELEBRATED MAN-AGER AND A GREAT STAR.

THEODOSIUS GAZEM, ESQ., MANAGER OF THE BUZZLETON VARIETIES.

Sir: You will perceive by my advertisement in the New York papers that I have just passed through a series of the most brilliant engagements, many of which were productive of the most stupendous results. In New Orleans, twelve thousand were turned away from the doors the first night, and I was solicited by the Mayor, Common Council, and a deputation of the most prominent citizens, to accept a further engagement of four weeks. I was obliged to refuse. At St. Louis, the poorest seats in the house were sold at a premium of five hundred per cent, and I was obliged to escape by stealth to keep the public from carrying me in triumph through the streets. In Philadelphia, I was offered the perpetual loan, without interest, of half a million of dollars, to build a theatre for the revival of the Legitimate, which I was forced to decline, from the fact that this would confine my talent to one locality, which, as you must be aware, would not do.

It is my intention to visit your magnificent city next month, and I thought proper to inform you, that you might have time to offer for a six-nights engagement.

Your obedient servant, HAMLET RANT.

New York, March 20th, 1860.

BUZZLETON, March 22d, 1860.

TO HAMLET RANT, ESQ.

Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 20th is received. In answer can only say, shall be most happy. House holds \$1200. Will insure you that amount nett every night, with all travelling and hotel expenses paid, and a benefit without deduction for anything. Draw on us at once for \$10,000.

With the highest admiration, THEODOSIUS GAZEM.

TO T. GAZEM.

Sir: The terms won't suit. I am accustomed to having all the house, with the proceeds of such extra tickets as can be sold to my private account, and six clear benefits in the week. I must also have all my expenses paid, and an advance of \$20,000 for my six nights. If this suits you, telegraph immediately.

Yours, HAMLET RANT.

New York, March 24th, 1860.

Telegraphic.

BUZZLETON, March 26th, 1860.

Come on immediately. All right.

T. GAZEM.

## Live Oak George and his live Hoax.

We perceive that the Counsel to the Corporation, in response to a resolution of the Board of Aldermen, has given his opinion that the contract for the Battery Enlargement is void by reason of the non-completion of the work in the time specified.

We presume Mr. Bronson has come to this conclusion after carefully weighing the matter; but it is a notorious fact, which even those most violently opposed to the Extension will not deny, that the work has been done entirely according to Law.



ARTISTIC.

AN EYE FOR COLOR.



## HEART-SALVE.



ISS Effie Carstang, of St. Louis, having been deserted by her betrothed, Mr. Shaw—who was not only her soul's idol, but a very wealthy man also—recently brought a suit—as our readers may remember—against him, for One Hundred Thousand Dollars damages, for breach of promise of marriage. A generous and sympathetic jury awarded her the whole amount, but the villainous Shaw, not preciat-

ing the great worth of Woman's Love, appealed, and obtained a new trial of the case.

What are we coming to?

Are broken hearts, like broken candies, to be sold cheaper than entire ones? If Shaw had wedded his loving and disinterested Effie, it would have cost him more than a paltry hundred thousand to keep her heart-whole. When such a tender and eminently fragile organ is broken forever, is it to be classed as "damaged," and put up at a great reduction on that account? Cupid forbid!

The fact is women have so few methods of gaining an honest livelihood, that we are disposed to regard the Breach of Promise business as one of their most legitimate and remunerative chances. Not every woman can act in the theatre, sing in the opera, teach French and music, run a sewing-machine, or marry a rich husband; but every woman has her little heart to be broken and paid for, and if she can't make a good thing of it, it is a pity about her; that's all! Almost any young fellow—especially if rich and foolish—when assailed by a pretty woman, will, from motives of vanity or what not, consent to carry on just as strong a flirtation as she chooses to inaugurate. Of course, when it terminates, her heart will be more or less fractured, and nothing but bankable lint can staunch

"——the ruby tide that flows  
For him, for him alone."

A hundred thousand dollars ought to set up any young woman—even a Carstang—in honest life. Perhaps some, less ambitious, would be satisfied with fifty—twenty—ten—or maybe five, thousand; but as a rule, the more the merrier, of course.

And why should n't the dear creatures have it?

If the Counter-jumpers will fill the proper sphere for women, and keep them from earning their living decently, what can we expect, but that they will do otherwise? We sincerely advise every young lady who was ever smiled at, winked at, complimented, embraced, or kissed, to make a note of it, and if the base miscreant who thus tampered with her budding affections refuses to marry her, let her prosecute—and persecute—him to the bitter end! Ladies will see, at once, the impropriety of encouraging darkened parlors and confidential tête-à-têtes with any others than men of large property. Gentlemen, on the contrary, will stand on their good behavior and impassibility, and beware how they throw themselves into "the dreadful Breach" of Promise.

## Cheap Advice—and Good,

The *Tribune* advises its readers to keep out of debt. Good advice, but very hard to live up to, especially with those who have nothing to do, and a large family to share the proceeds. The advice of the *Tribune* is like the advice of a certain French landlord: "By gar, when a man gets so poor, zat he cannot pay his rent, let him build von house for himself." Sound philosophy, that!

## A Blighted Bee-ing.

An empty hive.

## JONATHAN'S MEXICAN NOTIONS.

Fetch all the other blamed, eon-demned,  
Black, blaggard, blaisted, lazy, low,  
Mean, murderin' countries on the airth,—  
They can't begin with Mexico.

'Baout every other man you meet  
'S a gassy, greasy, greedy priest;  
An' t' other haill' o' the thievin' race  
Air eq'al shares o' butcher 'n' beast.

'There's naow 'n' then a man o' brains,  
But then he 's all the wuss for that:  
The only trade is robbery;  
The only science, Tit for Tat.

They 're a lyin, blusterin', braggin' lot,  
As long as cannon-balls can't reach 'em:  
They changed their teine, though, mighty quick,  
When old Zach Taylor went to teach 'em.

The devils air so eussed mean—  
Unless them papers told a whopper—  
They try to p'ison all they hit,  
By makin' musket-balls o' copper!

The churches they 're almighty rich;  
The people they 're almighty poor:  
The blaisted fools 'a'n't got no spunk,  
Or else them priests 'd come daown, sure.

At last they hev begun to try;  
But, Lord! w'at "tryin'" that air is!  
Haill on 'em waant to sell aout, bad;  
The rest 're sorry they ever riz.

That Miry-man—or w'at 's his name—  
A precious rascal he must be!  
An' ef Ju-a-riz a'n't the same,  
Then he must be a sight to see.

I'd leetle nuther he would lick,  
Becuz he 's sweet on Uncle Sam;—  
An' then he goes for "Libertad!"  
For all it likely stan's for "Flam!"

Them Spanish steamers kind o' look  
As though old Spain was dead agin' him;  
But Captin' Turner kind o' acts  
As though he meant Spain should n't pin him.

Why do 'n't Sam Haouston go 'n' pitch in,  
Instid o' settin' there, a-blowin' young men  
Them thirty thaousan' smaart young men  
'D hate to laarn he wa'n't agoin'.

Ef he 's a mind to hev a graund  
Republic o' the Saouth, w'y not  
Go in right off, stake aout the graound,  
An' set it goin' on the spot?

Wilst he 's a-waitin', Santy Anny,  
With snags o' Greasers at his back,  
May come a-sneakin' araoun', 'n' bu'st  
The swellin' bubble, at one crack!

Let him wake up, 'n' start along  
Them enterprisin' chaps o' his;—  
Holler "Alamo!—Crocket!—Charge!"  
Then show the world haow smaart he is!

No matter 'baout the right 'n' wrong:  
That a'n't the p'int;—the pint is, ruther,  
To make a bid for President  
O' one republic or the other!

## The Mazy Style of Rice.

Mr. Dan Rice, in a letter of singular—but unpleasant—vigor, informs the public that he alone possesses the real Zoyara, and that Mr. Nixon is an impostor. Mr. Rice's epistolary style is nearly as offensive as his speeches in the ring. He makes an agreeable mixture of the Rice-pudding and the Jack-pudding.

What the Bar-tender said to the Egg.

Tip us your Flipper.





#### ALARMING PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AMONG THE LOWER CLASSES—

ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.—Please, ma'am, give me a penny; my mammy's making a Numismatic collection.

#### THE FUTURE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

THE people of the South, backed by their Senators, Representatives, and the New-York *Herald*, seem to feel offensively certain of surpassing the North in literature as well as in commerce. They are to found universities, start magazines, issue new books—indeed, we hear that a Journal of Civilization is proposed—and, in a word, they feel so confident of getting the whip-hand of us, that we, on behalf of the North, begin to tremble in our editorial boots. What if they start a Comic Paper! The thought is more than dreadful!

In consideration of this threatened literary uprising, we have felt called upon to examine the papers already existing southward of the Line. Need we say that our tremor increased, as we read? The dignity, the manliness, the purity, the mild but firm vindication of personal rights, that scintillated from every column, astonished and alarmed us. O, gentlemen of the Southern rural press, spare us, and do not start a Comic Paper! Have some charity for *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, and refrain from magazines! Respect the hoary honors of Columbia College, and shake not its foundations by organizing a new and Peculiar Institute! Good South, spare us!

It may be that our readers would like to know what a perfect literary arsenal the South possesses—what immense lights are dimly quenched under the bushel of a provincial sanetum here and there, only awaiting Mr. Ashburne's cry of "To Arms!" and his bonfires on the hills, to burst forth upon the startled gaze of the North,

"And shine in the sudden making of splendid names!"

By way of a sample, we take the first Southern paper that comes to hand. It is the *Democrat*, published in Lebanon, Tennessee, and has two editors, either one of whom is evidently capable of overturning all existing literary institutions. Mr. Thompson, the chief editor, discourses upon his personal prowess, which, it seems, has been questioned. Let no man question it again!—

"A rumor is in circulation in different parts of this country, that a certain gentleman had made an attack on the editor of this paper with a stick and had wounded him very badly. It is as base a slander as one of SAM'S boys ever uttered. The whole concern has not money enough to hire him to make an attack on us."

This is manly and outspoken. The use of the word "gentleman"

evinces much breadth of opinion. But the self-reliant and intelligent editor goes on to inform his readers—who, no doubt, are delighted—still further:—

"We slapped a gentleman over in Cook's Drug Store, and he never touched us, and some lying scoundrel circulated that he *slapped* us in the face, and that we *drew a pistol*, and they *knew* it was a base falsehood when they circulated it."

We hardly know which to admire most, the construction or the meaning of this sentence. What a splendid fellow Thompson must be, to be sure! What a man for quiet, judicious articles, on vexed subjects! If the South ever does found a Peculiar Institute, we bespeak a professorship of Belles-lettres for Thompson.

Master Anderson, the genial youth who reigns over the "Local department" of the *Democrat*, is following rapidly in the footsteps of his senior, but is evidently unaccustomed to the editorial "We." In a charming colloquial defence of himself, when accused of leaving some young ladies in the mud, he declares for celibacy, saying,

"We know of no person we envy so much as old Bachelors. . . . Yes, the Lord deliver me from a wife."

The mild form of grammar with which Master A. is evidently afflicted, can hardly become dangerous, we think, even should it strike in. His generous charity, however, as displayed in another paragraph, is really something to be alarmed at, and we advise the senior to keep a watchful eye upon this Local irritation. Master Anderson remarks, at the head of his column,

"Our friend Dick Ligon requests us to say to his creditors, that if they will indulge him for a short time, that he will pay every cent he owes, and much sooner than it can be collected by the law. Dick is a clever fellow and creditors should indulge him, as he does not wish to be sued."

Very eccentric young man, that Dick. Almost as eccentric as the youthful and innocuous editor himself. We hope he has been "indulged."

With this specimen of journalism at the South before us, we are surely justified in believing that, within ten years, the grass will grow in Printing-House Square, owls and bats will frequent Franklin Square, and the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets will be the abode of spiders. Perhaps even our own beloved V. F. office will be dark and silent—peopled only with the ghosts of jokes and epigrams. When this occurs, there is no question but the seat of literary enterprise and glory will be Lebanon, Tennessee. The Great Southern Author will also be found there, but whether his name will be Thompson, or Anderson, we cannot judge.

#### SHOW US THE MAN!

WE want a Candidate! We are violently desirous of a V. F. Candidate for the Presidency. He must be conservative, yet progressive. He must have, like Mayor Wood, "a single eye" to the public welfare; but he must (unlike Mayor Wood) mind that eye. Can any of the gentlemen now before the people—though mostly behind the age—satisfy us in these respects? A person who knows nothing about the cardinal points won't do. Our man must know everything, including the multiplication-table, the whereabouts of the *Herald* office, and "Now I lay me down to sleep"! None others need apply.

It seems hardly likely that the Nominal (or Nominal) Conventions, about to come off, will furnish a suitable man. We cannot tell, however, unless we bet, and that is against our prejudices, if not our principles. We *did* think that James Buchanan would be a good man. The *Herald* said he was, and the *Herald* is always right. This is what the *Herald* said:—

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan, then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

All of which was, without doubt, entirely true, until lately, when the *Herald* went back on James, and left us all a-brad. In brief, Bennett dropped his man, like a hot oat-cake, and we hear not a word more about him. At present, we almost incline to think that Bennett himself wouldn't be a bad candidate. Neither would the "What Is It?" although we had about as soon support Douglas as the latter. He is not much more neutrally non-committal, and is better looking. Indeed, we are in a great quandary, and shall have to advertise, after all, we expect. A friend suggests Live-Oak George, and our remarks are done. After such a painful piece of (Grid-)Irony, we have nothing further to say?





#### THE IGNORANCE OF THOSE FOREIGNERS!

NEWLY ARRIVED ENGLISHMAN (to Barkeeper)—I say, my friend, give me two Mint Juleps, 'ot, will you?

#### A MIRTHFUL MOVING OF THE SOUTHERN "BOWLS."

We have before had occasion to rebuke a growing tendency of the heavy papers to hilarity. With the witticisms of the *Herald* we summon sufficient fortitude to be patient, knowing that they are only the harmless indications of second childhood, and that the end is not far distant. But that the *Century*, the *Philadelphia Gazette*, the *Courier and Enquirer*, and other journals of the blanket pattern and commercial persuasion, which have not yet attained that toothless and tottering state over which charity gladly throws its sheltering veil—that these organs of innate gravity, of the solemn interests of commerce, of strict social propriety, should indulge in reckless sportiveness, bring all their resources to bear upon good things, distend their enormous typographical jaws and deliberately flash frolicsome teeth, is one of the most touching indications of the flippant spirit of the age; and it is from no jealous or selfish motive, but only from a sincere desire for their own best interests, that we esteem it our duty ceaselessly to remonstrate with these giddy gray-haired jesters.

And now fresh fuel is added to the blazing pile of our sober apprehension and dismay, by a most wanton freak of unsanctified humor on the part of the *Commercial Bulletin*, a monster at large in New Orleans, where it daily makes its appearance, devouring acres of advertisements, and overwhelming the entire reading population with statistics. Stretching far away into one of the dim vistas of its columns, we encounter, in the issue of the 15th ult., an article bearing the uninviting caption of "A New Missionary Society Wanted." Entering upon it, in a properly subdued and cheerless frame of mind, it is not long before—indeed it is in the very first paragraph—we detect a design upon our sobriety. The proposed Missionary Society, we find, is to "scatter information among our benighted Northern fellow-citizens concerning the South, and to expound to them the gospel of common facts and common sense touching those facts, of both of which they are manifestly, to a most lamentable extent, profoundly ignorant."

To this benign end "we shall want a tract society and a board of publication," and we must also "rely upon tracts and little books, and especially upon a widely disseminated press, to reach the homes and hearts of our poor, hard-hearted and benighted fellow-creatures north of Mason and Dixon's line." "Our bowls

"of compassion should yearn towards them. We are in duty bound to go to their rescue, lest they sink down ere long into the abyss of cold, unmitigated, unbelieving, unreasonable, unscionable, unnatural and unsanctified abolitionism with all of its attendant horrors of cursing, atheism, agrarianism, treason, all-uncharitableness, hatred, vengeance, free-love, free-vice and free-misery."

However comforting the reflection may be, as we feel ourselves gradually sinking into this hard place to say, that the bowls without any of the South are yearning towards us, and however gratifying may be these avowals of Christian sympathy from a section of the country so flushed with health and happiness, and so richly endowed with all the means of a genial beneficence, we are constrained to protest against the tone of heartless levity which characterizes this appeal to the charity of the people.

Would the Dahomies like to be appealed in behalf of in this rollicking way? Would the Fiji Islanders be melted in their savage bosoms and touched in their tenderest chords by an address to the benevolent, couched in such bantering terms as these? Would not the distressful inhabitants of that early blighted region Booriboola Gha put their wasted fingers to their poor distorted noses and look knowing, if they should see such a cry to the mighty for them? And are we no better than these unfortunate victims of impracticable quilts and missionaries? Are our Northern perceptions so obtuse that we cannot detect the insincerity of the South? Are we to be deceived by this mock earnestness?

And all this is the effect of that alarming disposition to be amusing which prevails among our contemporaries. If the malady has been brought into the market by *VANITY FAIR*, no words can express our contrition. But it is not our fault. We really cannot help being funny. But our 60x80 exchanges can. They sometimes do.

An Humble Offering at the Shrine of the Hon: Mr. Blake, M. C. from Ohio,—and Philanthropists in general.

To *VANITY FAIR*.

*Respected Organ*: With what emotions of high-souled delight I hailed the beneficent Preamble and Resolution of the Hon. Mr. Blake, M. C. from Ohio, scattering the blessed light of Liberty with meteoric speed and irresistibility over the earth! "When that Resolution shall have received the Congressional Fiat," said I (as it inevitably must), "behold! the shackles will fall from the felon, and the chains from the bondsman! The dungeon will give up its captive, and the cell its prisoner! Mankind will don the garments of rejoicing, and the Nation will lift up their voice in one mighty Paean to the American Eagle, and the godlike Blake!" In the enthusiasm of the moment I determined to simulate the glorious example of the hero of Ohio, and, seizing a sheet of foolscap, I traced with the pen of inspiration another "Preamble and Resolution," which, though perhaps more humble, and possibly of less immediate fulfilment, I hoped to submit to the august body at Washington through the medium of the same practical Samaritan who had just poured such infallible healing oil into the wounds of slavery. But, alas! alas! ere the ink was dry upon the page, I learned that the "House," with a besotted bigotry and blind superstition worthy of the days of Christopher Columbus and Las Casas, had rejected their fellow member's inevitable Panacea for enslaved humanity, and left the world in the same pitiable state in which it was half an hour before.

Yet I cannot consent to deprive my fellow-beings even of the feeble ray of philanthropy that Mr. Blake's example has engendered within me; and comparatively simple and immaterial as my Proposition may be when viewed from a Blakeian standpoint, I am still emboldened to ask your offices in giving it to the public.

I therefore annex it without further comment, viz:

#### PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTION.

Whereas, the paganism and idolatry of the hundreds of millions of inhabitants of Asia and Africa are contrary to Natural Christianity, and the fundamental principles of civilization; and whereas, the immodest or unbecoming costume of these heathens is notoriously a reproach to enlightened taste throughout the world, and a serious hindrance to the progress of international commerce with these nations; Therefore,

Resolved, that the Committee on Foreign Affairs be, and the same hereby is, instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill giving instant christianity to every human pagan, and interdicting them from purchasing, manufacturing or wearing any other garments than those so elegantly gotten up at the Nonpareil Emporium of Slopshop Puffstuff and Co., Gammonville, U. S. A.

Is there a hope for me in the House, dear V. F.?

Despondently yours,

E. VAN JELICK, P. P.

Gammonville, Penn., March 27th, 1860.



NATURAL HISTORY.  
THE ANONYMOUS ANIMAL.



HE attention of naturalists has long been directed to a certain Creature whose character, rather than whose form, has been found so hideous and abhorrent that no person has dared to classify It. Possessing the outward appearance of humanity, and, to a limited extent associating with the human race, It yet gives evidence of a nature so utterly at variance with that of mankind in general, that the belief has begun to follow the hope that It is a be-

ing distinct from the descendants of Adam, and, possibly, the first of Its order that has walked the earth. Some, in contemplating Its career, have wondered if the fable of Frankenstein may not have found its realization in nature. And all persons, finding years of constant scrutiny unavailing, turn baffled from Its study, able only to ask with horror and disgust, as of the distorted nondescript of Barnum,—“What Is It?”

The fact that It enjoys the form and functions of man, proves little; for It has been many times demonstrated to be destitute of a Soul. It has the gift of speech, which It knows only to abuse; but Its knowledge in this respect is limited. There are words the meaning of which It is wholly ignorant of,—such as Morality, Integrity, Truth, Honor, Decency. On the other hand, Its intimate acquaintance with other words—as Villainy, Falschood, Cowardice, and the like—is proverbial.

Its character is most extraordinary. It is notorious for ferocity, yet this quality is partially concealed under a Mephistophelian mask of cunning and deceit. Its tenacity is well known. It has frequently hunted Its victims for years, and sent them to their graves with the foul marks of Its abuse upon them. And yet, on some occasions, It has been servile, even to sycophancy. When prospects of great rewards have been held out to It, It has fawned and humbled itself. When these have been withdrawn, It has turned, with the rage of the Hyena, to rend Its enemy.

This creature is supposed to be of Scotch origin. Its chosen haunt is at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, New-York, so that physically, as well as intellectually, It revels in mud. Its food for many years was a curious substance known as Black Mail. At present it preys promiscuously upon Religion, Virtue, and all the qualities which men revere and honor. At times, however, It has been known to cast dirt with voracity.

It is not expected that It will ever cease to be the scorn and mockery of all just men. It will probably remain through life, as ever, a monstrous mystery to the moralist as well as to the naturalist.

There is but one living thing which responds to this description. Need we pronounce the name by which it has chosen to designate itself among men?

A Merciful Provision of Nature.

We do not read the following paragraph without a smacking of the lips:

“The young ladies of one of the villages in Jefferson County have adopted a novel method of raising funds for charitable and religious purposes. At a late festival, a bevy of the prettiest girls in the room formed a line, and, for a price paid down, permitted the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot.”

But we cannot understand how the cause of true religion can be advanced by such mere Lip-Service as this. Perhaps the young ladies remembered the good scriptural maxim, “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

PHOENIX BARNUM!

I.

BARNUM is up again! In spite of Fate  
And all her crosses,  
Once more he soars, determined and elate,  
Above his losses!  
Once more the Museum is his, and there  
All those who visit  
May gaze on Barnum, and the grizzly bear,  
And the What Is It?

II.

O! Ancient Humbug, once more made at home  
And in thy station,  
Take warning by the fate of thy Jerome  
Clock speculation!  
To cook thy broth, P. T., an honest flame  
Now shouldst thou kindle,  
And learn that Clever Man's a better name  
Than Clever Swindle!

III.

Too much of shrewdness is a grievous sin—  
Accept the omen—  
Thou hast a fair start now; go in and win,  
O, Prince of Showmen!  
Be honest—it is time for thee to turn  
A new leaf over—  
Thou shalt have all for which thy heart doth yearn,  
And live in clover!

IV.

Abjure thy Fiji mermaids, woolly nags,  
And such sham wonders;  
Abjure thy slock and self-complacent brags,  
Thy buttered thunders!  
A kindlier estimate of other men  
Thy heart should nourish—  
And so, farewell; till thou art sharp again,  
Well may'st thou flourish!

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THE FAMILY HERALD, for circulation by the domestic fireside, contains its usual rich and varied supply of news, of an order to advance and improve the mind of youth, to enlighten manhood, and to comfort old age. THE FAMILY HERALD is nothing if not true to its name. THE FAMILY HERALD in its edition of Wednesday, March 28th, contains—

A Detailed and Glowing Account of the recent Horrible and Sickening Murders in the Bay. Eminently Suited for Family Perusal.

The Minutest and Most Offensive Particulars of the Evidence in the St. Louis Breach of Promise Case. A Choice Family Bit.

Progress of the Approaching Brutal Match between the Champions; with Ferocious and Bloody Observations, Natural to the Occasion. Peculiarly adapted to the Uses of Families.

THE FAMILY HERALD regrets that the remaining contents for the edition of March 28th are of the ordinary tranquil character, although all spiced as highly as circumstances will allow, to add to their piquancy and flavor. THE FAMILY HERALD hopes, however, that by another week a sufficient number of Crimes, Indecent Trials, Misdemeanors, and Public Outrages will have occurred to bring it again to its Customary Standard.

It

An Important Discovery.

The Solons of the Legislature having established the fact that the city of New York can be best governed at Albany, our efficient mayor has discovered that the best way to discharge his duties is to make a pilgrimage to Connecticut. Perhaps, however, he may think that the wooden nutmegs in that delectable State are of such inferior character that it is necessary to take his own down there to furnish them with a Grater.

De Dooden Doo!

“The latest accounts from England say that Queen Victoria is very well, and has taken to hoops.”  
“Is little Vic a plagiarist from the lovely Eugenie? Is was a bright idea of that blessed creature, but really the Queen of England has been a nother too often—



## THE ÆSTHETICS OF JOURNALISM.



N the Baltimore *Patriot* they have a gentleman to do the amusements—[To THE PUBLIC.—Ladies and Gentlemen this is a technical expression, alluding not so much to the little private diversions of the public journal, as to a certain department devoted to the maintenance of

a corresponding advertising column. It is very well understood by the craft, but how should you be expected to know anything about it?—who may serve as a shining example for all who do those things about a newspaper office. And at the risk, of incurring two or three columns of melancholy lightness from his popular pen, we venture to commend this liveliest of all the "crickets" to the attention of the merry, merry chirper of the *Herald*. We are the more moved to this step by the evident fact that the Baltimore insect has educated himself carefully in the school founded by that obscure daily,—if, indeed, he does not belong to the very same brood. We trust that no emotions of jealousy or bitter hate will swell to busting the bosom of the *Herald's* man when he reads that it was all Little Patti that inspired the congenial cricket of Baltimore. That sweet child's name, indeed, thrice repeated, and immediately followed by one of the most emphatic exclamations points in the whole *Patriot* office, is the heading of the article in which we find our joy, and which saluted the eyes of the Monumental public on the evening of the 27th ult.

When we read that "at one bound, last evening, she (Little Patti) leaped from the plane of acknowledged excellence to the very "hill-top of her profession," little does it surprise us—how much less will it surprise the Master of Arts of the *Herald*, to learn that we give up, or that, in the very next paragraph, "we say we give in." "Why, her mad scene never has been, never can be surpassed. Its "ground tone is truthful to the last degree. We had not supposed "it was in her." We are sorry to be obliged by the mere dictates of humanity to oppose this encouragement of a "ground tone" in Miss Patti; and now that we know "it is in her," our simplest duty is to plead for its removal. For it cannot be a pleasant thing to have a ground tone in one, and we can readily conceive that having a ground tone in one it would be next to impossible not to have a "mad scene," and very probably an unsurpassable mad scene. The *Herald* will detect the softness of the soap applied to its pet in the inquiry, "What could be more striking than her listening attitude, "while leaning her beautiful head upon the bosom of her father, just "previous to the coming of her lover, with a rival?" and will doubtless resent it by calling the writer "a drunken editor, who "tumbles about, breaking his shins between the big dictionaries, and "knocking his head against the King's English, and finally goes off "into a gentle snooze while pursuing the slippery logical sequence, "which eludes his grasp with the agility of Mr Toodles' hat," which "would be as elegant a witticism as a good common person could want. Does the *Herald* man distinctly remember "her rendering of the "marriage song"?—because the *Patriot* wants to know "who will "ever forget it?" and says, "not we, that's certain." And we think, in view of the touching plaint of the *Herald* at a recent rumor (which, of course, was immediately discovered to be false) that little Pic had "rendered her marriage song," we may say the same for the Nassau and Fulton corner.

"The most remarkable thing about her vocalism, is the entire "absence of effort. The notes seem to be part of herself, and they "must be, or she would hesitate somewhere." We ask the *Herald* where she carries them. Come now, a distinct chirp on this point! Where does the Pet carry her notes? "She said to a young friend "the other day, that she would far prefer rolling a hoop, in a "troop of hoydenish girls of her own age, than rolling notes on "the stage. Dear girl—it is this very unconsciousness of her "power that gives her such power over her hearers." She must carry them in her pocket,—pretty lyrical marbles, as it were;—although this theory is a trifle shaken by the knowledge that "round "notes" are generally ascribed to barytones. Indeed the *Patriot* just a few lines below avers that Susini "rolled out his rich round "tones with great fervor." Perhaps they got up a nice little game, and if they did, of course the *Patriot* bet on Patti's white alley.

"But what of Brignoli? Of Brignoli?" Why nothing less than this, that "His silvery voice will surely grow upon the ear." When, of course, he will no longer exercise that dangerous fascination over all the young ladies which the men in pain have been obliged hitherto to ascribe to him. For who could be at all engaging in appearance with "a silvery voice growing upon the ear"? Or, still more troublous thought, is it meant that Mr. Brignoli's silvery voice will grow upon the listener's ear?

If all of us were as devoted to the Opera as the *Patriot* is, each season would be one round of ovations. For, "we hold, that what "is inexpedient in Lent, is inexpedient out of Lent; and hence, we "feel that we honor the Giver of all Good Gifts, in listening to "such divine music as the Ullmann and the Strakosch troupe are "nightly giving us, because such gifts as the voices of this troupe are "are not to be picked up in the highways on all occasions." Will Ullmann take the hint, and hereafter, at the head of his column manifestos, put

HONOR THE GIVER OF ALL  
GOOD GIFTS!

HONOR THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD GIFTS!

But all this is chiefly valuable for that it gives cheering evidence that the lessons which have been so faithfully given by the arbiter of all the arts, the *Herald*, in the art of delicate and appreciative criticism, have not been neglected, and that, in the very sections of the country where it might be expected that slow provincial taste would prevail, there is rampant a spirit of the most stunning "artistic and journalistic" sort. And the voice of the cricket is heard in the land.

## HERALDIC SUMMERSAULTS.

For a long time, the Noble Scotch Gentleman who presides over the wayward destinies of the New-York *Herald*, has kept an ominous silence on his once favorite topic, the brilliancy and loveliness of character displayed by James Buchanan. President of the United States of America. But last week, the Noble Scotch Gentleman, like certain animals mentioned in Holy Writ, returned to his unwholesome exercises, and gave J. B. a worse soaping than he has had since that memorable day, the 2d of February, when the Noble Scotch Gentleman declared his sentiments so unctuously. Let us resound the mellifluous praises of that day once more in J. B.'s ears, for he will hear but little more of the same sort:

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will ally the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the Independent reserve vote. Mr! Buchanan then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

Then came silence on the subject, but a portentous silence, that foretold a storm. The renewed plastering that the Noble Scotch Gentleman accorded J. B. on Saturday last, was but a gilding for the bitter, bitter pill to come. The article read well and smoothly until the end, when the sting became painfully apparent. The Noble Scotch Gentleman praised J. B.'s irate message to the House of Representatives, and called it "one of the boldest, most manly and "straightforward State papers in the archives of the republic." He said that J. B. would be reflected, if the people did not look sharp,—a calamity which the *Herald* secretly wishes to avert,—and many more sweet things.

Then, after the article had dragged its slow length along, through something more than a column, came this sting in the tail:

"We are aware that Mr. Buchanan absolutely declines to be a candidate at Charleston, under any circumstances whatsoever; but still the sense of the country might be taken in this manner, and Mr. Buchanan, when elected, if he did not see fit to serve, might let the duties of the office devolve upon the Vice President."

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !  
This, then, is what we are coming to. The Noble Scotch Gentleman is about to drop—perhaps to attack—J. B., and, in the tenderness of his mercy, desires to let the old gentleman down easy. J. B. "absolutely declines to be a candidate," does he? Is n't it quite as likely that he would be remarkably glad to get a chance? But the Noble Scotch Gentleman assumes it as a fact, and spares J. B.'s feelings by laying the whole blame upon his own distinguished shoulders.

And if J. B. should be reflected, spite of his absolute refusal, the Noble Scotch Gentleman suggests, with a refinement of cruelty, that he had better let the Vice do all the work. This is a gratuitous insult. It is equivalent to asserting that J. B. is getting senile, that he has made a mull of his present administration, and, if he must be inflicted upon us again, that it should be drawn as mildly as possible. Your grandeur is on the wane, J. B. The *Herald* is a broken reed for you. Don't you lean upon it any more. Weep, weep, and abjure all hope, as you peruse, in sorrow and sackcloth, those graceful sentences uttered by James Gordon's tuneful tongue on the 2d of February!



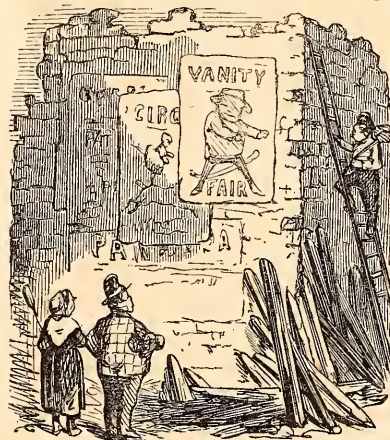
## Pellucid as Mud.

We wonder if the Schoolmaster who has been so long "abroad" ever thinks of coming back? We feel that he owes it to his country to do so, for no one but he can, we are confident, explain the syncretical whatsname of the following paragraph, which we copy *verbatim* from the columns of an afternoon contemporary published in Philadelphia (a town about eight miles from Manayunk). It is all about a mad dog. . . . "He then made a plunge at the children of Mr. T., who fortunately got inside of the door, but being between Mr. T. and the door, the latter was unable to escape, and was bitten in the above manner." . . . Now, if the Schoolmaster were at home, instead of galivanting around foreign courts, he might perhaps tell us, whether it was Mr. T. or his children who got inside the door, and who was between the door and Mr. T., and if it was the door that could not escape, and so was bitten, or if the door bit Mr. T. or the dog, or, as Fuddle would say, "W'a's orl 'abou', ary 'ow?" We would advise that paragraphist to try the water-cure. He was "touched" by that hydrophobic phantasm, we fear.

## THE ARCHITECTURE OF BROADWAY.

The long and narrow lane that extends from South Ferry to the rural districts, familiarly known as "Our Principal Thoroughfare," the "Corso of New-York," "Broadway," the "Street of Palaces," the "Finest Street in the World," etc., has exhibited, recently, some of the most extraordinary, if not the most beautiful varieties of architecture, that can be conceived of.

Perhaps the finest of these outward expressions of the architectural soul, is a building near the corner of Almost-any street. It is not exactly of the Egyptian order, though somewhat resembling that style in outline.



It is built of brick of a fine roseate hue, and curiously enough, no mortar or cement has been used in its construction. For solidity and strength, however, it cannot be excelled.

To use a vulgar phrase, no other structure on Broadway can Take it Down, although the hod-carriers may, in time. The proprietors of this splendid building have caused their banners to be hung upon the outer walls, said banners being generously furnished by the theatrical and journalistic establishments

of the metropolis. Our artist has been very happy in his sketch, which gives a capital idea of the thing.

The student of architecture will be especially pleased with the culinary and zoological ornaments introduced at the summit. During the recent cold snap, the feline caratyd formed a very fine Fricze.

Not far from this building is another, quite different, but not less beautiful. It is of the composite order, and strikes all beholders, especially after dark. It is impossible to describe it properly, but the subjoined sketch is correct in all particulars.

To view this building aright, it is necessary that the beholder should have a beam in his eye—several beams, in fact—which may easily be accomplished by a near and incautious approach to its outworks.

If "Our Principal Thoroughfare," the ornaments of which are



Thoroughly Unfair, goes on improving at the rate it has exhibited of late years, we may hope ultimately to see something like this—



## IN RE BARTLETT.

That peculiar sheet, the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, thinks it is a great pity about William A. Bartlett, Non-Lieutenant, U.S.N., Father of La Doña Oviedo, etc., etc.

So do we.

But the *Courrier* man's sympathy for Bartlett rests upon quite another foundation than ours. For while we lament the Non-Lieutenant's want of sense, the sapient Gaul afore mentioned, deplores the vexation of Bartlettian spirit which the notorious Diamond Wedding induced. The late silly demonstration of William A., all about a paragraph in the *Home Journal*, is the peg on which these condolences are deftly festooned. The *Courrier* says:

"Again the name of Mr. Bartlett is dragged before the public, and the history of the sumptuous marriage is served up for the fiftieth time. Ah! this is indeed paying too dear for the pleasure of marrying one's daughter to a millionaire."

These comments do not contribute largely to the support of that reputation for acuteness which the French intellect has acquired. Can it be that the writer of the above extract is so blind that he does not see the Bartlettian itch for notoriety so manifest throughout all this affair? Does the *Courrier* imagine that W. A. Bartlett, Non-Lieut., U.S.N., F.O.L.D.O., ever had any other idea in this blustering business than to put himself before the public, and get into the newspapers again? How else can it explain his touchiness at this late date, upon the subject of the Oviedo nuptials? There was surely satire enough expended upon that affair, by the press, in the time of it, to have aroused all the belligerent propensities of the valorous Bartlett. We distinctly recall to mind a poem on the affair, which appeared in the *Tribune*, and which we thought rather sharp than otherwise. But Mr. Stedman, like the immortal Webster, ain't dead yet by no means. Is the paragraph for which the gifted Morris is called to account, more likely to drive slumber from the pillow of William A., than those that have gone before it? No; but between last Autumn and this Spring there is this difference—that then Mr. Bartlett's mania for publicity was humored to the utmost, whereas now the occurrence which lifted him from the insignificance of private life to a notoriety which nobody can covet, has passed clean out of the public mind. So the valorous William lays his plans for an Irrepressible Conflict with Newspaperdom. For the pop! of the champagne-corks of last October he wishes to substitute a pop at an inoffensive editor, and would, if he could, have the Diamond Wedding cake all dough again.

But just now the public are deeply interested in the WHAT IS IT? and don't seem to care for Bartlett. Which makes it very bad for Bartlett. So bad that there is not much danger of his success, even if he should try it again—and keep on trying.

Do you see "the little game" now, Monsieur le *Courrier*?

## A Little Slip.

We feel called upon to correct an evident error in the report of Mr. Boucicault's speech before the curtain on Thursday evening last. According to the *Tribune*, Mr. B. said: "I don't believe for the next three months you could get an idea out of me with a derrick." This should read: "I don't believe you could get me to get an idea out of anybody else," etc.



## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.



N general we like hanging.

Therefore we have no sympathy with the framers of the bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, lately brought before the Legislature at Albany.

Imprisonment for life is a good thing to talk about, but they don't do it. The men who are most likely to commit murder are those who cannot be kept in prison. They control the elections, and no man who wants to be re-elected to the gubernatorial chair dares refuse a petition for the pardon of such a valuable assistant.

Suppose one of those clean-collared, shiny-hatted, fresh-gloved large-diamonded, fur-trimmed gentlemen who stand all day about the Corner of Houston-street and Broadway, with smiles upon their faces and bowie-knives down their backs, were to take it into his head to slay the first man who looked at him. Imprison him for life, and how long would he stay in durance more or less vile? Why, just until the next campaign!

As for the humanitarian pretexts, they are a little shaky. The framers of this bill are not so celebrated for their gushing love of their species, as for some other characteristics.

It is just possible that they have a good many friends among the election-managing boys, whose pistols are liable to go off when somebody is in the way,—and about election time, it would be so handy to have a batch of these brave fellows come down from Sing-Sing, with their pardons in their pockets, each ready to suppress his man, if required.

Hence this humanitarianism.

Life imprisonment would do very well for the provinces, where government is not administered by organized gangs of blood-thirsty rowdies, but for a metropolis like New-York, it will not do at all. Half the rule of the city is enforced with the slung-shot and revolver. Abolish the wholesome rope, and the other half will soon be enforced with the bludgeon and knife.

But Albany is very much determined to cram obnoxious bills down our metropolitan throat, this year. Albany is a small city, and jealous of New York, so, if she can fetter us with a gridiron of railroads, or let off our festive homicides scot-free, she will be well pleased. For Albany politicians to legislate our murderers off the scaffold into a cell, and for an Albany Governor to pardon them out, would be rather too much of a good thing. But Albany is the Capital of the State, and has the advantage, which she uses or abuses—enormously. So crying an evil has this provincial tyranny over New York become, that we think it might well be made the subject of a bill, to be called like this obnoxious one, a bill for the abolition of Capital Punishment.

## GREAT LOSS BY FIRE.

On Wednesday morning last, after this paper had gone to press, a fire broke out in the tenement house No. 90 West Forty-fifth-street, entirely destroying that valuable property, with a loss to its owners of \$3,000. We sincerely condole with the heirs of the Allen estate upon this loss, as well as with the agents, Mr. Wm. T. Horn and William Nash, upon the diminution of their incomes consequent upon the burning. We trust that the latter gentleman will not allow the fact of his forgetfulness to put ladders communicating with the roof, at a cost of seventy-five cents each, to annoy him,—“Accidents must happen in the best-regulated families.” He can, in dismissing this thought, feel that he has the sympathies of his fellow citizens. We, in common with all the rest, sincerely feel with the owners of the building in their severe loss, and with the agents for the trouble they have been put to.

P.S. We had almost forgotten to mention that there were ten lives lost in the burning.

Cetaceous.

It is now positively ascertained that the Benicia Boy has departed for England on a Whaling expedition.

## THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

## No. I.—THE RIDING HABIT.

“ETIQUETTE” is a species of social “rash.” It breaks out periodically on the surface of a certain order of society in the form of small volumes of “Rules,” “Hints,” “Usages,” &c., of “High life.” These eruptions are of a very mild and ephemeral type. They leave little or no impression on the system. Or if they do, it is chiefly on the system of the Rustic, and the system of the Counter-Jumper, —“and similar.” We have just seen the latest case of this “rash.” We saw it in the hands of a young lady who exercises a superintendence over the laundry department in the hotel wherein we sojourn. It is called “THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.” We examined it cursorily. It asserts itself with the usual positiveness, complacency, and clearness. We will give a specimen of its style—from memory. The specimen will not be a literal transcript—in fact, rather the contrary. But it will be quite as authentic, as lucid, and as important to the aspirant after theoretical gentility. We select from the chapter upon

## “THE ETIQUETTE OF EQUITATION.”

When a gentleman is to accompany a lady on horseback:

1st. There must be two horses. (Pillions are out of fashion, except in some parts of Wales, Australia, and New-Jersey).

2d. One horse must have a side-saddle. The gentleman will not mount this horse. By bearing this in mind, he will soon find no difficulty in recognizing his own steed.

3d. The gentleman will assist the lady to mount, and adjust her foot in the stirrup. There being but one stirrup, he will learn upon which side to assist the lady, after very little practice.

4th. He will then mount himself. As there are two stirrups to this saddle, he may mount on either side. But by no means on both. At least, not at the same time. *The former is generally considered the most graceful method of mounting.* If he has known Mr. Rarey he may mount without the aid of stirrups. If not, he may try, but will probably fail. Should he wish to display a sportive eccentricity, he may climb up the animal's tail.

5th. The gentleman should always ride on the right side of the lady. According to some authorities, the right side is the left. According to others, the other is the right: If the gentleman be left-handed, this will of course, make a difference. Should he be ambidexter, it will be indifferent.

6th. The gentleman and lady meet persons on the road, these will be probably strangers. That is, if they are not acquaintances. In either case, the lady and gentleman must govern themselves accordingly. *Perhaps the latter is the evidence of highest breeding.*

7th. If they be going in different directions, they will not be expected to ride in company. Nor must these request those to turn and join the others. And *vice versa*. This is indecorous and indicates a want of *savoir vivre*.

8th. If the gentleman's horse throw him, he must not expect him to pick him up. Nor the lady. But otherwise the lady may. This is important to be borne in mind by both.

9th. On their return, the gentlemen will dismount first and assist the lady from her horse. But he must not expect the same courtesy in return.

10th. There are three ways of dismounting a lady. First, with hand and knee. This is the way-respectful-and-ceremonious. Second, by receiving the lady in your arms. This is the way-gallant-and-tender. Third, by presenting your shoulders, and carrying the lady to the door or vestibule, “pick-a-back.” This is the way-humorous-and-familiar.

N.B. These rules apply equally to every species of equitation; as poney-riding, donkey-riding, mule-riding, goat-riding, rocking-horse riding, or “riding on a rail.” There will, of course, however, be modifications required, according to the form and style of the animal.

EXCEPTION.—There are special rules adapted to equitation on Shank's Mare. They will be found in the Appendix.

V. F. GOLD-STICK.

*To be continued.*

## Impromptu.

Mr. Dion Boucicault, in his modest announcement of “The Colleen Bawn” last week, stated that the play was prompted by Gerald Griffin, Esq. Though intelligence has not yet reached us of the resurrection of the famous Irish novelist, we should say that he would be rather a good Prompter to have in any theatre.

P.S. What does G. G. get a week?

## Deadly-Lively.

Our Political Joker says that the Congressional body at Washington reminds him of Mr. Mantilini, in “Nicholas Nickleby;”—it is always trying to make “a dem'd unpleasant Body” of itself





"AH! YOUNG MAN, YOU'VE GOT MY PLACE!"

#### Impending Self-Destruction of the Austrian Army.

By the last arrival of the steamship *Canada*, from Europe, we received the startling intelligence of the death by suicide of a large number of officers of the Austrian army. The *Canada's* news was sent by telegraph from Halifax, and under the department "Austria," the *Tribune* published the following:

General Erguttan had committed suicide.

The *Express* afforded the additional information that

General Eynatten had committed suicide.

Here were two Generals already disposed of. But when the provincial papers began to come in, it was found that many more had made away with themselves. The *Boston Advertiser* announced that—

General Equatten had committed suicide.

The *Providence Journal* furthermore stated that

General Erguatten had committed suicide.

And the *Philadelphia North American* added a new horror by proclaiming that

General Engattan had committed suicide.

This is a dreadful state of things! Five Austrian generals, it seems, have put an end to themselves just about the same time. And there can be no doubt that, as the country papers continue to arrive, the number will be still further swelled. At this rate the power of Austria will soon vanish, and in her army General Disorganization will take the place of all those Generals who may persist in kicking a voluntary bucket.

The Real No Nothing.

The Missouri Convention.

#### A VERY LEARNED SENATOR.

The *Tribune* publishes the following Senatorial anecdote:

Mr. Hale, in offering his resolution in regard to the capture of the Mexican vessels, said it was a resolution of "inquiry," placing the accent upon the first syllable, as is the habit of some Senators. Upon this, Mr. Sumner, who sits next to Mr. Hale, said, sufficiently loud for his friends to hear, "Please say 'inquiry?'" emphasizing the second syllable, according to Webster. Mr. Hale, who was still upon his feet, said, "Inquiry I mean. I ask pardon of the Senate for saying inquiry?"

Since Mr. Sumner is so ready with his laws of pronunciation, we should be glad to hear from him, apropos of the above-recorded proceeding, the correct utterance of certain other important words,—as, "courtesy," "delicacy," "good-breeding," "civility," "manners," and the like. It certainly is not a bad idea to have a competent censor of speech—as Mr. Sumner undoubtedly is—in the Senate, although it is a question whether gentlemen of less good-nature than Mr. Hale would accept this sort of public admonition. Perhaps Mr. Sumner might furnish, in general terms, a recipe for the avoidance of lingual improprieties. His own, which he is said to have perfected by long experience, is a very good one. It is to write with anxious care all that is to be spoken; to weigh each syllable; to gracefully adjust each accent, and to rehearse with grave deliberation, at least six times before delivery. It is true that this process the Senate would be immediately reduced to the dearest possible level of stupidity; but, on the other hand, the unspeakable calamity of a misplaced inflection, or an ill-balanced accent, would be forever averted, and Mr. Hale would be spared the mortification of open rebukes and the necessity for apologies.

Something we are waiting for.

If Miss Laura Keane's Bill-Editor continues the extraordinarily copious style of advertising he has adopted in the case of "The Colleen Bawn," we shall shortly expect a pendant to Miss Robertson's song of "The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," in the shape of a

REAL COW

WITH

MILK OF THE PERIOD!!

Milk of the Period . . . . .

Mr. Peters.

#### A Word to Mr. Mississippi Brown.

In the U. S. Senate, last week, a proposition was made to increase the pay of naval officers on duty at sea. Here is a fragment of the debate:

Mr. WIGFALL (Dem., Texas) offered an amendment, giving an increase of pay to those naval officers on land, retained for scientific purposes at the head of bureaus.

Mr. BROWN (Dem., Miss.) said he was opposed to giving it to these landlubbers. If they are to have any increase of pay, make separate cases for them. He did not believe in placing them on an equality with those who braved the perils and endured the rigors of service.

Now, Mr. Mississippi Brown, upon what meats have you been feeding recently, that you have grown so great? Because you receive large and undeserved sums from the national treasury for sitting a little while every day in your comfortable place, twirling your Senatorial thumbs, or, less harmlessly, filling the chamber with words of folly,—is that any reason you should undertake to sneer at men of science, and call them gross names? What do you think of Lieutenant Maury, Mr. Brown? He is a landlubber, is he not? And the various gentlemen of his class, whose names are honored in the records of science all over the world? All landlubbers, are they not? And they are to be degraded beneath those who "brave the perils and endure the rigors of the service." Well, now, Mr. Brown, can you guess how much greater those perils would be, and how much severer those rigors, without the inestimable safe guards and protections of science? In a word, Mr. Brown, do you know what you are talking about? Pooh, pooh, Brown. Go somewhere and blush.

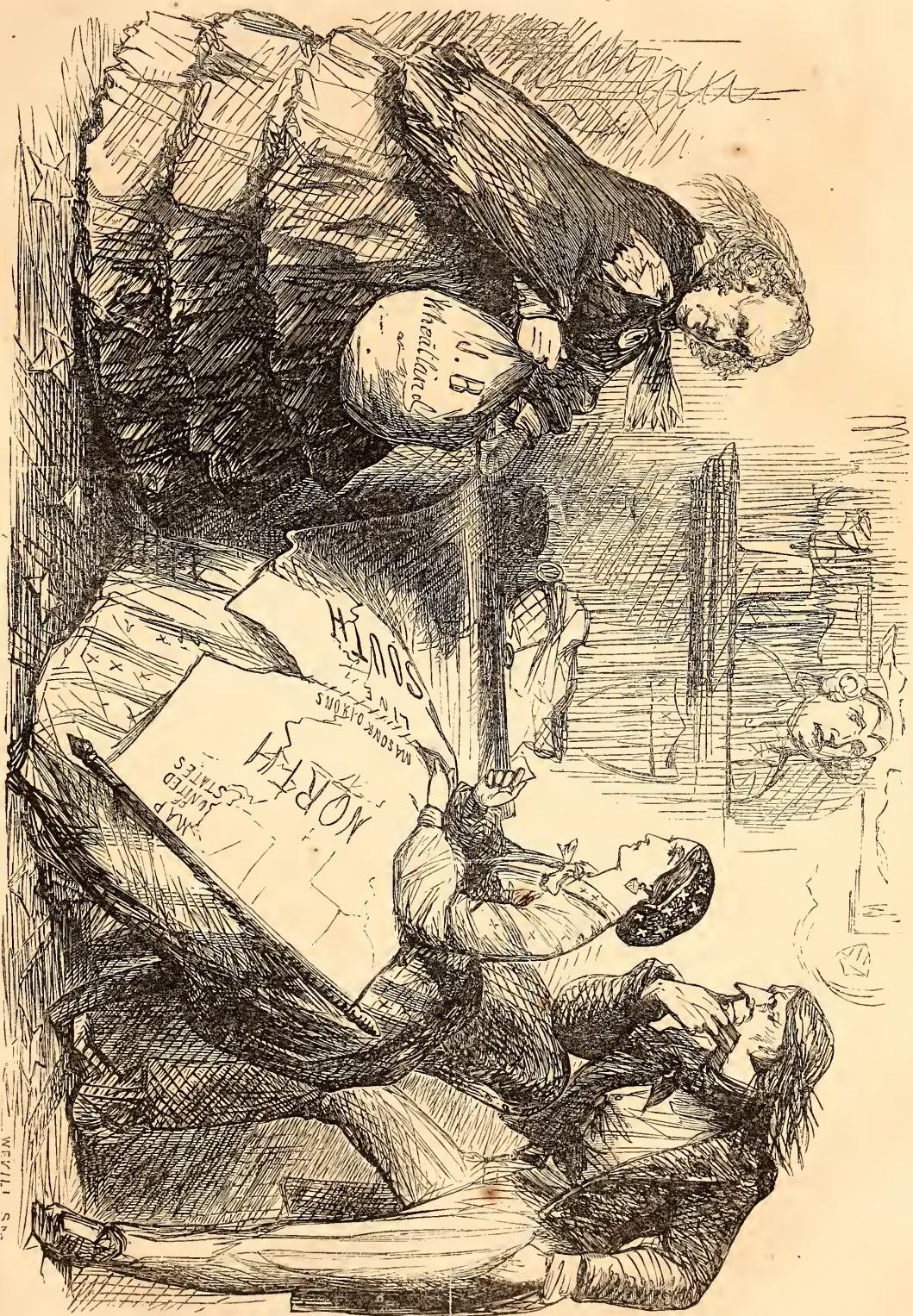
That's So.

There is much inquiry concerning the nativity of Jackalow, the supposed murderer, some asserting that he is Japanese, others that he is from China. We have means of knowing, and can inform our readers that at the time he was on the sloop *Spray*, he was a Kroo.

A Winter Garden Plucking.

THE PRETTIEST LINE OF DRAMATIC BUSINESS.—Evangeline.





OUT OF A SITUATION.

MRS. COLUMBIA.—WELL, BRIDGET, I GUESS WE SHAN'T WANT YOUR SERVICES AFTER NEXT MARCH.  
 BIDDY BUCHANAN.—AN’ SURE THY WILL YET BE APTHER GIVING ME BACK ME CHARACTER?

WEVILL & CO.







## A DICTIONARY FOR CONGRESSMEN.

We have Classical Dictionaries, Dictionaries of Science, Dictionaries of Art, Rhyming Dictionaries,—by which those who are not born Poets may achieve Poetry, or, rather, have Poetry thrust upon them,—Cyclopædias and Technologies without number. It is, in fact, possible that, within the past few months, the American public has heard a good deal more about Dictionaries than it has really cared to. And yet it seems strange that, in a community where usually supply so quickly follows demand, and where opportunities for profitable enterprise are so seldom allowed to escape unnoticed, the evident need of a Dictionary for the Exclusive Use of Congressmen should so long have remained unheeded. We are not now considering the want of a compilation of Legislative Lore, or an Exposition of the Principles of Debate, or anything of that sort, however much all these may be required by the gentlemen who irregularly public affairs at Washington. These necessities are, at least in part, provided for by various extant publications. What we refer to, is the expediency of issuing a work which shall tend in some measure to remedy the defects of argument and oratory which are to a decided degree now apparent in our Congressional Proceedings. Such a work ought speedily to appear. Its title might aptly be as follows:

## THE CONGRESSMAN'S GUIDE TO FAME;

OR,

## THE TRUE VOCABULARY OF VITUPERATION.

PRESENTING,

IN A

CONCISE AND COLLECTED FORM,

*The Most Approved and Effective Epithets and Denunciations*

Known to the English Tongue.

By the careful study of this Work, the most inoffensive and innocuous Congressmen may speedily achieve a reputation for energy, manliness, vigor and courage which shall be equalled by none and excelled by few. Its plan is simple and may be understood by the most feeble-minded,—a fact which should secure its immediate adoption by the majority of members in both Houses.

It is perhaps true that this work is not absolutely essential during the present session of Congress, the members having shown a rare and unprecedented proficiency in the art which it would be its mission to bring to perfection. But it is true that even the existing method is susceptible of certain improvements, although Messrs. Davis and Gartrell may not be inclined to believe as much. Who knows what those ambitious gentlemen might not be able to do with the hand-book of Billingsgate always by them. How widely might their range of acrimony be extended! The work which we have suggested, and which can hardly fail to appear now that its want is pointed out, would be easily prepared. It need consist only of the extracts from the best dictionaries, with such infusions of a popular nature as may be deemed desirable. Of course it must be alphabetical. A good word to begin on would be Abolitionist. Every offensive term, however recondite, should be incorporated. A great point would be made by bringing some extraordinary and unheard of epithet to bear upon a member. "Aboddon" for example. We wonder how Mr. Sherman would feel to find himself pronounced "Aboddon" some fine day, by Mr. Keitt. We suspect, unless himself the proprietor of a copy of "The True Vocabulary," he would sing very small; especially when it should be made clear to him that he was not merely stigmatized as "a bad one,"—contracted by Mr. Keitt's rapid utterance into "a bad 'un,"—but was absolutely declared a resident of the Bottomless Pit, according to the authority of Revelations, a book with which Congressmen generally are probably not too familiar. It is difficult to measure the remarkable effects which might result from a judicious use of "The True Vocabulary." The advantages of alliteration would appear in their fullest force. Let us endeavor to set forth the manner of an excited and hot-headed member, full of wrath and "The True Vocabulary." How he would thunder out his ready-made rage:

"Mr. Speaker, I say to the gentleman that he is an Addle-pate. I say that he is an Abject and Aberrant Ass. I scorn him for an Acardiac and Accphalous Animal. I stand here, sir, and proclaim him, to the world, an Accipitrine Assassin—an Abdominus and Ambaginous Axe-grinder,—an Adder and an Anthrophaginian.

"Sir, I impugn no man. But I call upon the gentleman to deny my charges if he can, [And of course he can do nothing of the sort, unless he is the owner of a copy of "The True Vocabulary."—*Editorial note.*] and meet them like a man. Do we not know him for a Babbler,—for a Blasted, Blatting, Blustering, Brawling, Blower? But we do not fear his Barren Bravado." Why, sir, if he isn't a Baboon, what is he? I say, a Barnum's Baboon. His Beastly and Brutal Barbarities have been heard by all, as they came in words

from his Blistered and Besotted Brain. A Butcher in his heart, and a Blackguard in his person, I denounce him as the Base Bellwether of his party.

"Mr. Speaker, I seek to injure no person's feelings. The gentleman knows the truth of this. He knows, too, that I view him as a Caliginous Calf, a Cringing Cur, and likewise a Cantankerous Cannibal. I know him to be a Caitiff, all through. I say to the gentleman that he is moreover a Cuss and a Coward."

The cheerfulness of this style of oratory would bring it into immediate favor. How far it is in advance of the method now most prevalent, we need not seek to show. Let us hope that by the dawning session, no member need ask in vain for his "Guide to Fame; or, True Vocabulary of Vituperation."

## POPULAR POLITICS.

AIR.—A Frog he would a-woooing go.

Douglas would a-woooing go—

Heigho! said Samuel.

Douglas would a-woooing go,

Whether Columbia was willing or no,

[With his flam me, cram me, gammon and speeches,

Heigho! cried avuncular Samuel.

So Douglas he put on his popular hat—

Heigho! said Samuel.

So Douglas he put on his popular hat,

But no one could tell what the deuce he was at,

With his flam me, cram me, gammon and speeches,

Heigho! cried avuncular Samuel.

Neither North nor South could make him speak—

Heigho! said Samuel.

Neither North nor South could make him speak;

'Cause why, he had his tongue in his cheek,

With his cram me, flam me, gammon and speeches,

Heigho! cried avuncular Samuel.

## A Neat Thing in Jail Breaking.

EXPLOITS OF A LUNATIC.—The Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald* says that a man named Wheedon, confined in the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum, has three times escaped from that institution despite the utmost precautions of the keepers, and by very extraordinary means. Knowing that he was intent on escaping, the officers stripped and searched him every night, to prevent his secreting any instruments. About two weeks ago he took a set of false teeth out of his mouth, and contrived to saw a hole with them through the floor of his chamber, through which he dropped and escaped from the house. Being captured and carried back, he a few days after secreted a pin, and with that insignificant instrument managed to pick the lock of his door and escape into the hall, where he was caught. On Saturday night he secreted a small brass ring, split at one part, in his hair, and with that during the night cut through the window-sash and shutter, so as to enable him to remove them from the window. He then made a rope of his bed clothes, and by its aid reached the ground, and got so far away that he was not overtaken till Sunday afternoon. He was very quiet when arrested, and made no resistance to being taken back.

We learn that this gifted individual, on Monday, by the means of a piece of twine, made a hole in a wrought-iron boiler-plate door and scaled the wall of the asylum by the aid of a common horn button. He was retaken, and last week pretended to fall sick, when, the vigilance of his custodians having somewhat relaxed, he made use of a blister which the humane physician of the establishment had ordered for his chest, to draw the rivets of his manacles, and opened a passage in a wall of solid masonry with a blue-pill.

## Finnical.

The Richmond County *Gazette*, on the satisfactory subject of shad, remarks that "many of the fishermen have just tarred their nets and sharpened their poles, preparatory to the season's fishing." Doubtless the gentle fish would not like to know that the fishermen are after them with a sharp stick. And, in this connection, did that popular expression arise among that hardy and patient race of men?

## How Politicians May Preserve the Ship of State.

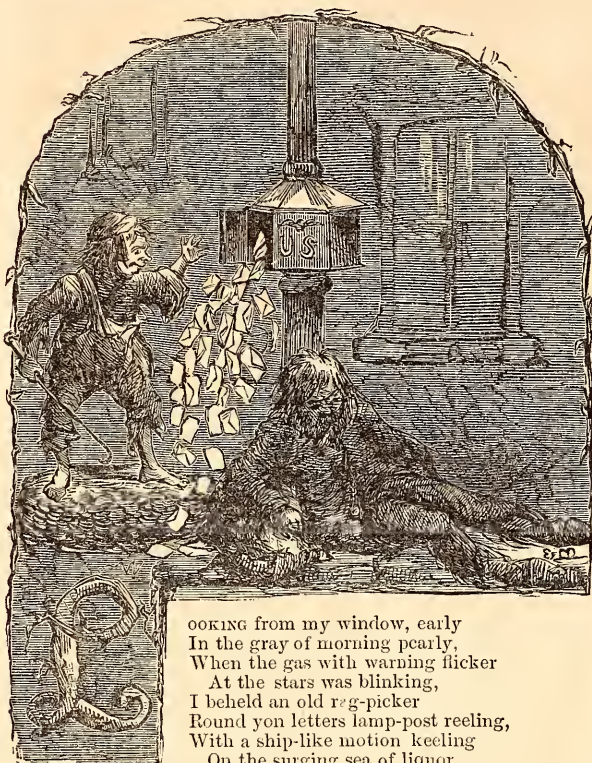
Drop their Cabals.

The Hobgoblins of Virginia.

"Brownies."



## THE RHYME OF THE LAMP-POST LETTER-BOX.



Looking from my window, early  
In the gray of morning pearly,  
When the gas with warning flicker  
At the stars was blinking,  
I beheld an old rag-picker  
Round yon letters lamp-post reeling,  
With a ship-like motion keeling  
On the surging sea of liquor,  
Muttering, winking,  
Downward sinking  
Slow ;  
Till Alcohol, the Conscience-Killer,  
Against the foot of the gas-pillar  
Laid him low.  
Slept he there the heavy slumber  
Drunken soul doth ever cumber,  
When to him, behold ! there came,  
Issuing from an archway dreary,  
A most lovely Five-Points Peri,  
Small, but game.  
Raking round the old rag-picker  
Gently, with a slender stick or  
Wand it went,  
To detect or purse or "ticker"  
Clearly bent.  
But, ho ! ho ! the bare idea  
Even brought from luckless me a  
Laugh of scorn,  
To think of that old weird *chiffonier*,  
With golden watch and full *porte-monnaie*—  
Hope forlorn !  
But not so the elf-like urchin,  
Who around went loping, lurching,  
Hopeful yet,  
Some rich boon by careful searching  
Sure to get.  
And, behold, while I am gazing,  
He with practised hand is raising,  
One by one, the rags amazing  
Of the gray old beggarman,—  
Then with tuneful voice began  
La-yring like a Cow Bay syren,  
As from out their maze he took  
A magic wand of cold blue iron  
With a hook :  
Handling which with touch artistic,  
To the air of " Villikins,"  
Incantation wild and mystic  
He outspins ;  
And unto the iron casket,  
Clamped around the lamp-post gray,

Reaching from the upset basket  
Of the sleeping *chiffonier*,  
At the keyhole toiled and twisted  
With the magic wand,  
Till before his flexile wrist it  
Yielded bond ;  
And from out the sacred fetters  
Fell a snow of virgin letters  
To the ground,  
Whitening *trottoir* flag and gutter  
All around.  
Then strove I " Police ! " to utter  
With a wild, spasmodic yell,  
But my voice fell to a mutter,  
Smothered by some demon spell ;  
While beneath the gas-lamp's flicker  
Flashed the letters, thicker, thicker,  
And the elf-boy caught them quicker  
Than they fell.

Letters bitter, letters funny,  
Sweetheart letters, bland as honey,  
*My* two letters with my money,  
And the one I worded so  
With an early sprig of fuschia  
To my charming Andalusia,  
Posted scarce an hour ago !  
All from out the sacred casket  
Of the U. S. M. P. O.,  
In a rag-man's reeking basket  
To the filthy Five Points go !

O my readers ! O my betters !  
Own me as a man of letters,  
For my theme ;  
Nor with me conceive a quarrel  
If deficient in my moral  
I may seem.  
Happy I, if this appealing  
From the picking and the stealing  
Depreciated by most pastors,  
Disregarded by post-masters.  
I convey  
This moral plain : that " better locks " is  
Honest rhyme for letter-boxes,  
Night and day.



## The Lost Arts.

Wendell Phillips has been lecturing before the Young Men's Christian Association on "The Lost Arts." There is one lost art which he neglected to mention in his lecture, *i.e.*, the lost art of humbugging the public.

## Can't be Done.

It is really too much to expect that an Express Co. can forward inexpressibles.—This is probably why such articles are so frequently franked by M.C's.



## THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

THE New-York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* devoted a paragraph in a late letter to "quite a red-peppery scene" at "the regular weekly Soc ety meeting of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church." Pcrusing it with that enthusiasm which the very name of the Pulpit Phenomenon enkindles in our perhaps too susceptible bosom, we gathered that the red-pepper was sprinkled from the spicy castor of Master Tilton, jester to the black wing of the Republican party. The shepherd of Plymouth was away from his flock—in Connecticut speaking for the Party—on the evening in question, and "telegraphed to his friend Tilton" "to take charge of, and preside at the meeting."

"Tilton did it, and a little more. He made a short preachment on his own account, and 'pitched into' his venerable pastor with all the vim of a thoroughly-trained spiritual boxer, hitting out and countering beautifully at H. W. B. for deserting the proper duties of his ministry for the purpose of making Republican speeches in Connecticut. My informant, a Brooklyn burgher, who lives in the immediate vicinity of the church, says the scene was particularly piquant, and may lead to some reply from the messenger of glad tidings that will serve to amuse the town for one of these raw March days. Mr. Beecher never shrinks from a fair hit at himself, and is a splendid worrier of other people. Let us patiently await the delights that are in store for us."

And shall we share the carnal cravings of this flippant correspondent? Shall we not rather regard this as one of the first and bitterest fruits of the project for a spiritual gymnasium in Brooklyn, of which due notice has already been given in these columns, and mourn this triumph of the "flesh" as sincerely as all good men have deplored the set-to of Messrs. Heenan and Sayers?

Ah and alas! the spirit is willing but our flesh is weak too. The old man riseth within us and getteth the better of our judgment and our sense of duty. It hankereth for the brethren to have it out. Let the fight be a fair one, the arena, of course, being Bully Beecher's church, scene of so many lively bouts. VANITY FAIR will have special artists and correspondents there, and report the affair in the most accurate and graphic style. If we acknowledge that the Bully is our favorite at long odds, it will be understood that we entertain no disrespect for the Tilton Slasher, who is a tough one with long reach and a great wind, nor do we bet on him because, as we learn from a work recently published and generally ascribed to a member of his family, the B. once pummeled and punished a man in the street, but simply because it seems to us that the Slasher has violated the rules of etiquette which should govern the Evangelical P. R., by getting in foul licks at the Bully, and by a foolish vaunting of his own powers when the B. was away. But as the Slasher will have fight, we can only relate the following anecdote to show what sort of a man he has got to deal with: Not long ago the Bully was charged by some of the buffers of the profession with infidelity. Words were exchanged which got warm. They at length closed on him and put in their maulers—with all their orthodox strength. The sports of the sound religious papers, including Mr. Bonner's *Ledger*, let fly at him, and the world was just ready to go its odds against the Bully, when he suddenly recovered wind and let 'em have his bundle of fives. It only took about three blows to lay the whole party out insensible. All through their consequent illness the Bully has provided them with ideas!

Still the Tilton Slasher is young and confident, and if he will submit himself to proper training the result may surprise his friends. We fear, however, that Plymouth, as it has ever been a church militant, will now be a church triumphant, but await the great mill with no other desire than that the "best man may win."

## Interesting Literary Discovery.

The admirers of Shakespeare, of whom there are confessedly quite a number in this country, will be interested in the discovery of a manuscript letter written by him at the time of his connection with the *Globe*, to one of his fellow-managers. It is true that since the rise of that pyrotechnic playwright, Mr. Dion Boucicault, the fame of Shakespeare has been very much on the wane, to the great grief of Mr. Richard Grant White, who has the reputation of the Avon Bard in his exclusive keeping, and who has grown quite thin in consequence. Nevertheless, the document possesses some interest, as it throws a good deal of light on Shakespeare's method of producing his plays, his character for modesty, veracity, &c. Here it is:

MY DEAR SIR:—Here is another Tragedy—my last for this season. It was written this morning, and my fingers are a little stiff, as this makes the seventh I have written since dinner yesterday. This piece is a smasher—up to the handle. Rapidly as I have executed it, I am perfectly satisfied with it, as I am with everything I do. It will be found to be the most surpassing of any of

my admirable works. It has no demerits whatever, and it is my happiest effort in every particular.

Yours, very truly, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## A BURDEN UPON PUBLIC ATTENTION.

If somebody wishes to achieve a speedy fame, let him devise means for the suppression of Mr. Hyatt, formerly of New York, now of the Washington jail. No one will deny that Mr. Hyatt ought to be abated. About an ordinary nuisance there might be room for doubt; about him there can be none. Some weeks ago, in the Senate Chamber, he achieved an empty notoriety on the strength of knowing nothing, and refusing to tell it. On that occasion he was like the big bell of the City Hall—very noisy, yet containing nothing but a long tongue. By skilful management he succeeded in attaining incarceration, which was evidently the dearest object of his heart. But presently he began to be forgotten, which was not at all according to his programme. So the aid of friendly journalists was invoked, and, for a week or two, everybody has been pestered with Hyatt. If that were the worst, it would not be so bad. But the statement has been authoritatively made, that he is "preparing a pamphlet containing his reasons for taking the course he has; containing the debate upon his case, the argument of his counsel, and his comments and conclusions upon the whole subject." This is taxing endurance too far. Imagine the climax of horrors. First, Hyatt's reasons, for the credulous who may accept the notion that Hyatt has reason; next the Senatorial debate; then the legal argument, and, finally—Ossa of insult on Pelion of injury—Hyatt's comments and conclusion, the last of which it is, at the same time, pleasant to know he has some idea of making at some period. There is, however, a consolation in the fact that nobody need be compelled to read this production, except the proof-reader, for whom we feel the liveliest compassion, and whose mind, we hope with some anxiety, may remain properly balanced. We shudder at the prospect of all this Hyatt. The Senators had better have done with him, and send him home. All that he knows will never do them or anybody any good; and, if they keep him, the responsibility of this impending literary nightmare will be theirs. It is said that Mr. Hyatt "has written to his brother to conduct his affairs as though he were dead." This looks as if a long spell of Hyatt were inevitable. If his book must come, it should at least have an appropriate title. Suppose we suggest this:—

CHEAP MARTYRDOM;  
Or,

THE EASIEST ROAD TO HEROISM.

By One who Accomplished Notoriety with the Smallest Capital on Record.



"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY."



## HERE AND THERE.



vertising columns of the journals every morning. If this extraordinary method of correspondence becomes the fashion, our leading dailies will find themselves overrun with a new species of advertising. Mrs. Jones of Twenty-second-street will present her compliments in the *Herald* to Mr. Lacy Alley of the Brevoort House, and request the pleasure of his company at a *thé dansante*, on—etc. Briggs will write to Jobson, "Dear Ned, I am deuced hard-up, can you lend me five dollars?" and the modest request for the slender loan will appear in the "Personal" of the *Times*. Hostile missives will be probably ventilated in the columns of the *Tribune* (that sheet being of a notoriously belligerent character) which system will possess the advantage of simplifying the duello by giving that warning to the police which is generally so ardently desired by both the combatants. On the whole, I think that D. B.'s idea is a good one, and, although rather a silent slur on Postmaster Fowler's administrative qualities, is rather a good innovation on the present somewhat uncertain system of epistolary communication.

**S**I went, of course, to see the "Colleen Bawn;" The Colleen Bawn—which means in English "fair girl"—is played by Mrs. Boucicault, who is dark. "The Colleen Ruadh"—which means "red-haired girl"—is played by Miss Laura Keene, whose luxuriant *chevelure* is blonde; so that you can see everybody is perfectly suited.

Mr. Dion Boucicault said in his letter, before alluded to, that he is an Irishman, consequently, as may be expected, the play is so full of the national blunder, that I felt, while witnessing it, as if I was at a bull-fight. Miss Laura Keene declares in one part that at some early period of her life she was a "little bit of a gossoon." In Irish, "gossoon" means boy. Is Miss Laura Keene going to set up as a rival for Zoyara? Or are we going to have a new edition of Ovid's metamorphoses? L. K. is so good in her character of the Bride of Garryowen that I should be very sorry indeed if she was in any way qualified to be a bridegroom.

The play itself is full of good and amusing things. Indeed, that celebrated dramatic brigand, Don Charles de Moor Massaroni Boucicault, seldom serves up a theatrical repast that is scant of good victuals. If he cuts French purses he certainly spends the surreptitiously acquired coin to advantage. He invests other people's brains better than any man I know. On this occasion he has forsaken Gallic highways, and taken to the "Boreens" of Ireland. For the benefit of my readers I will explain that "Boreen" means small road. D. B. in his marauding expeditions encountered one Gerald Griffin. Of course he instantly put a pistol to his head and called on G. G. to stand and deliver. The author of "Gisippus" stood and delivered "The Collegians," and on this charming Celtic novel D. B. instantly constructed the drama of "The Colleen Bawn," in, as he himself says, five days.

Well, for a five-days' drama the thing is good. I remember that, in his preface to the London edition of the "London Assurance," D. B. took occasion to inform the public that he wrote it in thirty days. But it seems that he is improving in speed. If he goes on at this rate he will become perfectly irrepressible, and Miss Laura Keene will be obliged to give three performances a day in order to accommodate the fecund dramatist.

In "The Colleen Bawn" Mr. Boucicault himself evinces a considerable talent for Irish characterization. He makes the mistake usual with men in a fresh field, of not always remembering his dramatic personality, and consequently speaks alternately with and without the brogue. It is a curious hodge-podge of the Lion and the Shamrock. Nevertheless it is on the whole an exceedingly clever performance. Miss Laura Keene plays the part of an Irish lady of good birth, and either does not know or has forgotten, that well-educated Irish ladies do not speak in the same dialect as the peasantry. Mrs. Boucicault played and sang with that subdued sweetness for which every theatre-goer must

HAT retiring person, Mr. Dion Boucicault, has in the quietest manner possible snubbed Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, the stalwart Postmaster of this city. Mr. D. B. had occasion, previous to the production of his latest piece, "The Colleen Bawn," to write to Miss Laura Keene concerning the same. It was of course impossible for D. B. to communicate personally with that gifted lady, as the journey from Fifteenth-street to the Théâtre de L. K. is not alone tedious and fatiguing, but perilous; consequently D. B. is forced to communicate in writing. But he is evidently skeptical as to the trustworthiness of the new letter-boxes, and equally incredulous as to the ordinary postal conveyance. He therefore adopts the novel method of publishing his letter in the daily papers, taking for granted that the gifted lady in question carefully peruses the ad-

love her; and her rendering of one or two of the little Irish songs with which the piece is sprinkled was inexpressibly touching. Mr. Burnett's performance of an Irish lawyer was excellent.

D. B. I observe is tending to nationality in the Drama. We have had English, French and Scotch plays from his pen, and now a Celtic one. Of course he will top off with an American drama. What celebrated American author will he take in tow, I wonder? I would respectfully beg leave to direct his attention to Sylvanus Cobb.

Signed,



## Standard Household Words.

Pshaw! Stop your noise! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Shut up this minute! Let me be! Go away! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell my Ma! You mean thing! There! I told you so! You did n't! You did! I will have it! O! see what you've done! 'T was you! Won't you get it, though! It's my house! Whose afraid of you! Mbah h-h-h! Boo hoo! Boo! oo! oo! oo! What's the matter? Clear out of this room directly! Do you hear me? Right away! Dear me! It's enough to set one crazy! I never did see in all my born days! Would you put a tuck in it? Well, says I! says he! says she! says they! Bless me! No! Hem it all the way round! Three founces! Gored! Pompadour! Worked crosswise! Lord & Taylor's! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards! Cut bias! Real sweet! And one or two more.

## Music Received at the Vanity Fair Office

"Is she happy." Ballad of great interest by Hon. Major Fitzroy.—Also, the answer, by the same author, entitled "I should think so, for I've paid all her bills, given her nine new dresses, a hatful of jewelry, a little dog, a box at the Academy, a cheque for five hundred dollars, and notice that I'm going 'into the country, so that she can do what-ever she likes for a fortnight." A charming Air.

## Notice.

Persons having business of importance to transact at the Mayor's Office are informed that his Honor will "drop in" there for ten or fifteen minutes, when he next passes through the city.

## An Explanation.

It is now well known that George Law's Gridiron Bill was never seriously intended. G. L., from his tendency to practical joking, is called "Live Hoax George," and the movement in question was only a bit of his Rail-lery.

Which of the Champions in the international fight is sure to prove the man of the most metal? He who wins the "tin," to be sure, stupid!

Mozart's Wandering Minstrel.  
Fernando Wood.

The Knack of Drinking.  
Cognac.



## A Terpsichorean Tabby.

In an account of a ball recently given in Paris by Gen. Fleury, a correspondent alludes to a character quadrille in which one lady—the Countess de Vie, doubtless a lively creature—appeared as Puss in Boots, and adds that “what was extremely amusing was the *verve* with which the guests kept up the “characters they were representing.” We know, ourself do, a large number of ladies who can “keep up the character” of cat without the least difficulty; and as the feline race is noted for its fondness for playing with balls they could probably engage in those elegant festivities. But their facility in this way is the reverse of “extremely amusing.”

## The Force of Example.

It is pleasant for us to know that VANITY FAIR is doing any humble thing in the cause of early piety. As an immediate result of the Juvenile Library, see this from the advertising columns:

“The *Independent* will hereafter be made as attractive to Children as to full-grown Men and Women.”

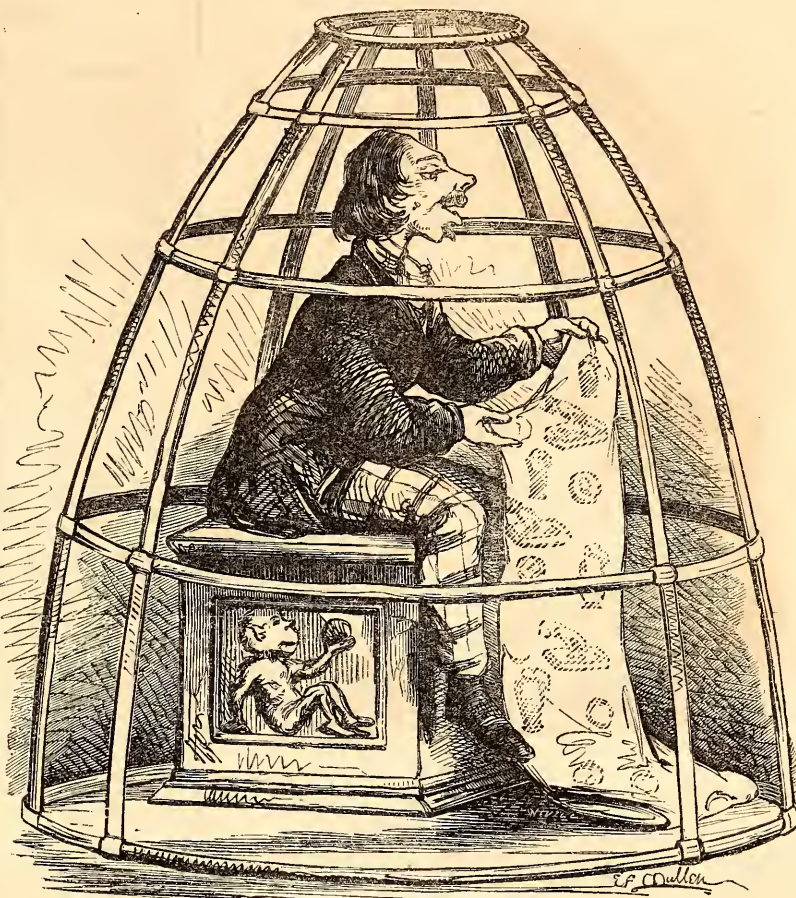
But what is this but an attempt to make capital out of our enterprise? All full-grown men and women know that they have always been treated like Children by the *Independent*.

## Very Commendable.

We read in a morning paper that Mrs. Sophie Lager delivered a lecture about something or other at the Cooper Institute last Friday evening. The reader will please give us credit for our manifest fortitude in not making a pun on her name.

## The Oldest Woman.

“Rita,” the writer of her own autobiography, just published, says at the very start, “I was the first-born of English parents.” Her Autobiography will be a good thing for the Historical Societies.



A CURIOSITY THAT WILL ONLY BE FOUND IN RARE OLD COLLECTIONS A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE: STUFFED COUNTER-JUMPER OF 1860 IN A CAGE OF THE PERIOD.

## THE MODEL STATESMAN.

UNLESS somebody sends to the office of VANITY FAIR a full and reliable account of Wigfall, or unless from some part of the land a voice is heard claiming his nativity, or unless somebody comes to town who knows Wigfall, the now agitating questions of What Is It? and Who Is the Man for Charleston? will cease to harass or to mystify the able and the brilliant editor. For it must be evident to the most casual observer of national affairs that with our future destiny Wigfall will have a great deal to do. He is one of the embodiments of the Republican idea, one of the mighty bulwarks of the Constitution, one of the living illustrations of the beauty and majesty and ease of self-government. In time of trouble we shall have to turn to Wigfall. When a foreign foe—let's say New Jersey—invasades, we will have to look to Wigfall with the patriot's hope. Wigfall is largely instrumental (and vocal) in causing tyrants to tremble and thrones to totter. Despotism all over the world shivers and goes pale at the name of Wigfall.

He is no less a philosopher than a statesman. His utterances are those of an accomplished and popular oracle. Go to, Walt Whitman, thy slabs of wisdom are all in a crumble compared with the granitic chunks that fall from Wigfall! Rising in the Senate of the United States on the 4th inst., “Poverty,” he said, “was a crime. The man who was poor had sinned, and there was a screw loose ‘in his head somewhere.’” Not for a moment to dwell upon the profundity of social knowledge here so tersely revealed, don't you think you never met a more pleasing picture of the immediate effect of sin than is given? All the screws in Wigfall's head are tight, and he doubtless carries the screw-driver about with him; but what is to prevent the screws from working through the craniums of the starving sinners that we meet in our daily walks abroad, and protruding in hideous Irony?

Statesman, Philosopher, Poet, Wigfall is also a Wit of the first water,—perhaps we should say of the first brandy-and-water,—and

he is wanted immediately for VANITY FAIR. “He would amend ‘the bill to read, ‘For the encouragement of crime, providing for “‘criminals, and violating the Constitution.’” What a happy construction of the measure proposed by the Homestead Bill! How susceptible such a Bill of mirthful and sarcastic treatment!

One chunk, however, is not so heavy as the rest, and will not, consequently, have so much weight with the whole country. “It ‘was a great mistake of any man to suppose that the people had ‘no sense.’ [Laughter.] Nobody is surprised by the brackets and their contents, for people never supposed ‘that the people had no ‘sense.’—it was only their Representatives, like Wigfall.

The State of Texas will hereafter repose especial confidence in Wigfall, we fancy, for he gives out, in this most public way, that “she has a right to do what she pleases with her own property, ‘to give it to a missionary society, to publish a Bible, or to gamble ‘it off in hell. [Laughter.] Texas was a free, sovereign State, and ‘exercised rights which were not delegated to this miserable one—‘horse concern in Washington. [Renewed Laughter.]” Than which Texas probably never received a more delicate or discriminating compliment in the whole course of her federal life.

“Mr. Wigfall continued at length.” But we have followed him as far as our limits will permit, yet only far enough to intensify our desire to know all about the Senator. From what auspicious cloud did Wigfall fall? Had he ever any parents, or was he the result of some mighty convulsion of nature? And, O! we ask the *Herald*, if he can be the Man for Charleston?

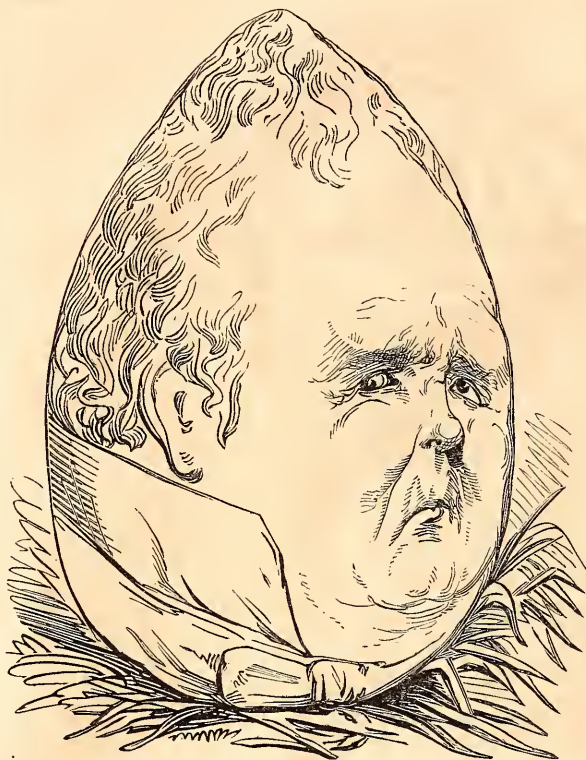
## Barnyard Swallows.

Thorley's Food for Cattle.

## The Drink for the Wise.

A Draught of the Seine.





OUR EASTER EGG.

## RELIGIOUS SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

We are charmed to find that the Sunday Law people do not propose to prevent that amiable and useful (not to say ornamental) class, the Sensation Parsons, from working for their bread and butter on the Sabbath. We never quite understood why one profession only should be permitted to enjoy the liberty of doing professional labor on that awful day;—but the question is something musty, and we will not here discuss it. The last Sunday Bill introduced at Albany is an Act to Preserve the Public Peace and Order on the First Day of the Week, Commonly Called Sunday. How this could be done, without putting a stop to some of our Melodramatic Expounders, we do not see. Those energetic gentlemen, however, are provided for in Section I. of the bill, as follows:

I. It shall not be lawful to exhibit on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, concert-room, or other room or place within the city and county of New-York, any interlude, tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, farce, negro minstrelsy, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any part or parts therein, or any equestrian, circus, or dramatic performance, or any performance of jugglers, acrobats, or rope-dancing, or any musical performance, except as part of religious worship!

The negro business—so prominent in some pulpits—the farces, dramatic effects, juggling, contortions, and summersaults, to which many Reverends are now addicted, will go on, uninterrupted, under sanction of the last clause of this extraordinary bill. We are glad of it. The good people have made such a terrible day of Sunday—such a time of penance and mortification—that amusements in the pulpit have become quite necessary, in order to keep us bad people from downright stagnation. How the good people feel, on an average, we have of course no means of knowing; but they must be right, and it must be infinitely nicer to sit through a blue-fire performance by the Reverend Jno. Biblebanger, or a burnt-cork and curled-hair sympathy recitation by the Reverend Gnawfile Graves, than to stroll with one's wife and little ones in the Central Park, while Dodworth's or the Seventh Regiment band discourse sweet sounds. There is no disputing about tastes, but—we wish there were!

## How to raise the Rhino.

Go and see Mr. Noyes at Dan Rice's circus in Philadelphia, and his performing Rhinoceros, and you will find out.

## PUGILISM FOR THE BOUDOIR.

BY OUR CHESS EDITOR.

The accounts of Prize fights which we have so often thrust upon our notice by the sporting papers, are couched in such vulgar and brutal slang as to render them inadmissible to our hearths and homes. We propose to change all this, and to show that pugilistic encounters may be chronicled in such polite phrase as to render them admissible to the Boudoir. We give an example to-day, slightly anticipating the transatlantic news.

## Game No. 1.

A lively skirmish between Herr Von Heenan and M. De Sayers, played at the English Pug. Club, April 16, 1860.

## (Two Knights Opening.)

- | WHITE (VON HEENAN).        | BLACK (DE SAYERS).    |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Maul to B. nob.         | 1. Guard from right.  |
| 2. Fib from left shoulder. | 2. One for W. peeper. |

(This constitutes the Two Knights opening,—a very brilliant defence, but is pronounced in Hyer's Handbüch not sound.)

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 3. Crusher for B. mug.   | 3. Clarets.           |
| 4. Feint right and left. | 4. Tap on W. scenter. |

(Beautifully played by Black; for if White reply 5. One for his ribs, then Black plays, 5. Dodge to the right, followed by Two for his knowledge-box, &c., obtaining a fine position.)

- |                        |                               |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 5. Clarets.            | 5. Maul takes maul.           |
| 6. Fist takes B. ribs. | 6. Staggers to Bottle-holder. |

(Decidedly weak, though it is difficult to say what better move he had at this point.)

- |                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 7. Covers with right.           | 7. Rush for W. nob.         |
| 8. Stops with his left (check). | 8. Black to Black's square. |

(A judicious move, anticipating advance of White's R. maul, which would have been very embarrassing.)

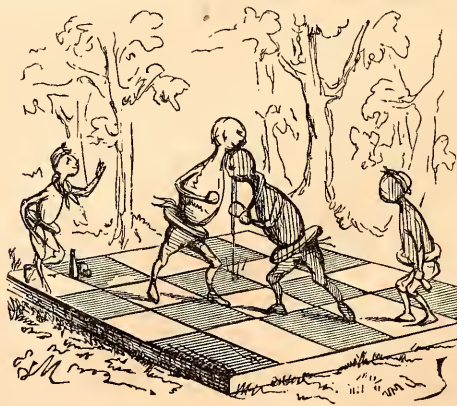
- |                                |                         |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 9. Long Melford to proboscis.* | 9. Daddle to W. peeper. |
| 10. Peeper takes B. daddle.    | 10. Dash to his mug.    |
| 11. Dodge to the left.         |                         |

(Well played, showing a careful analysis of the position.)

- |                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 12. Peeler for nob (check). | 11. Counters with right.  |
| 13. Punches his 'ead.       | 12. Closes.               |
| 14. Crusher for mug.        | 13. Backs to sponge.      |
| 15. B. nob in chancery.     | 14. Guards with his left. |

And White announced Belt in seven rounds.

The termination of this game is one of the finest things on record. Black played with his accustomed nerve and foresight, but White's irresistible attack was sustained throughout in a masterly manner. We give below a diagram of the position at White's 15th move.



## The Height of Impudence.

ACCORDING TO BENNETT.

The interference of the New York Legislature with the Seigniorial rights of J. G. B. at Washington Heights.

\*This beautiful coup was introduced by the great master Lavengro, in his famous match with the Flaming Tinman, and must inevitably break up Black's centre.



## THE LAMB!

The day after the Rev. Thomas Starr King had been bidden good-by, Mr Greeley, in speaking through the *Tribune* of the farewell festival, said,

"The repast was termed a breakfast, though the company did not sit down to it till after midday."

There is in this a touch of Arcadian simplicity, and a freshness that is simply invigorating. No tonic that we know is so good to try as this oasis in the arid desert of humanity.

Simple, single spirit! We see thee in the rosy morn, after a cheerful night's work writing the entire *Tribune*, lightly tripping to the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, with a clean face and a sharp appetite! The milkmen are thy only companions, and thy heart expands with the prospect of a generous bowl of milk, and a piece of fresh bread, and an egg newly laid!

Sweet primitive! Dear lamb! Know, by the lonely waiter that vacantly stares when thou askest him where the Unitarian feeders be, by the white silence of the still slumbering hostelry, that quite a long way from Arcadia is the modern cuisine! We love thy immortal youth, man of an earlier and a purer age, but thy vocabulary must be overhauled! When thou gettest the Best thou wilt find the term breakfast to signify "a noontide repast, designed to stay the stomach of the fashionable world;" Dinner, "the meal of the evening, intended to prelude the light of day, and to prepare the way for," Supper, "food taken hot at midnight, on which people go to sleep!"

## Condensed Lye.

The Soap mine said to have been recently discovered.



OUR ARTIST, ANNOYED BY HIS LANDLADY'S HABIT OF BOLTING INTO THE ROOM WITHOUT KNOCKING, GETS HIS MODEL UP A LA CAMANCHE.

ARTIST (encouragingly to landlady who precipitately enters).—Don't stir, Ma'am. It will be over in a minute. (Landlady supposes he alludes to the scalp process.)

## THE DELIGHTS OF DEBATE.

THE art, or science, of conducting a clear, convicting, and intelligent debate, wherein are no unnecessary words and no irrelevant remarks, flourishes just now at our Governmental Capitol in a greater degree of perfection, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world.

The dignity, manliness and intelligence displayed in the House of Representatives, on Thursday last, exemplify this fact in a dreadfully forcible manner. The occasion was a speech by Mr. Lovejoy, a Member of Congress and the Republican faction, and a gentleman of the most curious regard for decency, politeness, parliamentary etiquette, etc.

Having something to discuss, Mr. Lovejoy put forth the theory that the people of the South, and especially their representatives there present, were "worse, more wicked, more criminal, more in-glorious to man and abhorrent to God," than if they had been robbers, pirates, and polygamists. This was a splendid argument, rational and clear-headed to the last degree, particularly when strengthened by Mr. Lovejoy's physical manifestations. He left his seat, pressed over toward the benches of the Democratic Faction, and, shaking his fists at the Southern Gentlemen, howled his words out like a first-class menagerie full of hyenas and jackalls.

But, if Mr. Lovejoy is strong on discussion, so are some of his brothers on the other side. Mr. Barksdale, for instance, opposed to these chaste arguments, another, in every way worthy of them. He playfully shook his gold-headed bludgeon at Mr. L., saying, "You lying scoundrel, come over here if you dare!"

Great interest now became apparent among all present, and Mr. Lovejoy continued his enunciations by asserting that nobody could intimidate him. A Gentleman from Kentucky, knowing that actions spoke louder than words, began paring his nails with an enormous bowie-knife;—rather a loud action. Subsequently, he told Mr. L. that he "must and should sit down," but remained standing himself, and defied the Sergeant-at-Arms to make him take his seat.

These highly effective and convincing elucidations of the question under discussion, had the effect of producing—singularly enough—

a little confusion; but it was partially abated, after a time, when Mr. Sherman remarked, "We are all in good order now;" a proposition so obviously jocose that it was received with a universal roar of laughter, in the midst of which, according to parliamentary observance, Mr. Lovejoy continued his speech. He said that he had sworn to support the Constitution, but as his Southern friends were in the habit of beating their servants to death with hand-saws, he interpreted that document in a different way from theirs.

To clear up this point, Mr. Bonham pithily remarked, "You vi-olate it, sir." Mr. Ashmore added, "And you perjure yourself!" Before Mr. Lovejoy could recover from the effect of this profound and astute train of reasoning, Mr. Singleton brought up a still more clinching argument: "And you are a negro-thief into the bargain!" said he. Here the discussion was terminated by Mr. Barksdale, who, with equal elegance and force, asserted that he held no parley with a perjured negro-thief.

This brilliant deduction threw much light upon the subject, and Mr. Lovejoy proceeded to bring out his reserved arguments and hypotheses. He continued, claiming that the gentleman had murdered his brother, twenty years ago, and averring that they would soon be displaced in Congress by more sensible men. Mr. Barksdale endeavored to overthrow this proposition by a few sound and telling words, saying that the meanest negro in the South was Mr. Lovejoy's superior; but Mr. L. corrected the statement by replying that Old John Brown stood a head and shoulders higher than any man there, until he was strangled. Moreover, he, Lovejoy, loved the South. A Voice assured him that the affection was not reciprocal; whereupon Mr. L. compared himself to the Saviour, and advised Virginia to clothe herself in sackcloth and ashes. The debate was closed by Mr. Martin, who explained and settled the whole question by observing that if Mr. Lovejoy came to Virginia, they would hang him higher than they hung Old John Brown.

As not only the whole nation, but the whole civilized world, is looking pretty earnestly upon the American Republic and its Governmental Centre, we cannot but feel proud of such wit and wisdom as eluster about the House of Representatives. The only pity about us is, that these Gentlemen are such a pack of ruffianly blackguards!



## ONE MRS. BROWN OF LYNN.



HE gallant W. F. Oliver, while Marshal and director of the female strikers at Lynn, has resigned his post, for the reason that "he was not only worn out in body, but sick at heart." Considering that in connection with his other duties he was obliged to listen to the eloquence of one Mrs. Brown, who, not satisfied with firing at the Bosses, indulged in random pops at the magnates at Washington, we can easily

understand the fearful trials through which this unhappy man has passed, and wonder, after reading the reports of the latest effort of Mrs. Brown, that he has not deliberately stowed himself away in the Retreat at Hartford. Perhaps, upon second thoughts, it might be better if she were invited to take up her abode there, and so save the remaining frail masculine creatures from the alarming physical and mental prostration of poor Oliver.

Let Mrs. Brown be henceforth enrolled with that noble band of femininity headed by Rev. Antoinette Brown and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell. Let her hide her light no longer under a bushel. Let her nightly take the soft part of the bed from Brown, and ignominiously expel him with her pedal extremities if he does not acknowledge the doctrine of Woman's Rights. Let her pay New York a visit, and honor the Cooper Institute with an oratorical display, for great are the Strikers of Lynn, and a ten-strike is Mrs. Brown.

When the Senators of the United States were informed "amidst much laughter and applause" that they, the Strikers, had acted more like gentlemen than the Conscript Fathers, how must they have shrunk in their boots, and retired into their cavernous dwellings, at the fearful sarcasm! And when she paid her respects to Mr. Edmundson, of Virginia, and Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, and said, "Virginia was a great State to boast of her Chivalry," &c. &c., how infinitesimally small Mr. Edmundson, and every inhabitant of Virginia, must have felt, and how much too large for the Village of West Chester, the doughty word-champion of Pennsylvania, must instantly have become!

And O! Mrs. Brown, "such manners" for an unprotected female like you to reiterate a senseless sneer upon a sovereign State and its people, which, independent of its bad taste coming from a "lady stitcher," or a lady of any degree, was as foreign to the subject before the meeting, as was the suggestion of Marie Antoinette to the poor people of Paris, when they wanted bread, to eat cake! VANITY FAIR, in the simplicity of its heart, has supposed that you needed and wished for all the sympathy that good men and women throughout the land were willing to give to your cause; but it seems from the great laughter which accompanied the remarks, that a brisk cannonade of small-arms well directed against every State, and every people, who may happen to entertain different views from the strikers of Lynn regarding the propriety of being butchered in their beds, is the merriest of merry jokes to be enjoyed even by the Mark Tapleys of Lynn, who can afford to be jolly under all their difficulties, even though that outburst of jollity should grate harshly upon the feelings of others, and should be marked in the memory of all sensible persons as a lamentable want of that Christian Charity, and its accessory weight of public opinion, which they seek to aid them in their struggles for their daily bread.

## "Sweet Auburn" Soured.

One of the Members of the New York Legislature, with a fiendishness which we did not think he carried about his person, and at which, in one of his character—now that we have failed to find out who he is—we are unspeakably astonished, on Wednesday of last week proposed and had carried a Bill enforcing the removal of insane convicts from Utica to Auburn. As if it were not enough for Auburn to have in its midst a States-Prison, full of convicts in a more or less proper frame of mind, this awful Legislator must impose upon it a batch of raving and incomprehensible idiots. We condole deeply with Auburn for this infliction, and more deeply still for the great blow it will receive in never again being called, in that famous line of the poet,

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest Village of the Sane."

## JOURNALISTIC EXPOSURES.

## HOW THE NEW-YORK NEWSPAPERS ARE EDITED.

[Knowing that everything which is nobody's business is always very interesting to everybody, we have procured information—at an enormous expense—concerning the management of the newspapers of the metropolis. The public may rest assured that the assertions here made are strictly true and reliable in every particular.—Eds. *V. & F.*]

## THE TRIBUNE.

Our reporter spent half a day in trying to find the editorial offices of the *Tribune*, and finally discovered that there are none. The writing is all done at the various homes of the two hundred editors who conduct the paper, and each hands his "copy" to the printers every night, when it is immediately put in type without supervision.

The names of the editors, written on slips of paper, are then shuffled together in a hat, and drawn one by one. The first drawn has his article at the head of the first column, the second next, and so on, *seriatim*, till the paper is full. All articles left over are printed in pamphlet form, to be used as campaign documents. The only imperative rule enforced is that Kansas shall be mentioned twice, or oftener, in every column. The public will now understand the somewhat confused, hodge-podge arrangement of the *Tribune*, which has created so much remark.

## THE HERALD.

Mr. Bennett writes everything that appears in the *Herald*, including the advertisements,—a task which would rather stagger any man of less facility, ability, and versatility. To Mr. Bennett, however, it is a mere trifle. He performs all his journalistic labors with the greatest ease, before breakfast, and amuses himself by purchasing railroad-stocks and playing on the ophicleide, the rest of the day. The *Herald* is considered rather a good paper.

## THE TIMES.

This Journal is edited in the ordinary manner—a very ordinary manner indeed.

## THE EVENING POST.

The *Post* is conducted by a poet and two reporters. The poet is not permitted to write anything, however, because he finds it impossible to avoid rhyming, and rhyme is not suitable for dignified editorials. The reporters hardly ever write anything either, and it may be considered a mystery how the paper is filled up. The general impression is that the managers send out for three pages of matter, and rely upon the telegraphic news to make out the fourth.

## THE EVENING EXPRESS.

The *Express* is conducted by Brooks Brothers, and very economically, the total expense amounting to seven dollars a month, only. This low figure is reached by a happy system of gratuitous writing on the part of all persons connected with the establishment, and by the non-admittance of any expensive news into the paper. The office-boy is a Know-Nothing.

## THE DAILY NEWS.

Nothing is known of the way in which the *News* is edited. The editors and proprietors know as little about it as anybody.

## THE DAYBOOK.

Less is known about the *Daybook* than the *News*.

## THE COURIER AND ENQUIRER.



## THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Entirely filled with advertisements, written by a boy at a salary of twelve shillings a week.

## THE SENSATION STORY PAPERS.

All these are edited by Ned Everett and Ned Buntline.

## THE SUNDAY PAPERS.

Our reporter could not discover that the Sunday Papers were edited at all.

## Vessels of Wrath.

Retorts.









THE TWO





HAMPIONS.





1707



## THE BALLAD OF FISTIANA.

[After Tennyson.]

My form is wasted with my woe,  
Fistiana.  
There is no fame for me below,  
Fistiana.  
My fame has gone like melted snow,  
Though I can hit a heavy blow,  
Fistiana.  
Alone I wander to and fro,  
Fistiana.

Once, my fame was widely growing,  
Fistiana,  
Day and night my friends were crowing,  
Fistiana;  
I was blowing, wine was flowing,  
When I was to battle going,  
Fistiana;  
But, alas! 't was nought but blowing,  
Fistiana.

In the ring, till almost night,  
Fistiana,  
I stood proudly up in fight,  
Fistiana,  
Although the blood blinded my sight,  
With stars that glimmered swift and bright,  
Fistiana,  
And left my eyes in shocking plight,  
Fistiana.

The umpire stood against the wall,  
Fistiana;  
He watched my fist among them all,  
Fistiana;  
He saw me fight; I heard him call:  
My foeman was both strong and tall,  
Fistiana;  
He pressed me close against the wall,  
Fistiana.

My heavy counter went aside,  
Fistiana,—  
The false, false counter went aside,  
Fistiana,—  
The curséd counter glanced aside;  
I missed his nob: my blow was wide,  
Fistiana,—  
My blow was very wild and wide,  
Fistiana!

O, narrow, narrow was the space,  
Fistiana!  
Loud rang my backers' heavy bass,  
Fistiana.  
O, deathful blows were dealt apace,  
The battle deepened in its place,  
Fistiana;  
But I went down upon my face,  
Fistiana!

They should have sponged me where I lay,  
Fistiana;  
How could I rise and come away,  
Fistiana?  
How should I look, the second day?  
They might have left me where I lay,  
Fistiana:  
Bruised, mauled and pounded into clay,  
Fistiana.

O! feeble nose, why didst thou break?  
Fistiana!  
O! me, so pale and limp and weak,  
Fistiana;  
I took a smile, but could not speak,  
With such a jaw, and lip, and cheek,  
Fistiana:  
Where fists had played at hide-and-seek,  
Fistiana.

They cried aloud; I heard their cries,  
Fistiana.

Their plaudits rent the very skies,  
Fistiana.  
I felt the tears and blood arise  
Up from my heart into my eyes,  
Fistiana:  
Who says there's fun in fighting, lies,  
Fistiana!

O! curséd hand! O! curséd blow!  
Fistiana!  
Unhappy me, by it laid low,  
Fistiana!  
All night my claret seemed to flow;  
I sat alone in utter woe,  
Fistiana:  
To fight again I'll never go,  
Fistiana!

O! fight that ripens o'er the sea,  
Fistiana:  
I hardly dare to think of thee.  
Fistiana.  
I'm so played out and up a tree  
I can't afford to witness thee,  
Fistiana:  
I'll have to stay this side the sea,  
Fistiana.

## THE HON. G. B. ON THE P. R.



THE Hon. Grantley Berkeley has written a letter to the *London Field*, in which he proves conclusively, to his own satisfaction, that "the manly art "of self-defence" is the only safety of our race from assassination and sudden death. Its cultivation, he asserts, will prevent "those murdering, unmanly, "rough-and-tumble fights, which are "so prevalent in America, where men "grovel like savage beasts on the "ground, and bite, gouge, kick, "scratch, and take every unfair advantage that may tend to blind, "maim, or emasculate for life." Good for the Hon. G. B.! A full, strong, flowing sentence, replete with harmonious words. We did not watch the Hon. G. B. while travelling through this country, and until this time we had not the slightest idea that the gentleman had fallen into such company. We have become an entire convert to the opinion of the Hon. Gentleman, and shall, in the future, do our best toward the cultivation of muscle. And yet, we have some strange memories of men who have been taken out of the P. R. battered and bruised, to yield up their still pugnacious breath almost on the very sod where they fought. We have also some memories of the same kind in our own P. R.,—one especially, occurring within a few miles of this enlightened city, wherein a man by the name of Lilly beat one named McCoy to death. Then we have memories of many stabbings, shootings and gougings, by these same artists of the P. R. The Hon. G. B. holds that the prize-ring should be countenanced and upheld by gentlemen, or in two words that a fair fist fight is the only true aspiration for everybody. We think we see in the dim future, America following the advice of the Hon. Gentleman. We think we see Horace Greeley and Mr. Wm. C. Bryant stepping into the P. R. to settle their old standing differences. We think we see Roger A. Pryor coming from Washington, offering to fight James Gordon Bennett for \$500 a side, and going into training at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Opposing lawyers can settle their cases by fighting each other for the retainer. Clerical disputants may follow the same course, backed by their respective persuasions; while business competitors may take a few rounds to decide which shall have the customer. O! most wise and excellent G. B., you have indeed "put up your hands," this time, with a vengeance.

A True "Barbaric Yawp."

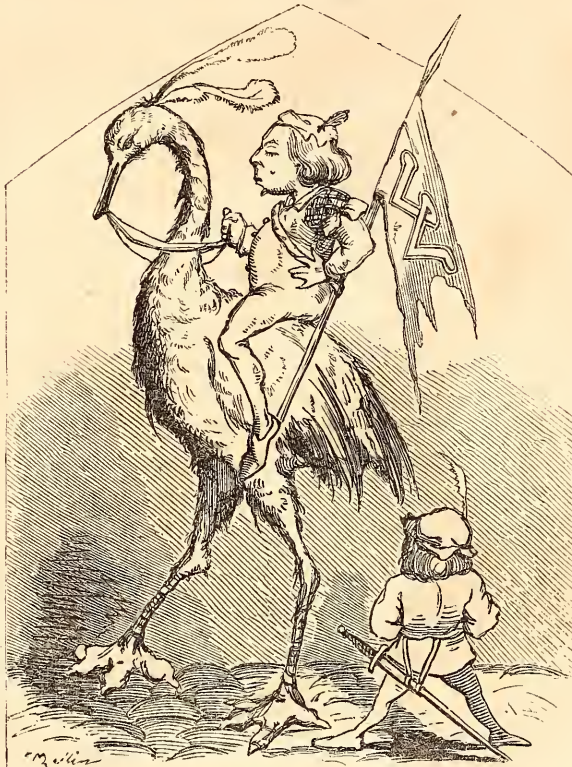
The milkman's morning cry.

A Ten-Strike that ought to be made:

The dismissal of the Ten Governors.



## A WAR LEADER.



WAR is inevitable, for, however much we might desire that the friendly relations which have heretofore existed between the United States and New Jersey should be preserved, we cannot longer disguise the fact that the present attitude assumed by that power renders a resort to arms almost inevitable. War is always to be deplored. It drains the country of its resources, and brings with it a train of horrors. But there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue, in national as well as in individual affairs; and we are prepared to enter upon a severe and perhaps protracted strife with New Jersey, fortified by the assurance that it is not until her oppressions and open violations of international faith have rendered it necessary to the honor and welfare of the States.

We cannot forget the indignities heaped upon our citizens, during a long term of years, by the Camden and Amboy. Too patiently have we submitted to the cruel imposi-

tions practised upon our people while travelling—never but by necessity—through their wild and inhospitable domains. The blood boils at the recital of all the wrongs endured in the transit from State to State—the dreary uncultivated waste, permitted to remain without one object to gladden the passing eye; the utter lack of all accommodation, and the stubborn reticence, on the part of the inhabitants, forbidding all attempts to cultivate a cordial reciprocity of sentiment; the heartless extortions of the landed proprietors in absurd sums demanded for scrawny and hot fruits and, in the summer, for even a cup of cold water. Few have not felt the hostility of the New-Jerseymen in one way or another, and we are sure that our gallant countrymen will be animated in the battles that will be fought on their soil by a zeal unequalled except in the annals of the glorious Revolution.

The immediate cause, however, of the impending campaign is not to be traced to the avarice and cruelty of Camden and Amboy. In defiance of all maritime equity, the fishermen of the Jerseys have invaded the peaceful waters of the bay and there planted their hostile Shad-Poles! Our flag has been insulted by these flaunting ensigns, and the commerce of the City of New-York has suffered great embarrassment. Vessels have been interrupted. Valuable copper has been torn from their bottoms! Emboldened by their success and by their apparent immunity from all law, the fishermen have at length reached a pitch of audacious insolence which it would be treachery to the memory of our gallant forefathers to tolerate.

Even now we hear the clash of resounding Shad-Poles, and the bay is alive with the rival fleets. If the operations should extend into the land, and the sands of New Jersey should be stained with the blood of heroic fish, let the people of that realm remember that the work of destruction was brought upon them by their own treachery and malice. The War is inevitable, and let it come!

In our next edition we hope to be able to announce the seizure of the dreaded Camden and Amboy, with all its hideous instruments of torture.

## Vanity Fair's

## ARRANGEMENTS TO OUTDO ITS CONTEMPORARIES.

FROM the very first, as the public is thoroughly aware, we have announced our intention not to be surpassed in enterprise. What has been done is not worth doing; but what has not been done shall be our constant aim, as well as to attempt what cannot be done.

With this constantly before our eyes, we should lack the spirit of true journalists did we view the great coming contest, which is to settle the superiority of two great nations, with supineness, and make no effort to obtain the news for our hundred thousand readers in advance of all other journals. To this end we have made arrangements with the heads of that Department, to have the sole use of the Navy upon that day, the 16th of April, a day that will be forever embalmed in history. We shall station the National vessels in a direct line across from Liverpool, putting on board of each one of our most expert ball-players. Immediately that Sayers is whipped, which, of course, he must be, the intelligence is to be done up in a hard ball, and by dexterous throwing is expected to reach this city at midnight

of the same day. On the morning of the next we shall issue our paper, with forty-eight illustrations, warranted correct. We flatter ourselves that this move will be a crusher to all competition.

We have also made some arrangements with regard to future murders. It is our intention to get up a series of cuts for stock illustrations, covering every description of murder. By this plan, when a terrible tragedy occurs, we shall suffer no delay,—the cuts will be ready—and we can go immediately to press with a most thrilling account. We shall show that we are worthy public patronage by missing no item calculated to interest, connected with the affair. Should the murder be committed with a knife, we shall give an exact representation of the deadly weapon, and a portrait of the manufacturer of it. We shall give a representation of the mine where the iron first came from, and of the miner who dug it, and that of his family, if he has one,—if not, that of his nearest neighbor. We trust that by following out with our usual perseverance all these interesting points we shall please our patrons. It is farther our intention, when we hear of a murder about to be committed, to have a reporter on the spot, who will of course have superior advantages over those who only come in after the deed is done. If there should be a dearth of such food for the mind, it may be possible that we shall so extend our arrangements as to secure for our exclusive use the commission of a most horrible affair, even though we are obliged to go to the entire expense of getting our operator off. With such liberal catering for the public amusement and instruction, we hope for an increased patronage, that we may feel that our genius and enterprise are appreciated.

## The Man for Charleston.

MR. Lowe, who, it will be remembered, crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon with such flattering success a few months ago, is now airing himself in Charleston. Speaking of certain "short topical ascensions from two hundred to one thousand feet" that he proposes to make, the *Mercury* (the very paper to go up) says:

"We commend the enterprise to gentlemen who have a taste for the novel and enticing, as affording more exhilaration than ordinary stimulating and exciting adventures."

How delightful a recreation, for instance, for the delegates to the Convention! How beneficial to the whole country if, after the selfish struggles of each day, they could get into a pure atmosphere.

## Shad Oh and Substance.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which lately doubled on the public in the matter of sheet, is determined to ransack the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, for news:

"Yesterday we paid a visit to the fishing at Cooper's Point; but as there was no fishermen about, we were unable to ascertain whether there had been any of 'the fish' caught or not. We understand from a gentleman whom we met there, that there had been but very few caught, and they of a rather poor kind."

As there was no fishermen about, we are left to the conclusion that the gentleman who was so polite to the dripping and weedy *Inquirer* were a merman. It is hard, however, that such aquatic enterprise should have met with no better success.



## A Sovereign Balm for Lawrence Wounds.

The Boston *Transcript*, in which are cultivated all the amenities that make life a tolerable thing to do, has some intelligence from Lawrence, Mass., the scene of a little recent suffering, that cannot fail to tranquilize all the mourners :

"Everything betokens a very successful business season in Lawrence, during the summer months, a circumstance which, so far as material prosperity can do it, will greatly mitigate the effect of the disaster that occurred in that city on the 10th of January last."

Yes, bleeding hearts, "the new Pemberton Mill will be completed about the first of July next." Unsmiling widows, childless too since the 10th of January, "it will be larger than the old structure." Lovers lost to life and vacantly yearning toward something gone before, "wooden pillars will be substituted for the iron supports in the old mills!" Lonely ones all, "nearly all the manufactures have as much as they can do to supply, with sufficient rapidity, their articles of manufacture."

Is not that better than cambric and liverian than crape?

## It Must Be So.

If Truth lies at the bottom of a well, it is not very strange that our Congressmen have never found her there this session? They have certainly proved themselves a set of most indefatigable old Pumps!

## The Road for the Democracy.

Rhode Island.

## Vehicle for Expression.

A Literary Hack.



## OUT GEOLOGIZING.

ARABELLA (*whose soul is wrapped in science*).—Charles, is n't this gneiss?

CHARLES (*who is a material brute, and deeply interested in Arabella*).—Nice! It's delicious.

## AN ENTERTAINING WORK.

UNDER the head of Literature, the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* advertises the proposals of an individual to publish a Directory for 1861:

TO THE PUBLIC.—To avoid the Census-takers, I shall commence the subscription canvass of the CITY DIRECTORY for 1861 on the 1st of May next. The regular canvass of names will not be undertaken until the 1st of October, or as late as possible to issue the work early in January. A corps of canvassers, the acknowledged champions of the United States, have been engaged for the edition of 1861. Price \$2 per copy.

Of course this will fill the bosoms of the inhabitants of that staid city with unmeasured delight. To know that they will be accommodated with calls for their subscriptions to this charming Work, some seven months before its publication, will make them uncommonly cheerful whenever the door-bell shall ring, or the knocker receive its brisk rat-tat, as all feminine heads of houses will then be expected to plunge into the darkest recesses of their mansions to avoid the well-known importunity of these gentry. Furthermore, they are informed that "to avoid the census-takers" is the reason why they are to be condemned to these early calls. To every one familiar with the very pressing and searching questions usually administered by these gentlemen, particularly single ladies of an uncertain age, the state of tremulous anxiety into which they will be thrown by this announcement that they are about also, will be maddening in the extreme. Following upon this last dreadful infliction, they are bidden to hold themselves in readiness for the regular canvass of names, at any time between the first of October, and about the first of January. Here are three months more of agonizing suspense until the fatal series of questions is propounded; and to make the matter still more terrible to the nerves of timid housewives, they are informed that the "Corps of Canvassers" are "the acknowledged Champions of the United States." Where is Heenan? Is he to be multiplied by hundreds? We ask the ruthless author of this new Literary Work that is to be, to pause ere he thus afflicts the peaceful residents of that doomed City with a multitudinous herd of warlike invaders, who are to be furnished to them, whether they will or no, at the extremely low figure of two dollars per copy. Ha! can there be a hidden meaning lurking in the phrase, "Corps of Canvassers"? Can it be that the fiend juggles with a joke, and "ma-urders as he se-miles"? Re-

morseless Being, hold! Vindictive Author, pause! Leave them to the tender mercies of the Census, which the stern Juggernaut of Government decennially requires, but add not to that fearful ordeal the still greater one of encountering your Champions.

## DOUGLAS TO THE DEMOCRACY.

(AIR: O! doubt me not.—Moore.)

O! doubt me not: the season  
Is o'er when Greeley made me rove;  
I'll give you many a reason  
Why I'll be true to my first love.  
Thou know'st my mind was early blown,  
And budded forth Democracy;—  
True, Horace shook some blossoms down,  
But all the fruit I've kept for thee.  
Then doubt me not: the season  
Is o'er when Greeley made me rove;  
But now, maturer reason  
Is thine, my first and only love.

My lyres cannot much longer  
Sing of Ambition's ardent spell;  
They trust me still,—yet stronger  
Would be their trust, if I could tell  
That I could recompense their love,  
With contracts deeper than the sea;  
If not, to others they may rove,—  
Then what, alas! becomes of me?  
Then nominate, this season,  
Your faithful servant, S. A. D.,  
For my maturer reason  
Is thine, my sweet Democracy.

## "Say and Seal."

A pretty girl whispers "Yes." Her frantic Accepted kisses her.  
That's our present idea on the subject of "Say and Seal."

The Position of the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty.  
Imposition.



## CONVIVIALITY AT THE CONVENTION.



with the kind permission of its generous and amply accommodating proprietors), we have determined to stow all varieties of enervating and maddening beverages, such as milk, oil, molasses, and vinegar; and upon our arrival at Charleston, although it should be on the Sabbath Day, we mean to cross the Bar.

But it is perfectly obvious that the mere fact that the "drinking establishments are not allowed to keep open," will not interfere with the bibulous delights of patriotism; and we picture with keen satisfaction the entire body of delegates spending the holy hours of Sunday in a vigorous, conservative, cordial, unsectional booze. Their sacrifices to their country will be made on the altar of Bacchus,—and we need not remind the habitual toper that there is nothing for reconciling your differences, and bringing your men to a common level, like a good "jag," or "load," or "spell of heavy weather." Who were the old fellows who made their drunken slaves an example to their children? We shall be able to improve on that antique sort of thing. Pointing to the host of our most enlightened citizens snoring heavily together after their arduous, self-sacrificing exertions in behalf of the peace and honor of their country, defying the regulations of the city they were forced to accuse of the most wanton inhospitality, by drawing pocket-pistols of the heaviest calibre upon the orderly inhabitants, embracing each other with outpourings of reciprocal sentiment, and giving themselves up to general looseness, we may say, with tumultuous bosoms, to our young and rising, "See, children, the true solution of the great problem of the age, in a glass of stiff without. See the beautiful comprehensiveness of our system, which enables men of various creeds to lie down and actually wallow together, like the innocent beasts, my dears. See how proudly our glorious stars and stripes wave over a land flowing with strychnine and wildfire!"

Will the venerable Chief Executive be very much obliged to us now, if we put him up to a trick by which he can certainly regain all the popularity he has lost in the three years and better of his mal-administration,—if not, indeed, verify the prediction of the *Herald* that he is the "man for Charleston"? Would he like to know how he can cause the blessings of a host to descend upon his hoary head, and accumulate an assortment of honors equal to all the emergencies of his remaining days? Let him quietly and unostentatiously despatch to the scene of Convention a few cargoes of that Old Rye which enjoys such a deserved popularity, and to which he himself is so notoriously partial. We do not see how there could well be a fairer bid for the Presidency than this.

## REFORM NEEDED.

We have already spoken of the probable publication of a "Complete Art of Advertising," with illustrative examples from the ductile pen of Mr. N. P. Willis. The sooner it appears the better. Advertisement writers are rapidly sinking into a perfect abandonment of common sense that is too distressing to be borne by the sensitive mind. The feelings of the newspaper public are every day outraged by the development of some new species of torture to which the English language is subjected. Look at one of the latest of these:

**AMERICAN SOLIDIFIED MILK.**—This preparation is invaluable for infants, invalids, excursion and fishing parties, and for long voyages.

Never was an unlucky preposition so abused before. Itself innocent of evil intention, it

yet forces us to the consideration of the most preposterous questions. If two teaspoonfuls, we ask ourselves, be equal to the necessities of a yearning infant, how many will be needed to pacify a tedious long voyage? Or, to put it the other way, if four gallons be sufficient for a common excursion, how many will an ordinary invalid be likely to require? Allowing that what this advertisement sets forth may all be true, why should we have to undergo this mournful mixing up of children in arms, sick people, social frolics, and protracted navigation? If Mr. Willis had had this particular matter in hand, how differently he would have treated it! No bungling forms of expression then. On the contrary, limpid rivulets of rhetoric, and daintiest felicities of diction. The subject would doubtless have inspired him. The infantile pang of separation from the maternal fount, and the subsequent thrill of relief, upon the application of the substituted compound, would have been vividly portrayed. The sorrows of the sick-bed,—the physical and moral benefits of piscatorial pleasures,—the vicissitudes of the great deep,—would all have been rehearsed with that animation which Mr. Willis *can* show when impelled by a sufficient motive. But since he cannot write all the advertisements in the world, care should at least be taken to lay at once before his less gifted co-laborers the advantages of his examples. Let not the "Complete Art of Advertising" be long deferred.

**GO PREPARED.**—The drinking establishments in Charleston are not allowed to keep open on Sundays. Visitors to that city at the time of the holding of the Democratic National Convention should be made aware of this fact, and prepare themselves accordingly.

Appreciating as we do the impossibility of fostering the true Democratic spirit, or of arranging the affairs of this great country without copious imbibition of the best of tod, we hasten to assure all prospective visitors to the Convention that we have made arrangements to keep up the supply of spirits in *VANITY FAIR*. In the swift and favorite steamer which has been chartered for the exclusive use of our special artists and correspondents, (who, by the way, will be serenaded on the eve of their departure by a Brass Band, at their sumptuous hotel,

## A CITY ITEM.

An elderly Scotchman, of piratical appearance, who goes by the name of Jackalow Gordon Bennett, and keeps a disorderly saloon at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, was arrested on the 6th instant by the Chief of the Literary Police, as he was making his way towards a piece of bushy ground on Washington Heights, where he is known to have an underground concern in which he manufactures dirt for blackening characters. The arrest was made at the instance of the proprietors of *VANITY FAIR*, who charge the prisoner with having taken surreptitiously from their safe an article made up in a paper wrapper and labelled "Douglas's Serenade." The article in question was seen on the morning of the 6th instant in possession of the accused, who was exhibiting it in his bar-room to a number of disreputable characters. He subsequently offered it for sale in several of the more respectable parts of the city, but failed to find a purchaser, owing to the suspicion naturally excited by the fact of a person of his appearance being in possession of so valuable an article. This is the same man who, some months ago, palmed off upon the public, through the agency of the *Ledger*, a spurious article called "To Marianne," on which occasion, however, he came off Scot-free, as nobody would avow himself the purchaser of so shabby an affair. Necessity cannot be pleaded as an excuse for his dishonesty, as he is known to make a great deal of money by the preparation of the dirt above alluded to, which he has patented under the title of "Bennett's Denigratory," but which, like all his other manufactures, is a gross imposture, as it evaporates quickly and has a very unpleasant smell. He has now been locked up, on the complaint of the proprietors of *VANITY FAIR*, in the cell of Public Opinion.

## A Jumping Jack.

John Lester Wallack.



## PERSONAL.



N item, telegraphed to the *Philadelphia Press* of the 11th inst., from the seat of Government, produced the most curious effect on the entire VANITY FAIR establishment:

"The evident knowledge of the New York *Herald* in relation to certain alleged corruptions in Washington, and its daily charges against public men, will render it imperative on the part of Mr. Covode to summon James Gordon Bennett before his committee. I understand that the Sergeant-at-Arms will be despatched for him tomorrow morning, and as it is supposed he will make some resistance, it is suggested in the House that Mr. Pryor of Virginia, should be invited to assist in his capture. He will be welcomed at the cars by the Southern delegation on the one hand, and the administration forces on the other, and him from the officers of the law, the

for fear an attempt may be made to rescue President proposes to call on the marines."

As it was read in a clear voice and with judicious emphasis by the Editor to an assembled multitude of accomplished contributors and romantic artists, sounds of joy arose on every side. With the utmost difficulty was the cultivated circle able to restrain rounds of high and triumphant laughter. A cry starting from a luxurious lounge in a favorite corner of the sanctum, occasioned a momentary pause, and it was ascertained that the able writer who has had the "Man for Charleston" department of V. F. under his charge had fainted in a thrill of happiness. At the same time the author of the *Natural History* of "The Anonymous Animal," and the designer of "Dead Game," in a back number (which may be obtained at the office, being electrotyped), engaged in a violent breakdown; while the gentleman who composed some pleasant lines of poetry in the colloquial form did nothing less animated than lie right down and elate his heels.

At the conclusion of the paragraph there arose such a shout that two reporters came running up from the *Herald* office to see what was the matter, each one of whom had his head-lines written before he reached the toppermost step. Being at once recognized it was proposed to have them sketched on the spot, but upon a suggestion that their presence could not be tolerated the length of time requisite for that operation, they were driven back to their den with loud and prolonged jeers.

The greatest confusion now prevailed, and it was long before order could be sufficiently restored to hear a resolution providing that all the forces of VANITY FAIR would be held in readiness to give the Sergeant-at-Arms any amount of assistance, several of the most able-bodied and irrepressible attachés were despatched in a special yacht to keep vigilant watch over Plum-Gut, through which the criminal might try to escape, and others to Washington Heights to frustrate his attempts at secretion there.

The question who should be sent to report the proceedings before the Investigating Committee elicited a warm debate. The whole corps seemed to want to go, but necessity requiring the presence of a full representation of the force at Charleston, and of another at Chicago, and what with the imperative demands of the Japanese Embassy for special artists and contributors, the agreeable duty of doing up Bennett had to be assigned to individuals instead of masses. They went and got a bagpipe, and spent the rest of the day in boisterous revelry.

The proceedings at this stage were interrupted by the entrance of the Public, who had overheard them, and desired to share in the celebration. Representatives of all the leading trades and professions made a few remarks, expressing their delight that justice had at length overtaken the culprit journalist, and their willingness to contribute any sum of money that might be needed to secure his punishment.

After a Committee of Arrangements had been appointed to make all necessary preparations for the trial, and a vote of thanks to Colonel Forney and his Washington Correspondent for their indefatigable exertions in behalf of justice adopted, the talented throng dispersed with repeated groans for J. G. B.

## J. B. READS US!

The following item from the *Pittsburg Journal* encourages us to go on in our praiseworthy exertions in behalf of the young and rising generation of politicians.

"WHISKY.—It was stated to us by a steamboat man yesterday, that one hundred and eleven barrels of this, Mr. Buchanan's favorite beverage, had been already forwarded from this city, to be taken on board the steamer which is to convey the Pennsylvania delegates to the Charleston Convention. We would not intimate that all this is to be consumed on board the steamer. It is for consumption on the ground. Some of it is said to be villainous—of the real rifle brand, and warranted to kill, if taken in sufficient quantities. We tremble, when we think what may be the result of such an amount of red-eye."

The reader of VANITY FAIR will not need to be reminded that this is the immediate response of the Chief Executive to a suggestion made in Number 16 of that inestimable Journal. When we inquired, "Will the venerable Chief Executive be very much obliged to us now, if we put him up to a trick by which he can certainly regain all the popularity he has lost in the three years and better of his mal-administration,—if not, indeed, verify the prediction of the *Herald* that he is the 'man for Charleston'?" little did we think that he would intimate his gratitude so soon. It is another illustration of the power of the press. Our arrangements for managing the affairs of Government were never so perfect.

## Con. By a pugnacious Apothecary.

Why was the bombardment of Vera Cruz like the odor of smelling salts? Because it was mere ammoniac (Mir-amon-iac) vaporing.



## SANITARY.

LAURA.—Now, Edward, how can you wear such a horrid moustache?

EDWARD.—Fact is, Sis, my physician recommends it as a great protection to the lungs.



## HINTS TO OMNIBUS DRIVERS.

If, from your airy elevation, you perceive a lady, or any number of ladies, standing quietly upon a corner, drive immediately before them and stop. No matter if they shake reluctant heads at you; you have only to let open your door, and look sternly at them, ejaculating at the same time, "Now then," or "Come, now," and the chances are that, sooner than subject themselves to continued mortification, they will enter your vehicle with celerity.

Should it occur to you that they occupy more time than is necessary in getting in, you have only to draw your strap smartly as the last one stands upon the steps. A little practice will enable you to calculate closely, so as to catch the ankle just between the door and



the jamb. You may be sure that neither the lady so admonished, nor her companions, will cause you any future inconvenience in this way.

In arranging your change for fares, be careful to insert the coins in your mouth, and moisten them well before resigning them. This renders them obnoxious to the decent touch, and persons have frequently been known to drop them at once upon the floor, rather than defile their fingers. Coins so dropped among the straw become of course your perquisite. It is said that a well-known Broadway driver has recently retired to an elegant home upon the Hudson, there to enjoy a sumptuous fortune amassed in this way.

Whenever your omnibus is so full that it can contain no more, and the accumulation of sixpences is checked, it becomes necessary to reduce your freight. This may be done by rushing into violent contact with drays, curb-stones, opposing wheels, &c. You will soon perceive indications of internal agitation. By loud and vigorous swearing at the imaginary blunders of those with whom you come in collision, you may give an additional shock to some of your passengers, a number of whom will presently be sure to alight, and leave space for new comers.

If one of your horses falls, sit perfectly unconcerned, and let the police and bystanders erect him. It may be proper for you to volunteer a suggestion of a kick, or something of that sort; but under no circumstances should you stir from your box. He who leaves his post of duty in time of trouble is less than a man.

Guiding yourselves by these suggestions, your way of life will be easy, and your prospects of affluence speedy.

## Not a Very Hard Case.

The daily papers have chronicled the following absurd performance:

"A gentleman of Cincinnati, a passenger by the midnight train of Wednesday last, from New York to Boston, rose from his seat while sound asleep, stepped out upon the platform, and leaped off while the train was in full motion, about four miles east of Worcester. Fortunately he fell on a soft place, and was not much hurt."

We take it for granted, after a careful consideration of the case, that the Cincinnati gentleman fell on his head.

## A Political Paradox.

A Hunter opposed to a Chase.

## THE CRICKET OF OUR HEART.

When praise is hearty and intelligent it is a pleasant compensation for much labor and expense, and therefore the managers of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, must have rejoiced with a great joy at the words spoken by the President's *Pennsylvanian*, upon their production of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "adapted from Octave Jevillet's celebrated story of the same name." And we fancy that not without a swelling heart could Jevillet himself read in the P.'s P. of the 11th inst., that "there is a sterling interest throughout the play, without a grasping for effect, culminating without unnatural strain. The few melo-dramatic portions of it are not of a vivid caste, and appear to claim allowance." Now Mr. Dion Boucicault's melo-dramatic portions are always of a vivid caste, and probably that is the reason why they never get any allowance.

But if the bosom of Mr. Wheatley is at all elastic, Mr. Wheatley's bosom it will be that will swell with the most proud and happy emotion. "The character of *Manuel*, in which Mr. Wheatley is all that could be desired, is one calculated to insinuate itself into the best sympathies of he who witnesses it." To be able to insinuate himself, as *Manuel*, into the best sympathies of he who witnesses it, is a professional triumph scarcely less brilliant than the personal one of being "all that could be desired."

If Jevillet makes another hero who "is the bud, the bloom of honor, manliness and noble devotion, such a mirror of perfection in the higher attributes," he must get Mr. Wheatley to play it, and the President's *Pennsylvanian* to write about it. That will be all that could be desired.

While the voice of the cricket is heard in the land.

## Sweet Simplicity.

The Boston *Courier* furnishes a touching anecdote of infantile precocity. Behold!

A CHILD'S IDEA OF MANKIND AND PIGS.—A little flaxen haired four years old girl in Palmer, in this State, was looking at some pigs the other day, when she enquired of one older if God made pigs. She was told that he did. "Why," said the little darling, "I should n't think he would make pigs when he has everybody else to make!"

We have known nothing to surpass this in simple beauty, and few things to equal it. One parallel case, however, has been brought to our attention.

Adopting the style of our Boston brother, we should narrate it thus:

AN INFANT'S JUDGMENT CONCERNING HALIBUT AND SHRIMPS.—A little blue-haired two years old prattler was rolling through Fulton Market the other day, in a wicker wagon drawn by her fond and venerable grandmother, when she enquired, on reaching the fish bazaar, if the salesman sold shrimps. She was told that he did. "Why," said the pure-minded cherub, "I should n't think he would sell swimps when he has everything else to sell!"

## Beecher's idea of a Blush.

At one of his recent Sunday Evening Entertainments, according to the *Tribune*, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher told his people that when he learned how the trustees of the Plymouth Church had refused the use of its pulpit to Wendell Phillips for the delivery of his Christian and patriotic "plea for the Dissolution of the Union," he blushed "so that he could feel it in his boots." We sometimes hear of a person who laughs in his sleeve; but this is the first instance on record of any one who blushes in his boots. There are undoubtedly many cases where modesty is out of place, but we object to having it literally put Under Foot. So many of Beecher's follies have been committed in the sight of all men that we cannot believe he was born to blush unseen.

O No, I would not be the Pope.

Pope Pius' strength is fading fast,

He knows not what to do;

His Government was Temporal,

And Temporary too!

The Holy See is lashed by storms,

Its sovereignty decays;

The Roman Candle soon must be

The light of Other Days!

## Maritime on Dit.

The reason why they have no regattas on the Seine, is that the water there is always *l'eau*.

"Seven up."

The Pleiades.





## ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE BENICIA BOY.

BILLY SMITH.—Say, Johnny Henderson, let's fight babies!

JOHNNY HENDERSON.—Wouldn't I though, if my man 'd on'y come to the scratch!

## AN ODOROUS COMPARISON.

It is well known that Great Britain is a miserable, used-up, played-out, good-for-nothing, effete country, inhabited chiefly by wretched and starved operatives, and ruled by a bloated and imbecile Aristocracy. Its ignorant legislative body—which holds its sessions in a badly contrived edifice, in whose plan there is no trace of any other style of architecture than the Gothic—has indeed given name to certain rules of order which are sometimes adopted by deliberative assemblies; but our wiser law-makers have fortunately discarded them for a new and improved system, to be found in the "Congressional Manual." To get access, as a visitor, to either branch of their puny Parliament, it is necessary to obtain a ticket from a member; and in the more insignificant of the two, the stranger cannot rationally enjoy even the paltry accommodations of its contemptible gallery. An officer prevents anything like social intercourse, and threatens with expulsion those who dare, in furtive whispers, to inquire the names of the speakers. The surly bores exclude "Heaven's last, best gift" altogether, and the fair and beautiful of the realm are only permitted to peer through a grating at their tyrannous lords. Under such a degrading despotism, they cannot be seen!

Among the members there is always manifested (except in the lobbies) the gruffest churlishness. All sit in sullen silence, attending to the business of the House. If the man "on his legs" is dull, they do, indeed, cough him down, so that a stupid bore is silenced with a most barbarous inhumanity. They never allow more than one to speak at once, and very rarely two on the same side in succession. "Liberty of speech"—the birthright of man and the gift of God to the race—is denied them; and if a speaker exercises his own discretion, so far as to talk of something more interesting to him than the subject under debate, he is instantly gagged with cries of "order," "order."

Among other absurd restrictions upon individual independence, it is positively forbidden to mention a member by name. Thus, a few weeks ago Mr. Berkeley was advocating the ballot,—a reform with which his name is quite closely identified, as his motion, in reference to it, comes like Christmas, once a-year, and as the Parliamentary rules forbid the second introduction of any motion in the same session, it may be said that, like Christmas, "it comes 'but once a-year,'"—and in his argument he observed that "he 'next came to another of his formidable opponents,—Sir George 'Grey.'" Instantly he was assailed with rude cries of "order," and

thus insolently interrupted by the presiding officer:

"The SPEAKER.—It is contrary to the rules of the House to mention any member by name. (Hear, hear.)"

"Mr. BERKELEY.—I mentioned Sir George Grey as one of the speakers in a debate which took place 15 years ago."

"The SPEAKER.—What the hon. member said was, 'I now come to Sir George 'Grey.' That is not the correct way of referring to a member of the House. (Hear, hear.)"

"Mr. BERKELEY.—I ought to have stated that I alluded to a debate of 15 years ago, in which Sir George Grey was one of the principal speakers. ('Order.')

"The SPEAKER.—I have reminded the hon. member of what is the rule of the House, and am sure that with his Parliamentary experience and practice he will be able to keep within it. (Cheers.)"

Instead of resenting the impertinent meddling of the person designated by the reporter of the *Times* as the Speaker, the craven caittiff meekly submitted, and we find in these cowardly words his reply:

"Mr. BERKELEY would say the right hon. gentleman the member for Morpeth."

It would seem that he was willing to regard the ignominious insult in the same light as the philosopher who bore the same name as himself, did the earth, and to say of it, "it is no matter." Had such an interruption been made in that magnificent Capitol, whose plan and decorations remind the delighted observer of every kind of building, of every age and land, and in whose ample galleries sit multitudinous maidens and matrons with large supplies of tongue for lunch, there would not have been one Congressman who would have brooked the offence. There is not one but would have dauntlessly defied the Speaker, and in the next day's report we would have read words like these: "You old imbecile, how 'dare you interrupt me? If you say I'm out of order, you lie! 'The infamous curs that call me to order, favor a system worse 'than robberies, than piracy, than polygamy. I shall go on with- 'out anybody's leave, individually.'" The Chairman would have decided that general debate was in order, and the remarks were strictly pertinent. The original speaker then resuming his subject, might, perhaps, "warming with it, begin to gesticulate with some 'vehemence,'" and a scene would ensue, such as is described in the *Tribune* of April 6th, in these terse and elegant sentences:

"Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, rather 'stirred up the animals' in an off-hand, plain-spoken speech in the House yesterday. The scene that resulted is characteristic, and our report will be found interesting."

## INTERESTING LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mr. Bonner to the Editor of Vanity Fair.

LEDGER OFFICE, 44 Ann-street,

New-York, March 17, 1860.

THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

Sir: A dispute having arisen between two literary men in my office—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and myself—in regard to the amount of the salary of the Editor of *V. F.*, I have taken no liberty (my circulation being half a million weekly, and I not caring whether I get burnt out or not) in asking you how much you get. Should your answer be satisfactory, I will next inquire how much you spend, and how much you save, and what church you go to. Hoping that you will be sufficiently sensible of the honor I do you, I am, sir,

Yours, etc. etc.,

ROBERT BONNER.

The Editor's Reply.

VANITY FAIR, 113 Nassau-street,

New-York, 19th March, 1860.

Dear Sir: In reply to your very polite inquiry of the 17th inst., I would say that Mr. Cobb's (not Howell) estimate was right. My annual salary is \$14,000 and a house, which has all the modern conveniences. I am enabled, by strict economy, to supply the wants of my large family, and to discharge my debts at the corner stores.

How are you off for soap?

Very Respectfully, one so-forth,

THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

ROBERT BONNER, ESQ., 44 Ann-street, New-York.

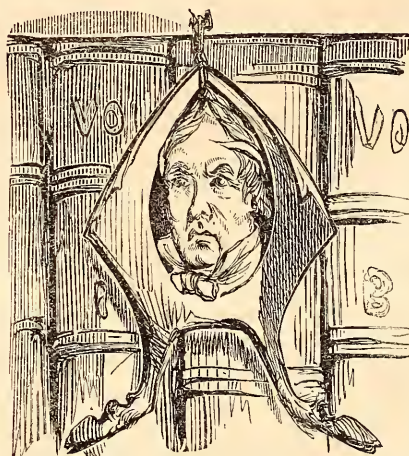
A distinction without a difference.

In consequence of the riotous spirit recently manifested at Concord at the arrest of Mr. Sanborn, we confess that we are inclined to reject Webster, Wooster (or Worcester?) and the rest of the Lexicographers, and henceforth to consider Concord and Discord synonymous.



## NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE AMERICAN BUCK.



PECULIAR and eccentric production of nature, for many years supposed to belong to the race of Statesmen. Certain developments of character having, however, thrown doubt upon this belief, stricter investigations justified the conviction that It was a member of the lower family of Politicians. But again, the fact having been demonstrated that, during a long period of time, It was not known to perform any act in the slightest degree politic, it became necessary to abandon

also this idea. It was then determined that the subject of so much doubt should be regarded in the light of a Freak, thrown out by nature in a sportive mood; since, although possessing some qualities of not only the above-mentioned, but of various other Orders of Creation, It could not be settled as pertaining to any one in particular.

In order that the world should be enabled to study, and as far as possible to judge of, the characteristics of The American Buck, It was, two or three years ago, set up in a very high and prominent place, where its movements could all be closely scanned, and every indication calculated to remove existing doubts could be at once detected. But from that time, instead of any definite result being arrived at, the operations of The Buck were all so marvellous and thoroughly inscrutable, that confusion followed indecision, and the anxious students of Natural History found themselves more profoundly in the dark than ever.

Gradually the actions of The Buck grew to be so extraordinary and unaccountable that everybody was seized with smiling jocularity, and the obsequious term, "Old Buck," was fastened upon It. In a little while, moreover, it came about that those who had looked with favor upon It became offended by Its vagaries, and cast aside all their regard for It. And the people generally followed their example.

So that the only special interest in the "Old Buck" is caused,—First, by Its eminence of position, and Second, by its individuality of character, in which respect, nothing in any way resembling It has ever been known. So far as the former is concerned, it seems to be popularly agreed that the "Old Buck" shall be taken down as soon as circumstances will allow; and in regard to the latter so slight is the interest, that, notwithstanding The Buck's unprecedented peculiarities, Its dissimilarity in many qualities from all known living things, and the curious traits It has so often exhibited, the people unreservedly declare their entire indifference as to whether they ever look upon Its like again.

The Buck is by no means an unpleasant object to the eye. It bears a placid air, and the softness of Its countenance is strangely at variance with the supposed hardness of Its head. Its occasional warmth of aspect causes people to wonder at the real coldness of Its temperament;—for, be it known, The Buck has never had a mate. In the disposition of Its affections, indeed, It has shown the queerest fancies. For a long period, It was enamored of none other than the remarkable creature which has been described in this series of papers as "The Anonymous Animal;" casting off, for the sake of that debased thing, those who had always nourished and exalted It.

A striking singularity of The Buck is Its incapacity to proceed straight in any given direction. It has frequently been known to run sidewise, like a cheerful, though aged, crab. Its favorite method of walking, however, is backward. It invariably takes delight in going in an opposite direction to that which It is expected to pursue, like the erratic animal upon which the Irish peasant rests his chief reliance, and which the Jew abhors.

The Buck's food changes according to Its varying condition. For awhile It fed upon flattery, and the contemplation of Its own greatness. Of late It has been much accustomed to swallow Its chagrin and to eat of the pies of Humility. It has also shown an occasional desire to drink of the waters of oblivion.

## AT THE SALOON.

The lamps were bright on the cold, grey stones,  
As bright as the glare of day,  
And the night was alive with the patter of feet,  
On the pavement of Broadway.

I stood by the porch of a palace of light,  
With the laugh and the revel within,  
And there came a woman in shame alone,  
Who sang this song of her sin.

A curse on its marble walls,  
A curse on its gilded halls,  
A curse on the cup they gave to me,  
Where the golden gaslight falls.

I was pure as the flakes of the falling snow,  
With a spotless heart and name,  
Before the day I was taught the way  
To this gilded house of shame.  
Like you, my lady of haughty mien,  
Like you, I was proud and fair:  
My beauty, I left at the grave of my love,  
My pride, I buried there.

Yes, there are false tongues yet on the earth,  
And he was as false as hell.  
He gave me wine, till my brain was wild,  
Then said that he loved me well.  
There was glitter and glare, in this fearful place,  
And he had a musical tongue,  
The wine bubbled up like a fiend in the glass,  
And I—Ah! I was so young.

A curse on its marble walls,  
A curse on its gilded halls,  
A curse on the cup they gave to me,  
Where the golden gaslight falls.

And then I came to its warm embrace,  
To smother the heart-gnawing pain,  
The wine was cool to my fevered lips,  
And washed out the terrible stain.  
What mattered it then, if the painted thing,  
Who came in the light of the noon,  
Should leer in my face with hungry eyes,—  
It was free in the great saloon.

What mattered it then, if she wound her coils,  
Like a serpent, around my soul,  
It was only another step in my shame,  
To this horrible deathlike goal.  
So day by day, I went floating on,  
In the dark unmarked lagoon,  
Whose tide runs stealthily, swift, and strong,  
Through the great Broadway saloon.

A curse on its marble walls,  
A curse on its gilded halls,  
A curse on the cup they gave to me,  
Where the golden gaslight falls.

Now mark you, my sneering gentleman,  
That beautiful, pale-faced girl,  
In an hour from now, her cheek will flush,  
And her brain will madly whirl.  
Let me whisper a secret within your ear,  
Should he be a villain as well,  
Ere the morning sun shall shine in the sky  
There will be another in hell.

Perhaps, like me, she may come so low  
They will spurn her away from the door,  
Perhaps, like me, she will tramp the street,  
As dirty, and drabbed, and sore.  
And then, like me, she may stand in its glare,  
And beg for the veriest boon,  
At the hands of the thousand reckless ones,  
Of the great Broadway Saloon.

A curse on its marble walls,  
A curse on its gilded halls,  
A curse on the cup they gave to me,  
Where the golden gaslight falls.

Adage for Artesian Borers.

"Let Well enough alone."

The North-West Passage to the White House.  
Via Chicago.



## THE COUNTER-JUMPER SWELL.

THE POEM OF A VERY LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS A GREAT DEAL TOO LONG.

An humble imitation of the Author of "Babie Bell."

I.

AVE you not heard  
the poet tell  
How came the Counter-jumper swell  
Into this world of ours?

Through a back-door which stood ajar:

With jewelled hands and sleepy eyes,  
A yard-stick, and a pair o' dice,

He saw our Broadway, like a star  
Grim with the dismal gloom of even,  
Its crossings, running to and fro,  
O'er which stout-hearted "p'leacemen" go,  
Guiding old maids who dream of Heaven.

He touched the bridge of Russ—

those feet,

So large they'd hide 'most any bell,  
Any celestial asphodel!  
The "p'leaceman" said, "The darkness lowers  
Oncommon early, don't it sweet."  
And thus came Counter-jumper swell  
Into this world of ours.

II.

He came in his delicious way:  
The ladies crowded to the store.  
Like Twist, who boldly asked for "more,"  
The Counter-jumper cried "more pay."  
The cashier tapped his little bell;  
And o'er the desk the dainty cheque  
Came at the Counter-jumper's beck!  
So sweetly, softly, music fell,  
The store seemed full of singing birds,  
While ladies talked for hours  
To the Counter-jumper swell  
Who graced this world of ours!

III.

O Jumper, Counter-jumper swell,  
How bold he grew from day to day!  
How sleepy looked his little eyes,  
What poetry within them lay!  
Those sleepy, soulless, leering eyes  
So full of—nothing, void of light,  
As if he had stayed out all night  
Shaking that self-same pair o' dice!  
We loved the Jumper more and more:  
O never in our hearts before  
Had love so had its way:  
We felt we had a link between  
The Chimpanzee and jackass seen  
In Leslie's Malta exposé.

IV.

And now the crossings, which in June  
Were kept quite clean by sweeper's broom  
Filling the dainty Jumper's nose  
With gentle pulses of perfume—  
Were rich in winter's mellow slush:  
The Russ was buried leagues below  
'Mid hived sweets of choicest mush!  
Fifth Avenue was hid in gloom,  
Ec'n Wall-street seemed a very tomb;



And Jumper's dog he had the mange,  
And time wrought just as rich a change  
In the Counter-jumper swell!  
His hybrid form more hybrid grew,  
And in his features we could trace  
What time would strengthen, not efface:  
His milksop nature ripened too.  
We thought him charming when he came;  
But now beneath his sleepy eyes,  
His sleepy, soulless, ghastly eyes,  
We saw the purple tinge of shame!

V.

No hand had ta'en away the seal  
Which held the portals of his speech;  
For oft he said a few strange words  
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.  
He always knew too much for us;  
His sleepy eyes great meaning hid;  
We could not teach him anything,  
He knew too much for us,—he did!

VI.

He pilfered from us by degrees,  
We felt his shadow ere it fell;  
We spoke to Leonard, and he sent  
His sergeant for our Counter swell!  
He shuddered with unlanguage pain,  
And all his hopes were changed to fears,  
And all his airs were drowned in tears.  
He never spoke again!  
We cried aloud in our relief,  
"Confine, confine him, Russell, judge,  
Make him so fast he cannot budge,  
The foppish, snobbish thief,"  
Ah, how we hate him none can tell;  
His dainty hand has robbed our till,  
The thieving Counter-jumper swell.

VII.

At last he went, the Counter swell,  
To earn his bread on city land;  
His whiskers gone, gone his moustache,  
The "bracelets" on his dainty hand,  
And closely shaven was his hair,  
His perfumed, curly, well-oiled hair.  
The "Black Maria" carted him  
And forger Bill, and murderer Jim,  
To Blackwell's shaded bowers!  
And thus went Counter-jumper swell  
Out of this world of ours!

"Never Too Late to Mend."

Conservative though John Bull undoubtedly is, it is pleasant for us, his continental cousin, to find that he is not yet too old to learn, and that, in taking the cue from us, he sometimes manages to make a very pretty hazard. Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery, which admitted, we confess to feeling very much flattered indeed, as we muse over the following item, taken from the *London Illustrated News*, of the 10th of March:

Paddock, the ex-champion of England, and a person named Parry, had a quarrel in a London sporting house on Saturday last, when Parry stabbed Paddock over the eye. Paddock gave Parry a punch, and, having closed, down they fell together, and in the struggle Paddock received a tremendous wound beneath the under lip. Paddock was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, and Parry was apprehended.

One touch, only, is wanting to give a fine New York expression to the above picture. Paddock should have bitten Parry's nose off. Thus should poetical justice have fallen upon the man who could stab his friend after receiving a punch from his hospitable hand. Nevertheless, we should be careful not to prejudge,—and in this case the question arises as to whether Parry drank the punch before he drew his knife,—a query which may involve another, as to the etiquette of the "ring" in such matters.

Inscription for Statue of Gen. Scott.

"His hand unrolled our starry flag to deck  
Those cliffs of quartz that make Cheput-a-peck!"

Query for the Theologians.

"Can it be said with truth that we all are children of forefathers, when Moses plainly tells us that Joshua was the son of Nun?"



## The Japanese Embassy.



THE editors and contributors of *VANITY FAIR*, since the first announcement of the probability of such distinguished visitors, have toiled unceasingly to complete a perfect sequence of arrangements for their reception. On the steamer being telegraphed as below, the editors and contributors will hasten to the Battery, where they will blow their fingers until she anchors; after which a special deputation of twelve editors, twenty-four reporters and forty-eight contributors, will go on board to prevent the illustrious strangers getting over-bored. Will be introduced to Mr. Simul and Mr. Mooragaki, and partake of these gentlemen's hospitality, this being their own castle.

Preparations made for debarkation, which will be done by the North River sloop Mary Anne, which for this occasion we have had fitted up as a Japanese junk. Patent right secured.

Messrs. Simul and Mooragaki and suite, including the four spies, will land at the Battery, where they will be introduced to James Gordon Bennett, Stephen H. Branch, the Four-cent-Man, and other eminent citizens, after which they will take up their line of march for our office. On this occasion Broadway will be fitted up with little josh houses at intervals, and Trinity Church will be made to represent a porcelain tower as much as possible. The fronts of the houses will be lacquered, and our artists will do their best to embellish them in a way that shall strike and startle the Japanese eye. The citizens are requested, as the procession passes, to do the Kon-tou, and omnibusses are ordered to set down their passengers with their horses' heads turned the way they are going, and take them up where they can get them.



The ferries will continue to run through the day, and cannon will not be fired in the Park. The National standard will be displayed at noon in front of the Bowery Theatre, and on the Hoboken boats.

On arriving at the office of *VANITY FAIR* they will be addressed by the head roller-boy, who will speak for each individual member of the concern separately, no one speech being over an hour in length by agreement; after which all hands will sit down to a collation on the front stoop, that the public may be gratified with a sight of the Embassy.

## BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.		
Aqua purae.		Vieux souliers.
FISH.		
Shark Tails, boiled.		Herring a la rouge.
ROAST.		
Puss, a la doggerel.		Bow-wow, whine sauce.
ENTREES.		
Rats au naturel.		Cats en passant
		Pates de Mice.

Wines will be dispensed with, but Cincinnati brandy, brought especially for this occasion by Dr. Hiram Cox, and swill-milk from our own distillery, will represent them. On the conclusion of the entertainment each guest will be presented with a copy of *VANITY FAIR*, after which they will take the 4th Avenue cars and proceed to the Tombs, where they will see the first evidence of our great enlightenment; then to the White-street prison, where they will be made to understand our justice and humanity. From there they will be escorted to Cow Bay, to show that poverty and wretchedness have departed out of the land; then to Water-street, to show that shame and crime cannot exist in our midst. After this entertainment, they will be handed over to our virtuous city fathers, who will "do" the city, ending off with a grand "unbending" at the island.

ALL HONOR TO OUR ILLUSTRIOUS GUESTS!

## Physical Impossibility.

Neither Mexico nor our old friends, the Siamese Twins, can stand A Loan.

The only Appointment most Office-Seekers get.

Disappointment.





## DANCING FOR EELS IN THE CHARLESTON MARKET.

DOUGLAS IN HIS CELEBRATED BREAKDOWN.

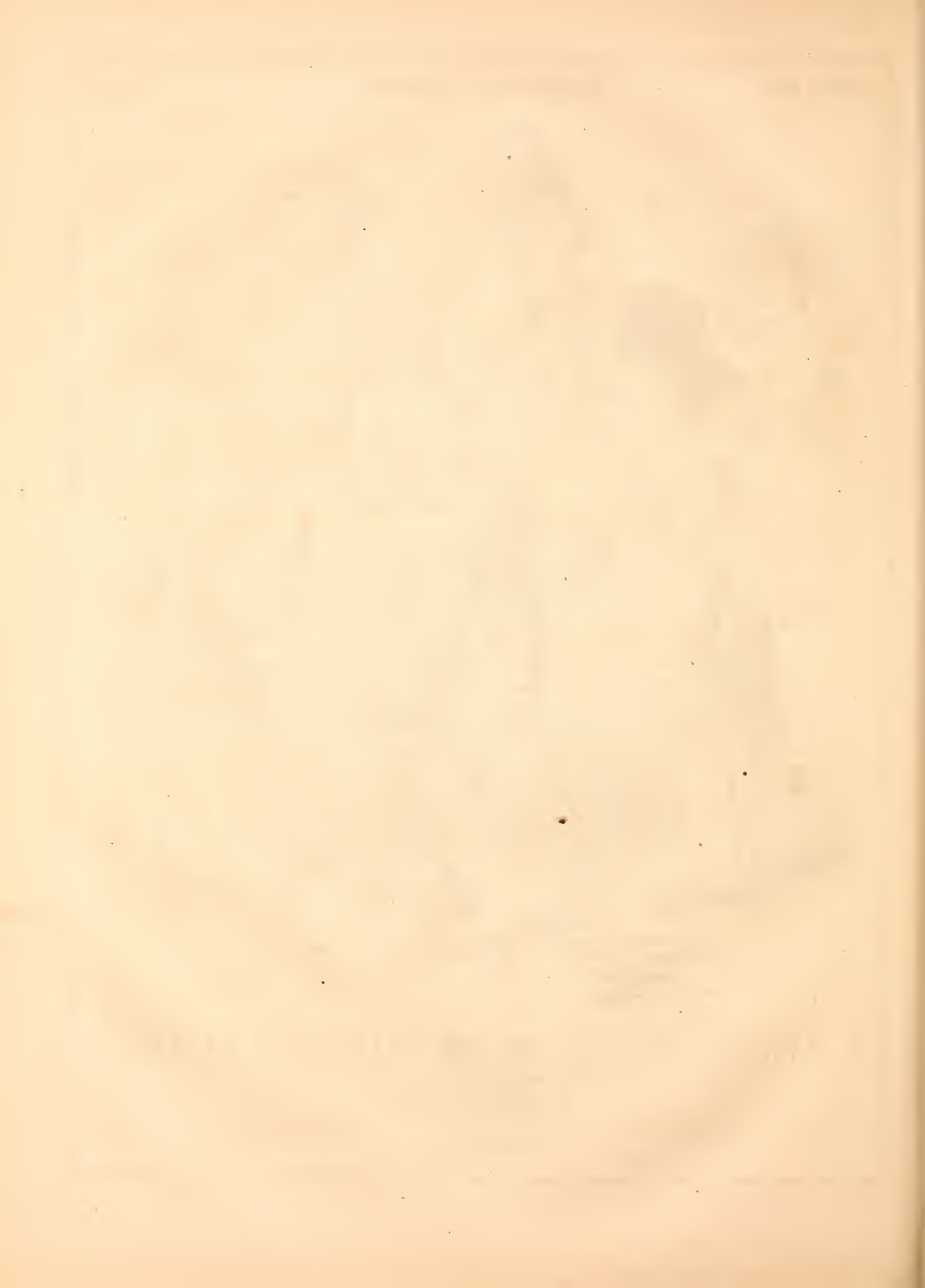
RIVAL CHAMPIONS.

1. Jas. B—ch—n.
2. F—kl—n P—ce.

3. Jeff. D—v—s.
4. R. M. T. H—nt—r.

5. H. A. W—se.







## THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

NO. II.—THE AUTHOR TO HIS ADMIRERS.  
(EXPLANATORY.)

men, but a complete (more or less), original (*entirely*), and superlatively sapient *Code of Etiquette of our own*, commencing *ab initio* and proceeding *usque ad finis*—*E pluribus Unum deceteribusque, quantum suff.* This, which is a quotation from Senecodoche, we trust, will abundantly prove our erudition to be equal to the labor we have undertaken. Prepare yourselves, therefore, for a thorough *exposé* of the momentous subjects of training aristocratic young America "in the way he and she should go!" Our *opuscule* shall be called

The Perfect Gentleman and Lady,

CARRIED UP TO THE STANDARD OF VANITY FAIR.

And this is the PREFACE thereof, as followeth :

Of all volumes on the great questions of physico-moral education, or the road to high-breeding, it is always conceded that the last is the best. On this principle, ours, being posterior to the most recent, is superior to any and all others extant. But, in our anxiety to do full justice to our readers and to ourselves, we further intend that our *Code* shall even surpass itself.

Respectfully, V. F. GOLDSTICK.

## CHAPTER FIRST.—INTRODUCTORY.

## OF EARLY DISCIPLINE.

There is no breeding so perfect as that which is the result of systematic education from the tenderest age up to man and womanhood. As Shakspeare beautifully and sagaciously remarks, "Just as the tree is twigg'd the bent's inclined." No period is too early to commence the etiquette-tuition of a child. An infant Chesterfield may be a rarity, but it is not an impossibility. The child should imbibe good-breeding from the maternal fount; he (or she) should be taught grace in the cradle, and *savoir-vivre* with his (or her) arrowroot; his (or her) tones of voice should be carefully trained to artistic modulations,—which may be accomplished by withholding his (or her) food for different periods of time, and by pinches of various sharpness, skilfully interspersed with soothing words and caresses,—and his (or her) muscular movements should be patiently and persistently restrained and regulated from birth, by means of bandages, belts, long-dresses, and other mechanical contrivances, well known to mothers in "high-life." With these instructions rigidly obeyed, the child will attain a promising degree of delicacy, physical and moral, by the time he (or she) is able to walk and articulated distinctly.

The rules of etiquette to be instilled into the child from this first period to that of the first *début* in society become somewhat different for the two sexes, and may be succinctly summed up as follows : For the male child. He must be clothed in the most unnatural and grotesque manner possible,—as nearly as may be like his father,—in order to accustom him to feel at ease in the awkward prison of his habiliments. He must be strictly forbidden to indulge in cheap sweetmeats, truancy, marbles, and similar escapades, which are the delight of all boys,—that is, *vulgar* boys,—and must be taught to behave like a sedate monkey at table, and on all occasions "before company." He must be forced to sip wine from his father's glass, and say "your health" when there is a "dinner," in order to familiarize him with the habits and usages of the *beau monde*; but if ever found "sipping" without permission, he must meet with condign punishment, and his parent must be duly amazed

and horror-stricken at the fact of his boy's having, in some unaccountable manner, acquired a taste for stimulating beverages. He must be told by his father, who smokes, that smoking is a vile habit, and that he must not dare to think of attempting to learn it, in order that he may secretly, and with no little suffering, acquire the accomplishment, rendered seductive by the sweetness natural to stolen fruit. He must, in fine, be severely prohibited from indulging in any and all the elegant vices, extravagances and follies that his father and other mature relatives indulge in, just as they were prohibited by their fathers, and necessarily with the same result, as foreseen by the prescient parents. Having thus got him fairly to the age of manhood, perfected, by these ingenious devices, in all the accomplishments of the period, we will, in the next chapter, begin to lay down the rules that should inevitably guide his actions in all the phases of social life, as far as may regard outward etiquette. Meanwhile we proceed to bring the female child to the same fortunate point of successful moral and physical training. That is, we shall proceed to do so in the ensuing number of VANITY FAIR.

V. F. GOLDSTICK.

## A SENSIBLE SERENADE.

BY ONE WHO HAS WRITTEN THE OTHER KIND.

I.

The surf upon the distant shore is breaking,  
Bright tears of dew the roses seem to weep;  
But you are prejudiced against awaking,  
So I'll sing small, and let you have your sleep!  
Sleep, lady, sleep!

II.

You shall not chide me for this song, love, shall you?  
I take great pains my voice subdued to keep,  
For well I understand the lofty value,  
All sane folks set upon a wholesome sleep!  
Sleep, lady, sleep!

III.

Some fellows—at their nonsense oft I wonder—  
Sing out with voices strong and loud and deep,  
Until their loved ones wish they'd go to thunder,  
Or, like myself, sing small, and let them sleep!  
Sleep, lady, sleep!

IV.

The grass is wet, I find that I am sneezing,—  
This kind of thing is getting rather steep;  
The thought of rheumatism is n't pleasing,  
So, with your leave, I'll home to bed and sleep!  
Sleep, lady, sleep!

## A NEW TABLE OF DISTANCES.

The *Herald* of April 2d, has the following refreshing statement:

"THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC CURTAILED TO EIGHT DAYS.—Commencing with to-morrow, the distance between the Atlantic and the Pacific will be lessened to little more than a week. Telegrams can be sent over the wires to St. Joseph, on the Missouri river, from whence they will be conveyed by a pony express to the telegraph line at Placerville, which will transmit them at once to Sacramento and San Francisco."

The Japanese are accustomed to measure the space they travel on horseback by the number of horseshoes (made of straw in that country) which they destroy on the way; so that they are often heard to remark they have ridden so many horseshoes' distance. This is very well. The Japanese are a reasonable people, which is the main point of difference between them and the *Herald* people. No Japanese would ever undertake to make the distance between two places synonymous with the length of time required to send a telegraphic message from one to the other. According to this method, we might reckon the distance between New York and Philadelphia to be two seconds, and between Boston and New Orleans about an hour less than nothing, since the telegraph outstrips the sun about that much. Or it would be just as well to calculate distances according to the prices paid for aforesaid telegraphs. From New York to Boston, we should say, the distance is forty cents for ten words, and a little extra for each additional word. We should like to have the *Herald's* idea of the distance from New York to the Court of Louis Napoleon, which the editor of that daily print has so long been endeavoring to overcome, by the way of Washington, D. C. We imagine he would fix it at something more than eight anxious and unsatisfied years.

The Blarney Stone of Ireland.

Shamrock.



## TO THE LODGING-HUNTER.



HE extreme difficulty which inexperienced lodging-hunters, especially young couples, manifest in getting out of a house, after looking at the apartments to let, and the very sad accounts of bungling, stammering, and irrational excuses offered by such persons for not approving the rooms they have inspected, have induced us to compile the following list of reasons for declining to become tenant of any given lodgings. We can vouch for the genuineness of all the objections we suggest, they being the result of a series of careful notes taken by ourselves during three weeks visit to a friend who was desirous of letting the superfluous portion of his house. By a study of the following hints, the most bashful and timid lodging-hunter may be enabled to march triumphantly out of the dwelling of the most arrogant and ferocious landlady, without exposing himself to the humiliation of the ordinary mean and shuffling exit, or the greater humiliation of honestly declaring that he does not fancy the rooms, or cannot afford the rent demanded.

## REASONS FOR DECLINING LODGINGS.

That the fanlight over the door is not of stained glass; and that you make a point of stained glass, because it gives an ecclesiastical tone to the passage.

That the fanlight over the door is of stained glass, and gives an ecclesiastical tone to the passage, which, being a Presbyterian, you cannot put up with.

That the house is too far from the church, and as you attend three times on Sundays, and on Wednesdays and Fridays, this is important.

That the house is too near the church, and you cannot bear the noise of bells.

That the hack-hire from the house to the theatre exceeds a quarter.

That the house is No. 14 (or whatever it may be), and a beloved great-aunt of yours died at a No. 14 (or as aforesaid), so that the association would be to much for your feelings.

That you are certain there must be black-beetles in the house. The landlady will probably deny this, and ask you why you think so. Say you know it by the stair's creak; she will be puzzled to answer this.

That there is a gas-lamp directly in front, which must, therefore, be a rendezvous for bad characters; besides, that cabs usually pull up at lamps and would disturb you.

That as there is no gas-lamp for several doors further, you should be always imagining burglars at the latch.

That there is no public-house near enough, and that no servant would like to go so far for beer. Vary this question as may be necessary, and if the public-house be just the desirable distance, ask who are the brewers. If the Landlady reply Hibbert, of course your wife can only drink Stewart, and so on.

That no latch-keys are allowed—how are you to get in after the Opera or a party?

That latch-keys are allowed—persons who require them must be of a very strange class, and you have a great deal of plate.

That the best bed is French, and you are an old fashioned body and like an honest four-poster. Of course you will reverse this objection if the bed be of English architecture.

That though there are no children in the house now, yet that a married couple may take the second floor, and may have a child some day; and this objection, which is really tenable, is the one we recommend for general use.

## Advice to Native Domestics.

We trust that our servants (public and private) will study the manners and habits of the retinue of the envoys from Jeddo, and profit by them; as it is well known that Japan Waiters are remarkable for the very highest Polish.

## TIMELY HINTS TO "MARRYING MEN,"

BY ONE WHO HAS "GONE AND DONE IT."

1st. If the damsel be enthusiastic on "Art:" Prepare for protracted Italy and the Continent; and have a friend in the New York or Boston Custom House.

2d. If she thinks she "has a mission:" Resign yourself to gradual abbreviations of costume (on her part), lectures "foreign and domestic," and ultimate phalanstery.

3d. If she "likes cheap bargains:" Rent capacious storage-room in advance, and "cultivate" an Auctioneer or two.

4th. If she thinks that "it is a woman's duty to her husband to "dress becomingly:" Go into the "Gift Book Enterprise," or start a weekly paper with Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and make a rapid fortune. In the latter case (the publishing), advertise a few prominent dry-goods and jewelry stores at half price, and puff them gratis. In the former, let chance (?) favor purchasers of books who are in either of these above-mentioned branches of retail commerce.

5th. If she "hates parade, but likes to see her friends sociably of "an evening:" Make an agreement, beforehand, by the year, with a confectioner, a florist, a French cook, a head-public-waiter, and an upholsterer.

6th. If she "dotes on the country in summer:" Make any superhuman efforts you choose, but prepare inevitably to submit to a geometrical progression of Saratoga, Newport, Sharon, Niagara, Lake George and "a villa."

7th. If she thinks "every lady should be mistress in her own "house:" Give up smoking; resign from the club; subscribe for a religious newspaper, and have no dead-latch on your front-door.

8th. If she is fond of pets: Ah! Well, I know of nothing better in this case than to scatter poisoned food cautiously here and there about the house—to destroy the vermin.

If you can't make up your mind "to do, to be, and to suffer" these things—back out!

## JOKES OF ALL AGES SUPPLIED WITH SUITABLE GARMENTS.

The Bonner *Ledger*, fit exemplar of all that is grave and proper, had a few serious words for its flippant contemporaries last week, touching "newspaper witticisms containing irreverent expressions," thus:

"It is not probable that any harm is intended to be done by those who coin, or those who publish, these objectionable effusions; in many cases, at least, they are doubtless the result of an exuberant humor, that has not been sufficiently chastened by culture, and which is consequently allowed to throw off the check of reason and appear in a negligent dishabille, instead of being compelled scrupulously to array itself in the habiliments of taste and refinement."

Go to the N. Y. *Ledger* for your habiliments of taste and refinement!! Observe the exquisite fit and brilliant gloss of the suit in which this clever thing is rigged out in the establishment—as a sort of a sample, perhaps, of what can be done when "aged clergymen" (of whom the *Ledger* employs more than any other concern) are really put to their wit. The italics are the peculiar flashes of draper genius:

MARRIED.—Pretty Piccolomini, the opera singer, who charmed so many American eagles out of our custody into her own, is married, so they say, to a Roman prince. The "common run" of Roman princes are not much to speak of, but this one is reported to be something more than an average sample. We hope so for the sake of the bride, who is really a very nice little woman. Probably the prince, in making his *overtures*, had his eye on the lady's notes.

## CURIOUS DEVELOPMENTS!

A LETTER PICKED UP ON THE SIDEWALK OF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE!

ASTONISHING FRAUD!!

TOTAL DEPRAVITY! AS REGARDS THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

(COPY.)

PIKE'S PEAK, Jan. 11, 1860.

\_\_\_\_\_, M.C., Washington.

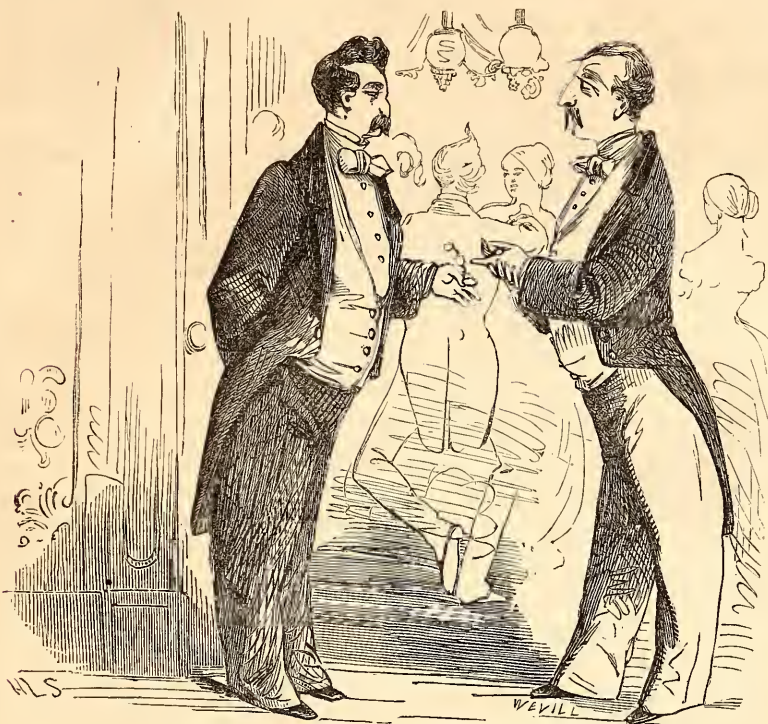
DEAR SIR:—Your highly esteemed favor of 6th ultimo is received and contents (Steam Engine in good order) noted. I enclose you the desired commission. Please send immediately 50 tons anvils, which are in great request, and 10 tons best wrought steel. I trust you will take occasion to visit N. Y. as soon as convenient, to make these purchases, and draw on me at Metropolitan Bank as before. I find great profit from your franking these goods.

Very Respectfully,

Name for the New Religious Evening Paper.  
The Night-Blooming Serious.

\* The P. M. General has requested us to suppress these names.





FWED.—Why, Chawles, how's this? Not dancing? Weally, I'm supwised!

CHAWLES.—No aw—Fact is—given up dancing. You see, when a good-looking young fellah, aw—mingles much with the guyrles, it causes so much talk, that its aw—doosed unpleasant, and as I've no ideaw of mawwyng just at pwesent, I shall cut female society for awhile.

#### THE BABY.

"A woman in Philadelphia is advertising in one of the daily papers, 'Infant Retreat,' established for the reception and accommodation of those babies whose affectionate parents desire to get through their summer travelling without encumbrances."

It has long been our desire to see some effectual scheme devised and put into operation for getting rid of The Baby, which seems to be, if not a remediable, at least an alleviable evil. The old theory that it is a well-spring of pleasure has been reversed. Quite a long time ago we found out that nothing is more subversive of domestic spirit, and of all gentle and lovely graces, than the innocent infant. How many mothers have been literally dragged out of the fashionable society of which they were the acknowledged queens, and condemned to the dreary drudgery of the nursery, simply because they clung to a dim tradition that the most tender and divine relation on Earth is that between mother and child, and that the mute appeal of newborn humanity should be irresistible to the parent's heart! Happily for society (and for the rising generation), this superstition is fast passing from power.

A large number of mothers make the demands of world and of home tally by taking their offspring wherever they go. The infantine mind is very early inducted into the refined mysteries of the theatre, and imbibes Art with an appreciative enthusiasm which pap entirely fails to evoke. Arrayed in the choicest hues of the rainbow, it is an attentive and a sympathetic observer of the performance. We never hear it disturbing the audience. It has too much good sense to make a sudden manifestation of pleasure or displeasure. And whereas in the nursery at home it would have gone spotty crying for its mother,—for the soft bosom of her love, and her low voice singing lullaby,—here it will either sit perfectly still, or else mildly intimate a desire to be taken away, with which it will be easy to comply at once.

It is also made familiar with the solemn ceremonies of the gay Church. Its devout and deeply susceptible mind is so impressed by the teachings of the sanctuary that silent tears of penitence and holy purpose roll down its rosy cheeks, and its responses are scarcely audible, what with choking. And the presence of her offspring inspires the maternal worshipper with an awful sense of her re-

sponsibility, and with a proper realization of her entire dependence upon Heaven for its preservation, while the sight of so much purity helps along the devotions of the whole congregation.

A totally different policy, but an equally effective one, is pursued by another class of the victims of matrimony. These let The Baby cry it out. Perhaps it does cry it out. At all events it doesn't bother. In their most expensive and bewildering toilettes, with faces unwrinkled and forms unabridged, the mothers pass themselves off in the world as fresh things, innocent of family. Shut in by a circle of agreeable beaux, breathing an atmosphere of music and of perfume, radiant with mature and conscious loveliness, no feeble cry reaches their ears, any more than the snore of the weary partners of their better and their worse, in the deserted supper-room. How sweet their consciousness all the while that the little one is receiving that delicate and earnest attention, that intelligent and unwearied care, which the strapping girl obtained from an Intelligence Office a day or two ago knows so well how to bestow! And all the trouble saved!

The Baby is a peculiar burden in summer, when it is apt to be fretful and sickly. The "Infants' Retreat" in Philadelphia will relieve its proprietor (The Baby's) of all doubt about going away from home. As the charming mother gets a new grace in the ocean billows, wanders in the moonlit night, rides and laughs and flirts in the fresh and cheering air, she will know that everything is being done for her infant that a loving stranger can do,—that it is enduring no fatigue, exposure, but quietly living on the healthful airs and smells of the Retreat. And nothing at all will interfere with her happiness—nothing disturb her blissful summer dream—unless it be the vague suspicion that, her travels being over, she will not be able to recognize and claim her "encumbrance," or that it will be taken forever off her hands, to another Retreat!

#### Question and Answer for a New Catechism.

Q. Will you go to Heaven, if you can?

A. I'll die first!

#### Black Republican Idea.

"THE WILL FOR THE DEED."—For President, William H. Seward.

#### RAIN OR SHINE.

One of the large illustrated weeklies, in a labored editorial, finds fault with the parades of the uniformed corps, for not coming off in fine weather. It declares that "the sooner the present absurd custom is abolished, the better for the health, comfort and morals of our citizen soldiery." "What," continues this kind-hearted editor, "could be easier than to have it understood, that in the event of the day being rainy, the parade should be considered postponed until the first fine morning?" Has this opinion arisen from the inconveniences attending the Seventh Regiment on its late damp trip to Washington? Did the artists fail to do the watery trip full justice on account of the weather? If so let all future military orders be issued with a "P. S. In case of rain, the exhibition will be postponed until the first fair day." It would also be as well while the hand is in on military reforms, to do the same with hot days, and cold days, or such days as might not add to the *clat* of the affair. The same rule may also be carried out should our gallant troops be called into action. They might arrange it so that they would only fight on pleasant days, and not on such as would render the exercise too severe. They could do away with forced marches and all other little unpleasant fatigues, and in a word make a soldier in accordance with the progress of the age and the improvement of tactics.

#### Politics vs. Business.

In view of the glaring absurdity of having a city like New York governed and bullied by a village like Albany, we hasten to suggest that the great rule of commercial business be reversed for a while, and that the citizens of New York hasten to Sink their Capital!



## BUNN IN EXCELSIS



The "retired tradesman" had faith in Bunn or he wouldn't have engaged him; and Bunn had faith in the retired tradesman, or he wouldn't have run the risk of losing his money. We will now favor the world with some observations on the case.

*Punch* was rather hard upon Alfred. No doubt of that. He is something more than a poetic Cobb. The Cake of which he is the namesake is not more sweet than Bunn now and then is. And then for invention he is not slow. Well, the smarter and more refined we make him out to have been, the less fitted was he, by inference, to sustain the rude shocks of the Dunning Demon and the cruel sneers of *Punch*. He tried so many theatres, and wrote so much pathetic poetry, we feel confident he had rather a hard time of it during his professional career. In the light of this theory, how touching do we find such passages as the following:

"Happy hearts! fond and fair  
Be your young days!—  
May ye ne'er feel the cave  
Which the world sways."

O, no; Bunn wasn't happy. Even a marine would know better. In fact, men of ge-

He quarrel with the inference deducible from the closing sentence of the following impertinent paragraph:

"It is said that Alfred Bunn, a man of great talent, notwithstanding all 'Punch' ever said to the contrary, and formerly lessee of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the St. James' Theatre, London, is now earning his livelihood as a companion and converser, his employer being a retired tradesman of considerable wealth. 'Alas! poor Yorick!'"

After bestowing our mind upon the subject—three's generosity for you!—and getting it all back again, we conclude that "Hail, fellow,—well met!" would have been a much apter quotation. What says A. B. himself?—

"Happy and light of heart be those  
Who in each other faith repose!"

nus are prone to wretchedness. We have written poetry, and we speak feelingly. Latterly, too, the Libretto market had been getting awfully dull. Balfe was getting lazy; and the formerly magic phrase "Words by Alfred Bunn" had begun to be missed from engraved title-pages.

"About this time," who should turn up but a "retired tradesman of considerable wealth," with a post-prandial Bunn in his mind's eye, extremely desirous of having it transferred from that valuable organ to his mind's epigastrium, by way of digester corrector, and mild anodyne! What a stunning lookout for Alfred, with his

—"heart bowed down by weight of woe!"

Of course these two beings—formed solely with reference to each other—were drawn together at last!—and the poet who

—"dreamt that (he) dwelt in marble halls,"

can scarcely yet believe his eyes (lucky dog!) when they remind him that the splendid vision was not *all* a dream!

"Then you'll remember me?"

says the grateful poet—sipping the liberal tradesman's port, and speaking with much emotion,—"then you'll remember me—when you make your will?" He wants the noble patron to say those blessed words once more!

Ah!—

"The light of other days"

may be faded, but our life for it, Bunn does n't regret that the components of that spectrum weren't fast colors!

Your hand, imaginative mortal!—

"Ever be happy and light as thou art,  
Pride the trades of man's heart!"

## A Line of Beauty.

That Albany politicians should rule New York is undoubtedly a shame. A Line should be Drawn somewhere, but where can we find a Parallel Rule?

Clergymen are not born to be drowned because they are born with a Call.

## WHERE IS THE LITTLE JOKER?

We find copied into the *Home Journal* the following choice bit of funny writing in regard to a ludicrous incident which recently took place in that El Dorado of jokes, "Out West:—"

THE WAY TO "TURN OUT A FLAT."—At Cincinnati, Ohio, one day last week, Joseph Folder, a German, was crushed to death by being drawn between two heavy rollers in a machine-shop. He came out as thin as a pancake.

What a mad wag it is, to be sure! We are ready to burst with professional jealousy at the sight of the rich vein which the writer of the above has opened in the comic literature line. Such a rare talent for extracting fun from the most unpromising subjects must not, however, be permitted to wrap itself in an anonymous napkin any longer—*VANITY FAIR* must have that man! We insist upon having him, and won't be happy without him. And "if this 'should meet his eye,' he is earnestly requested to send his address forthwith to the office of this paper, in order that we may make the necessary arrangements to secure at once his valuable services exclusively for our columns. And then, what fun we shall have! The prosy old penny-a-line style in which the various daily mishaps to life and limb have heretofore been served up will be entirely superseded, and our readers will have them dished somewhat in the following piquant manner:

"POP GOES THE WEIZEL."—A Teutonic individual rejoicing in the cognomen of Weizel popped off yesterday in a rather expeditious and disagreeable manner. He was employed in a percussion-cap factory in 13th Avenue, and while he was engaged in preparing some of the explosive material used in the business, it ignited from some unknown cause, and the consequence was that the head of the luckless Dutchman was blown off his shoulders in the twinkling of a bed-post, which accident did not, as may be imagined, conduce in a very high degree to the improvement of his personal appearance.

He leaves a widow and several children, who may perhaps be consoled by the reflection that although the "head of the family" is lost, his *trunk* has been saved. Besides, we believe that among our German fellow-citizens it is not generally considered a very great misfortune to be brought to one's "bier."

Or thus:

"DOWN, DERRY, DOWN!"—Michael Derry, a native of the Emerald Isle, while pursuing the other day, the elevating employment of carrying a hod of mortar to the fifth story of the building in course of erection at the corner of 99th street and Avenue Q, being in somewhat of a hurry, missed his footing, and fell from the ladder to the ground, a distance of 80 feet, thereby fracturing his skull and both his legs. A facetious bystander remarked that he feared his injuries would prove "mortal," as they were the result of two much *quick climb* (quick lime).

And then, on the occasion of such a laughable occurrence as that which took place recently at the Pemberton Mills, or when our next tenement-house warming takes place, what a feast of fat things we shall be able to set before our readers, if we can only ascertain the whereabouts, and secure the services of this jovial fellow, who so nobly maintains his jollity under the most discreditable circumstances! Do, somebody, tell us where this little joker is.

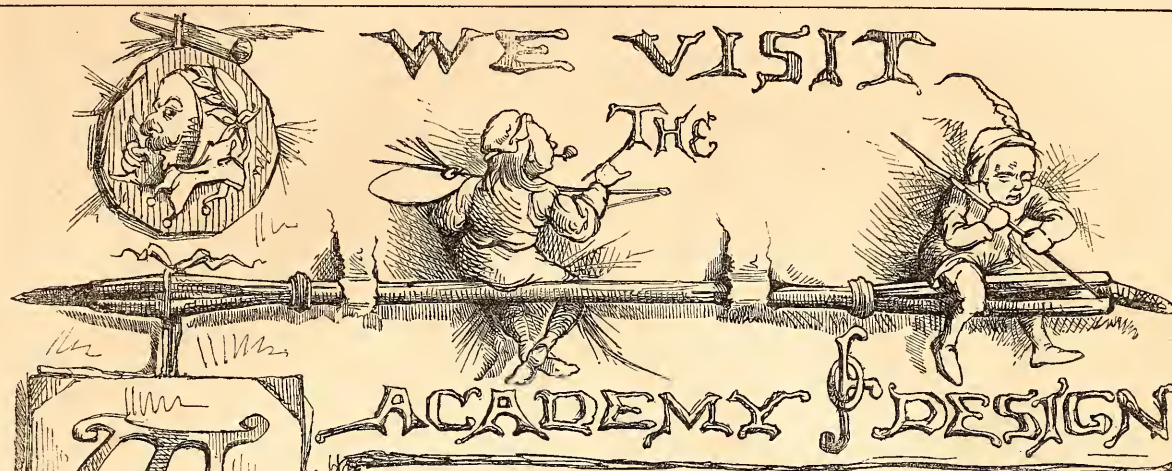
## Small Favors Thankfully Received.

We would be greatly obliged to the Republicans of Connecticut, who swept that State two or three weeks ago, if they would now come down and Sweep this city.

## Worth Knowing.

It is no excuse for bad morals to say that you were brought up in a Police Court.





HETHER I liked it or not, I was ordered to proceed to the National Academy of Design. It was in vain that I rebelled. The reverend and venerable editor would take no excuse. I told him that I did not care about pictures and that art was much too long, and time too fleeting. He gravely chided me. Told me that a knowledge of the history of painting and a critical appreciation

of pictures were accomplishments indispensable to a gentleman. He alluded to persons whom he named, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Velasquez, Murillo, and such like gentry. He would have proceeded to talk about "middle distance," "impasto," and "chiar oscuro," after the cheerful and intelligent manner of the *Saturday Press* man if I had not hastily seized my hat, and bolted for Tenth-street.

The opening of the National Academy of Design is a good thing for the Flaneurs. It is a perfect god-send to the dancing young men and women. It occurs just at the end of the season, when the crop of small talk that Young New York garnered for the winter's consumption is exhausted, and conversational famine stares them in the face. In this extremity they rush to Tenth-street, do a large amount of travel through the rooms, and for the remainder of the season gush with critical chit-chat.

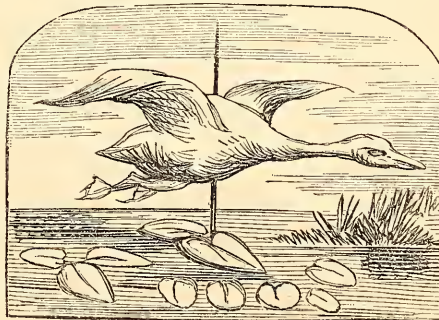
I, in common with the rest of my species, being hard up for small talk about this time, proposed to my talented young friend Raphael O'Titian that we should do the Academy together. O'Titian is himself an artist of no mean ability, as the reader will presently perceive, and as we walked along Broadway on our artistic pilgrimage, he took the trouble to give me some information regarding the general principles on which the Academy is managed.

"The Committee, sir," said O'Titian, in a mellifluous brogue, "which is not transcribable," is composed of a set of fossils. Old "Megatherium is President, Iguanodon is Vice, and Cynocephalus is "Corresponding Secretary. Their residences are built of the old red "sandstone, and they live on primeval vegetables. They have "a lofty contempt for the young men of the present day, and "Iguanodon looks on the artists of 1860, as his great Saurian name-battery, through which, when the poles are united, a gentle circular "current of mutual admiration runs; but if a foreign body (a new "artist, for instance,) is introduced to break the circuit, the fluid be-comes deadly and the object is killed."

This blasphemous against so august a body made my blood run cold. I did not tell O'Titian that I knew why he indulged in this bitterness. I did not allude to the fact that his picture was rejected, or venture on the hypothesis that if it had been accepted he probably would have entertained different opinions. But I was not to be prejudiced by the violent language of my Celtic friend. I knew

that the Managers of the Academy of Design are the most virtuous amiable and talented men in the world. I know that they do not secure all the best places for their own and friends' pictures. I know that their hearts beat with generous sympathy for young artists. I know that they do not truckle to rich men, and fawn for orders. I think in short that if I were a portrait painter, as independent in thought and powerful in style as Charles Elliott I should paint every one of them seated on a cloud and surrounded with a crown of glory. I have no doubt but that Mr. Elliott will adopt my suggestion.

By this time O'Titian and myself had reached the temple of Art, and the treasures of American imagination burst upon our astonished gaze. We immediately commenced rambling with our usual want of system, nibbling at pictures in the most irregular manner. O'Titian brought out his pencil and sketch-book and I my notebook, much to the dismay of a few stray Academicians who, concealed in dark places, furtively watched the effect of their paintings on the public. I give some of our jottings.



4. THE WOOD DUCK. W. J. HAYS.

No. 4. The Wood Duck. W. J. Hays. This is a stuffed duck very well drawn and tolerably well painted, but still stuffed. Let us hope with sage and onions. W. Hays is an excellent Taxidermist, and his present work is redolent of arsenical soap, chopped flax and iron wire. O'Titian has admirably caught the spirit of the picture.

Let us pause before a gorgeous and wonderful picture of theatrical jewelry, accompanied by a female head. It is entitled Queen Vashti, and is painted by F. B. Carpenter. Never in the palmiest days of the Bowery, did human neck or forehead support bigger pearls, or more magnificent rubies than does this marvellous woman who simpers with an idiotic smile as if entirely unconscious of the splendor of her appearance. The reckless prodigality of the artist in the precious stone line puzzled O'Titian and myself at first. Why this expenditure of gems? At last I remembered that in the classic shades of Broome-street resides a mighty man named Williams, who, on the occasion of a certain fancy ball, converted by aid of false hair, cotton velvet, and a feather, the meek and moral subscriber into a swaggering and licentious Don Juan. I noticed at the time that Williams came out (in his window) very strong in the gem business. There was a diamond and sapphire diadem which must have been worth one or two millions of dollars. The size of the stones in shoe-buckles, and finger-rings was unlimited, and I



am certain that Williams is at any moment prepared to produce a diamond weighing ten thousand carats. But Williams is evidently determined that his gems of purest rays serene shall not waste their beauty in the unfathomed depths of Broome-street. The world shall know their luster. So he engages Mr. Carpenter to paint his best mock pearl necklace and exhibit it at the Academy as an advertisement of the wares of the costumer. He has forgotten, however, to attach his card, so I take this opportunity of calling public attention to him.

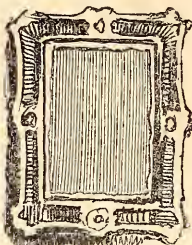
Number 321, by J. A. Baker is a portrait of one of the many children of the Father of His Country and I must say that the hereditary likeness is very striking. The artist modestly calls it in the catalogue a cabinet picture, but who that beheld that traditional hat, and those massive and venerable jaws, would not know instantly that the youthful hero must be named George Washington something or other? By a fine allegorical conception the artist has placed a penny trumpet in the hands of the illustrious infant. This is symbolical of the clarion blast of war that struck terror into British bosoms, and aroused the American Eagle from his slumbers. *E pluribus unum!* O'Titian's sketch is in his most felicitous manner.



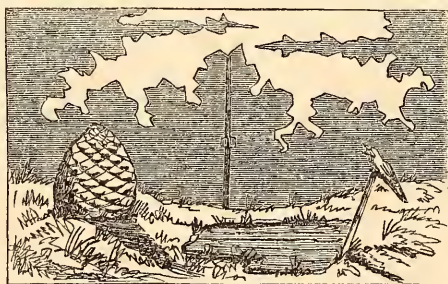
321. A CABINET PICTURE. G. A. BAKER.

"Justice not Revenge" by Charles Elliott. Number unknown. A splendid allegorical picture by this most admirable of American painters. It is rumored that this work has not met with the appreciation from the committee which so powerful a production deserved, but to me it is highly suggestive and full of meaning. A few more such pictures in the Academy would very soon place the Institution in the position which it ought long ago to have occupied.

151. John W. Hill favors us here with a view of a "cut scene" at Wallack's Theatre, with stage trap, and REAL PINE APPLE!!! in the foreground. This idea of Mr. Hill, of painting theatrical scenery is highly commendable, and deserves to be largely followed. If I may be allowed a little generous criticism, I would ask Mr. Hill why, in his otherwise excellent picture, did he omit the footlights. Surely in so careful a study, all details should be conscientiously brought out. Too much praise, however,

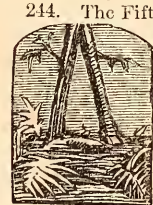


"JUSTICE, NOT REVENGE." CHARLES L. ELMER.



151. SCENE NEAR ROCKLAND LAKE, N. Y. JOHN W. BAKER.

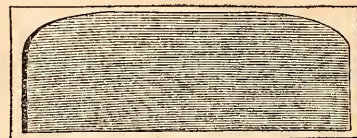
cannot be given to the working-up of the pine apple, and the trap is full of breadth, and indeed for that matter, depth.



244. The Fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, by R. J. Pattison. This Isosceles triangle is drawn with a mathematical precision that does honor to the painter's scholastic days. The left angle is conceived and expressed with great power and intensity, and there is mingled truth and tenderness in the base line. The apex is beautifully transparent, although at a first glance is seems a trifle cold in color. We trust that next year Mr. Pattison will turn his attention to the parallelogram.

189. Edwin White, N. A. This is a noble subject, broadly yet pathetically treated. A grief-stricken female is kneeling in an attitude of prayer, gazing wildly at her last year's bonnet which is hanging against the wall, and is decidedly shabby. One can see at a glance that her brute of a husband has refused her the customary supply of spring vegetables and that the poor woman,

driven to distraction at the thought of having to go out in an old bonnet, is beseeching Heaven to take pity on her misery. I hope sincerely that she will eventually get a fifty dollar hat.



422. CHRISTOVAL COLON, COMMONLY CALLED CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER, A.D. 1492. C. G. ROSENBERG.

422. This favorite, not to say national subject, The Landing of Columbus is treated by Mr. C. Rosenberg with great ability. Mr. O'Titian presents a capital sketch of the picture, which gives an excellent idea of the grouping and general composition.

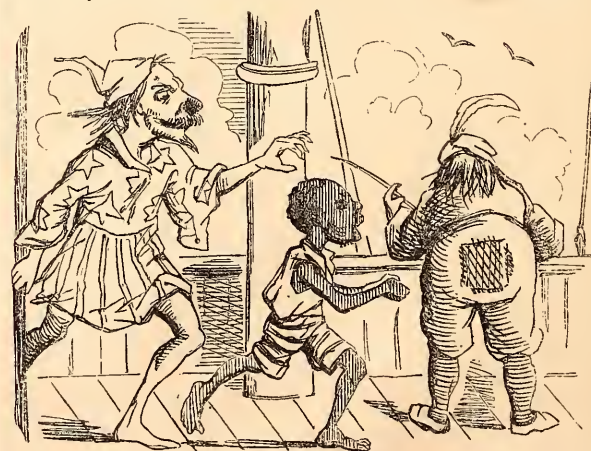
A mysterious picture, No. 150, bearing this extraordinary title "The Zug Spitz in the Tyrol" appears in the catalogue as the work of J. L. Fitch. The information conveyed by the artist is decidedly unsatisfactory. Who is Zug? and, when he expectorates, why does he desecrate the Tyrol? It is not romantic to say the least of it?

520. An artist. L. G. Sellstedt. My friend O'Titian has in the most masterly manner rendered this singular portrait. "The artist" is up to snuff; observe the acute wink of the eye to which he treats the spectator, as much as to say "no use to try it on with me. No you dont! I'm posted—I am." There is but one thing wanting to make this picture one of the most successful portraits in the exhibition. The artist should have had his finger to his nose.



520. AN ARTIST. G. L. STEEL LISTED

About this time O'Titian who had been going out to drink every ten minutes instead of attending to his business, became very much inflamed in the countenance, and denunciatory of the Committee, who as I before said, rejected his grand historical picture, "Columbus aroused by the cry of 'Land.'" He took his stand in the centre of the room, and abused all the Academicians in alphabetical order, being assisted in his task by the Academy Catalogue. After having attracted general attention, his mood became suddenly pathetic, and he burst into tears, declaring with heart-rending sobs that he was the victim of a conspiracy. He then proposed to an old gentleman, who was near by that he should buy his, O'Titian's, picture, and on being sternly repelled, burst into tears once more, and declared that he would publish it in VANITY FAIR. To this I very properly demurred, and told him that the thing was quite out of the question. O'Titian, on this forthwith wrote me a challenge on a blank leaf of the Catalogue, and asked the old woman who takes the money at the door to deliver it. This proposal, it is needless to



"COLUMBUS AROUSED BY THE CRY OF 'LAND.'" WITH AN AUTHENTIC NEGRO AND PATCH OF THE PERIOD. RAPHAEL O'TITIAN. (REJECTED BY THE COMMITTEE).

say was received with the scorn it merited and in order to pacify the furious Celt, and avoid a scene, I agreed to publish his picture under protest. The public will judge how far my judgment has been correct.

BISTER



## Bird Law.

Live Oak George is indignant at the injustice done him by his fellow citizens. He says "he does'n't see with what consistency they can applaud the man or men who propose only to let loose five hundred miserable sparrows on Manhattan, when they malign him for wishing to cover the streets of their city with rail. He thinks 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and so did the Legislature at Albany, especially when the 'bird' was an eagle.

## Like unto Like.

A gentleman in Philadelphia has invented a steam-car which can travel, with ease in a circle of singularly limited circumference. Would it not be well to present one to the Smithsonian Institute, for the use of members when establishing practical questions "on the broad principles of Science?" The circumferal motion would assist in elegantly illustrating their method of reasoning.

## Query,

A benighted Peorian wants to know if the notices in the papers of a proximate eclipse of the sun are to be understood as alluding to "Pennsylvania's favorite Son," to whom a similar phenomenon is supposed to be imminent?

## Ocular if not Jocular.

"Do you take Pupils?"—as the Member of Congress inquired of the loafer who was bragging of his proficiency in the science of removing superfluous eyes by the gouging process



"I SAY, JACK, IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A BAD JOB IF WOMEN WERE ALLOWED TO VOTE. YOU AND I'D BE ELECTED, SURE; WE'RE SO DEUCED POPULAR AMONG THE GALS."

## A YOUNG FELLOW'S NOTION.

## I.

I hate the Omnibus; ah me,  
Why should all city travel be  
A sham, a sell, a mockery?

## II.

Behold the stage! 'tis wondrous slow,  
With six inside on either row,  
Not going where they want to go.

## III.

The reach it takes to pay one's fare  
Requires a superhuman care,  
Lest folks with tender ears should swear.

## IV.

The floor is strown with straw unequal,  
To drop a fellow's money in;  
Was ever greater nuisance seen?

## V.

Alighting in a muddy street,  
Where carts, and trucks, and stages meet,  
But makes one's misery complete.

## VI.

Then why not have the Cab—the same  
Which from one HANSOM takes its name—  
To stop this nuisance and this shame?

## VII.

When will discomfort's reign be past?  
We surely *must* have Cabs at last;  
They're neat and handy, clean and fast.

## VIII.

In them, there is no poisoned air,  
No straw to catch a fellow's fare,  
No crowd of passengers to stare.

## IX.

And when a fellow gets down town,  
Upon the sidewalk he's set down,  
Not left in mud and slime to drown.

## X.

O, if I only had my way,  
'Twixt six, or twenty cents, to pay,  
The Cabs should start this very day!

## Hints to Pedestrians.

The N. Y. *Tribune*, one of the editors of which is something of a horseman and one of the Directors of a Saddle Horse Club in New York, gives the following directions to riders: Keep your head up, chin down, chest forward, shoulder, back, elbows in, hands down' back in, belly out, feet forward, thighs fixed, knees in, legs close, heels down, toes in, loins loose, seat firm, hand tight, horse and rider well balanced, trot two hours every day without stirrups, and then time and perseverance *may* make you a good horseman.

This is very useful knowledge for owners or hirers of horses; but many people cannot afford the luxury of riding and have to rest content with their natural ability to "go afoot." For their special benefit we append the following rules, modeled on the *Tribune's* Directions:

When walking keep your head up (on your shoulders), chin down (directly under your mouth), chest forward (never behind), shoulders back (of you), elbows in hands (if possible), back in (and up), belly out (side), feet on the ground, thighs fixed (above the knees) knees in, legs close (except when taking a step), heels down very near the sole of your boots, toes in (your boots), loins loose (negligés), hat firm, hand tight, body well balanced, walk two hours every day without a fire, and then time and perseverance *may* make you a good footman.

A Zoo-phyte.

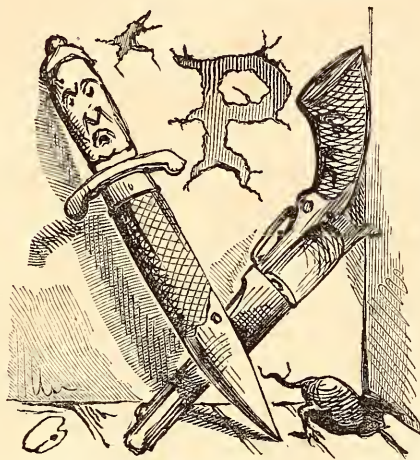
The First Fight on Record.

Plural and Very Singular:

The Siamese Twins.



## A NEW LETTER-WRITER FOR BELLIGERENT CONGRESSMEN.



terous Washington friends, with a hope that it may spare much brain-cudgelling on the part of provincial members.

## LETTER I.

Mr. A. to Mr. B.

Date.

Mr. B. having made certain offensive remarks in the course of debate yesterday, and being a coward and idiot generally, Mr. A. begs leave to inquire if those remarks were intended as personal, and if Mr. B. is prepared to hold himself responsible for them, as such.

Address.

## II.

Mr. B. to Mr. A.

Date.

Mr. B. has received Mr. A.'s scurrilous communication, and desires to say, in reply to the impertinent inquiries therein contained, that, whatever was intended by his remarks of yesterday, he is fully prepared to hold himself personally responsible for them, even to the bitter end.

Address.

## III.

Mr. A. to Mr. B.

Date.

In answer to Mr. B.'s indecent and ruffianly reply to his inquiries, Mr. A. has only to say that he holds Mr. B. personally responsible for his offensive expression. If Mr. B. is prepared to give a full and abject apology, over his own signature, it will be received. Otherwise, the extreme satisfaction due one gentleman from another will be imperatively demanded.

Address.

## IV.

Mr. B. to Mr. A.

Date.

Mr. B. begs leave to state that he is not in the habit of giving apologies, but that he is prepared to render any satisfaction Mr. A. may desire, no matter how perilous or deadly. Col. C., the bearer of this note, will arrange any further preliminaries that may be deemed necessary.

Address.

The Gentlemen themselves having nothing more to say, there begins a series of

## LETTERS BETWEEN THE SECONDS.

## I.

Col. C. to Maj. D.

Date.

SIR:—On mature deliberation, my principal, Mr. B., has chosen the howitzer as the weapon to be used. The combat will continue until both are killed, or the gun bursts. Being unacquainted with the pistol, Mr. B. chooses the howitzer as an arm which places both parties on an equality, and may place both on a dead level.

Yours truly,  
Col. C., U. S. A.

## II.

Maj. D. to Col. C.

Date.

SIR:—I have consulted with my principal, Mr. A., and he positively declines fighting with the howitzer. It is an unusual weapon, not recognised by the code, and he cannot, therefore, be compelled to accept your principal's choice.

Truly yours,  
Maj. D., U. S. A.

## III.

Col. C. to Maj. D.

Date.

SIR:—My principal, Mr. B., has peremptorily refused to fight with any other weapon than the howitzer. If, however, your principal is prepared to discuss the subject treated of in the House yesterday, and to explain, I think it is possible to effect an amicable and genial adjustment of this truly painful affair.

Yours truly,  
Col. C., U. S. A.

## IV.

Maj. D. to Col. C.

Date.

SIR:—I am commissioned to inform you that my principal, Mr. A., is exceedingly ready to re-examine the cause of quarrel, and to arrange this dispute without a resort to the code. He says that if the words, "you tell a falsehood," had been employed, instead of, "you lie like thunder!" he should not have regarded the remark as personal. Will your principal consent to the retraction of the latter expression in favor of the former?

Truly yours,  
Maj. D., U. S. A.

## V.

Col. C. to Maj. D.

Date.

SIR:—Nothing could give greater pleasure to Mr. B., than the substitution of the words you mention, for those that he used. He now sees that his observation was unfortunately chosen, and informs me that he sincerely hopes Mr. A. may be entirely satisfied by his withdrawal of it.

Yours truly,  
Col. C., U. S. A.

Here, of course, the belligerent correspondence terminates, but the subjoined will serve as a model of style for a final note from

Mr. A. to Mr. B.

Date.

MY DEAR FELLOW:—I am satisfied, of course—I knew I should be. Please send my letters to me, by bearer, as I want the whole correspondence published—it looks well, you know. Can't you come round to-night with Col. C., to meet Maj. D. and myself at a quiet game of draw poker and a bowl of punch? Come early.

Always yours,  
A.

## Another Conspiracy.

From the *Circuit Judge*, published at Hoboken, N. J., we cut this paragraph:

"A Virginia gentleman was assaulted and severely beaten by a couple of foot-pads in Hudson street, a few evenings since. We advise all who walk at night, to go armed with a stout cudgel; it is a capital shin and arm breaker."

We make the extract, simply that we may rebuke this New Jersey editor for so lightly passing over a matter involving so much. Could he not see that this is simply a plot for the furtherance of the dissolution of the Union? That these persons whom he is pleased to denominate "foot-pads," were nothing more or less, than emissaries of the Republican party. If they were not, why would they have attacked this "Virginia gentleman?" Depend upon it there is more in this matter than the eye sees. They certainly must have known that he was a "Virginia gentleman," and knowing such, the idea of plunder is preposterous. We trust the matter will not be dropped. The citizens of Virginia should be held sacred in their persons from the midnight attacks of abolitionists. If Harper's Ferry is to be avenged, we have great doubt whether it is the mission of Hoboken to avenge it.

## To the Public.

We have to announce that the prestige of the Original Squatter Sovereign is departed, it having been demonstrated in Washington, recently, that the Bowie Knife is a Pryor Settler.

## Feminine Ammunition.

(Puff) Powder and (Puff) Ball.



## JOURNALISM AND THE JAPANESE.



"Japanese newspapers."

What a glorious sense of the majesty of the American Press the MacCrellish conveyed to the barbarians in these few well-chosen words! What a comforting assurance that they would not be roasted alive, or thrown down an embankment fifty feet high, on purpose, or garrotted, or come over by the drop game, or trampled to death by omnibus horses, or poisoned with strychnine, introduced into more harmless beverages, or crushed by a falling wall, or compared with a Congressman, or insulted by having the *Herald* thrust upon them; in the gallant promise of MacCrellish to "stand by them!" How the "Mongols generally" would have rejoiced to hear the sound of that clarion voice!

It was a brilliant inspiration, too, to express the hope that we may "exchange with Japanese newspapers." We think the Admiral must have enjoyed the delicate wit of that, very much. What better word could the oracle of a great and enlightened people say to the first representatives of a nation distinguished for the advancement of its Arts, and the gracious dignity of its manners, than that we shall be glad to copy their items with proper credit? Could any nation have a higher value than that in the sight of the intelligent journalist? Our surprise is great that the facile and sparkling MacCrellish did not promise the speedy establishment of a Newspaper Express, to deliver the San Francisco papers in Nagasaki and Yedo, before breakfast.

A Typographical Banquet might very properly form part of the hospitality extended to the Japanese in this city. With the understanding that the tables shall be spread at Crook & Duff's, where may be found, at all hours of the day and night, the best genius anywhere in the city, we beg leave to offer a few hints to the representatives of the leading papers who shall be present on the gratifying occasion.

Nothing could be more appropriate from the Editor of the *Herald*, than a statement of his daily and weekly circulation, with the affidavits of his pressmen. To this might be added a history of the rise and progress of the paper and its influence upon the growth and present high standing of the metropolis. The Japanese would also relish some notice of the Typography of Plum Gut, and the *Herald's* views concerning Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, and Little Patti. The mention of the Man for Charleston would be certain to elicit a shout of savage approbation.

The Editor of the *Times* could say nothing that would be sner to enlist all the sympathies of the distinguished guests than Elbows of the Mincio. We believe this sentiment would produce such rounds of laughter and applause, that with difficulty could the speech be continued. The Sympathies of Youth, moreover, would meet with a certain and hearty response. Of course Kuri-sima-hico-hatsiro would like to know exactly how many copies of the *Times*, daily edition, are printed.

The philosopher of the *Tribune* will be expected to define his position upon the Slavery question, concerning which the Japanese have long labored under great misapprehension. His sentiments touching Divorce would likewise be of peculiar interest to Simme Bujen-no-Kami and also Osakabe Jetsaro. The statistics of the *Weekly* could not be omitted. The heathen friends will want to hear what advantages the *Weekly* has over all its cotemporaries as an advertising medium. The *Tribune* man might conclude with some such toast as "Dam-nation to the Union, and Hurrah for Old Hats!"

Such revelations of intelligence, wit, and patriotism, as these would fill the Japanese with astonishment, and not even the absence of MacCrellish would interfere with the pleasures of the entertainment, which would not soon be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to attend it.

## THIEVES! THIEVES! THIEVES!

At the foot of the title page of this paper, for many weeks past, was a respectful request to the Editorial fraternity of this city and elsewhere, to give us credit for such articles as they might take from our columns.

In many instances, we are happy to state, this has been done, and in many others, very respectable editors have neglected to do us this justice. Among this latter class it is not to be supposed we have any reference to the needy and over-slaughed geniuses of literature, who are prominent in this city as the barnacles who derive their meagre subsistence from the nourishment yielded to them by the Sunday papers, upon which they have fastened themselves.

Of course we have never received any contributions from these gentry which have not been respectfully returned within twenty-four hours after their receipt, during which brief period, visions of a current X floated before their eyes, and the non-receipt of which, with the failure to appreciate their intense jocosity, over-flowed them with bile, from which they could only be relieved by a prompt application to the columns of the sprightly sheets over whose dismal local jokin'g they were a power supreme.

Then burst upon the world those brilliant effusions, before which *VANITY FAIR* "paled its ineffectual fires," then from secluded corners were launched forth those fearful broadsides of sarcasm which once gladdened the hearts of the readers of defunct John Donkeys, Lanterns, and other Lights of the Age, so ignominiously quenched in darkness and decay—then wonderful were the cacklings over the addled eggs of all the solemn dunghill fowls, and deep and mighty were the potatoes which ensued, and dreadful and dire were the vows of vengeance uttered at midnight, to steal remorselessly from that brilliant sheet, whose effulgent brightness had so speedily eclipsed the penny dips of the New York Weekly Press.

Prominent among the recent barefaced thievery to which we now particularly refer, is the act of a sheet, we believe recently started in Philadelphia, called the *American Sportsman*, which has signalized its advent by an open theft from us, which merits the contempt of all the press of that city. The paper is now before us, and contains one half of our double-page cartoon of the 14th, "The 'Two Champions,' with the names of the artist and engraver of this city, who are supposed to have some interest in the matter, carefully omitted, and the name of another artist of Philadelphia substituted, who seems to be contemptible enough to take the credit, for the transfer, as an original engraving, and is therefore a worthy coadjutor of the pirates whose names are at the head of the columns.

We beg leave to furnish them with an addition to their heading, to which they are richly entitled, "*The American Sportsman and Filcher of the Ideas of Others!*" To be sure it would be rather long, but then, do you see, Mr. Koons, it would be so very apt and expressive. Perhaps Mr. Rogers, the artist whose name is appended to the cut, might object to the appropriation, by the paper, of a name which properly belongs to him: if therefore he is over sensitive about it, we would suggest that he should drop the title of artist, and make his next appearance upon the pictorial stage in the character of First Robber.

## Neat Paradox.

You will seldom find an Attorney At Law—he knows better.





THE P. R. IN THE BOSOM OF THE FAMILY.

*Hetty* :—NOW CLARA, IF YOU RUSH IN SO, I'LL COUNTER ON YOUR NOB!

## THE FOOLISH GIANTS.

A FABLE FOR OUR LITTLE POLITICAL READERS.

Once up-on a time, a great ma-ny years a-go, a fam-i-ly of bad Gi-ants lived to-geth-er in a large Cas-tle. They were al-ways pick-ing quar-rels a-mong them-selves, and fight-ing a-bout no-thing; which was ve-ry wrong.

The big-gest of these Gi-ants whose name was Boo-Kan-Han, was not liked at all by the rest, and two of them, named Ko-Voed and Phor-Nee, set the oth-ers on to turn him out of the Cas-tle, un-less he would pro-mise to wear clean-er lin-en, for they said he was a ve-ry un-ti-dy Gi-ant in-deed, and it is not nice to be un-ti-dy.

This made Boo-Kan-Han an-gry. He wrote the Gi-ants a se-vere mes-sage, giv-ing them all a fine scor-ing. Then they said they would hold a meet-ing and ex-am-ine the clo-set where Boo-Kan-Han kept his clothes, to show the peo-ple all a-round a-bout that he was not neat and clean.

Well, one day they made a great fuss, and asked ev-ery-bod-y to come and learn how un-ti-dy Boo Kan-Han was, and to de-cide if he ought to live in the Cas-tle an-y lon-ger. So the peo-ple came from all a-round a-bout, and watched close while the clo-set was o-pen-ed, when they saw a ve-ry large pile of ve-ry dir-ty lin-en, and all cried, "O! Shame!"

But when the clothes were ex-am-ined, the peo-ple saw that they were all marked with the names of Phor-Nee, Ko-Voed, and the other Gi-ants who had helped to get up the sto-ry a-bout Boo-Kan-

Han. Then all the folks laughed ve-ry loud-ly, and the fool-ish Gi-ants felt ev-er so much a-shamed of them-selves.

Are you not glad that they got so fine-ly laughed at?

## FWEDWICK FITZ NOODLE AND THE DEVIL.

The Counter-jumper (may his tribe decrease!)  
Awoke one night, while dreaming how to fleece,  
And saw, within the gas-light of his room,  
Making it dark and festive like a tomb,  
The devil writing in a book. Alas!  
Exceeding drink made Fwedwick bold as brass,  
And to the 'follah' in the room he said  
"What writest thou?" The presence raised its head,  
And with a smile just like a sweet head-clerk,  
Answered, "The names of those who do my work."  
"And is mine one?" said Fwedwick. "Not quite yet,"  
Replied the devil. Then Fwedwick, in a pet.  
But cheerly still, "I fancy you don't know  
That I'm head-pimp for Swindle, Smirk, & Co?"

The devil wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening ligh,  
And showed the names of—nuisances, at best,  
And lo! Fitz Noodle's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT, † *His Mark.*

## The most execrable Con. on Record.

How could you, in asking for your bill at a tavern, aptly allude to the wig of the celebrated author of the Hymn-book?  
By simply asking what's to pay? (Watts' toupée)

## Another Railroad Accident.

Last week, a train on the Hudson River Railroad arrived at its destination, in *safety*—it must have been by *accident*; such a thing could never have been intended.



APRIL 23, 1860.]

VANITY FAIR.



THE CHARLESTON SOLILOQUY.

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

HAMLET, last appearance in this character, - - - - - J—s B—ch—n.  
POLONIUS, by request, with the favorite song "The Man for Charleston is J. B.," - - - - - J. G. B—n—tt.







## THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

(FROM A VANITY FAIR POINT OF VIEW.)

No. 3.

CHAPTER 1st—CONTINUED. OF EARLY DISCIPLINE.



NORE les enfants!

We are about to speak of the management of the female child, from its articulate and post-lactal infancy to the period of its—or more elegantly, her admittance within the “pale”—perhaps we might with greater pertinence (or impertinence) say *rouge*—“of society.” This is a delicate subject, and we have not dared to adventure unassisted—incomplete bachelor-fraction of humanity that we are!—upon its treat-

ment. We are blessed with a wedlocked feminine relative. Madam is blessed with offspring of both sexes—especially of her own (we refer to own sex). We dwell propinquous to Madam. And—“have we not, therefore, authority for these things.” Selah!

The Female child is to be clothed upon similar principles to those regulating the habiting of the male. Only more so! And with much superaddition of jewelry, and general regard to ornamental effect. Her exercise will be as limited as possible; to be chiefly taken in a close carriage during the bright, dry days of winter, and in an open barouche under the aguish sunshine of the damp, spring atmosphere. In walking, (of which there must be as little as circumstances will allow) every possible ennuibrance to regular locomotion, respiration, and comfort should be attended to in the costume, and a nurse should be selected who is irritably curious and selfishly oblivious, much given to John, and shop-windows, and regardless of crossings. As these are the prominent traits of nurseic character generally, there will not be much difficulty in finding one to suit. The female child should early be instructed to make comparisons between the toilets, dolls, &c., of other little girls and her own, and to assert her superior richness and elegance in all, in order to acquire the eminently ladylike accomplishments of tittle-tattle, gossip, *et sim.*: She should be carefully trained in the mistressly use of the pout, the sulk, the nervous headache, and the “gush of tears.” Also in the adroit application of the insinuation, the meaning toss of the head, the caprice, the direct and indirect insult, and most difficult and important of all, the semblance of martyr-like resignation. Finally she must be *au fait* of the shades of force, and varieties of sentiment to be expressed by the words, “dear,” “darling,” “hateful,” “horrid,” “cheap,” “five minutes,” and at least 901 other feminine technicalities for which, *vide* Female Dictionary (when published) by P. S. Phynks. F. L. &c. Fainting having greatly declined of late years, owing to strong-minded influence, this is comparatively unimportant, and may be left to nature. N. B. We omitted to speak of the gradual but rigidly-to-be-kept-up increase of tightening the waist-bands and the boots, until the requisite degree (which is the superlative) of deformity be produced. There cannot be too much stress laid on these two points. N. B. No. 2. Highly important. The most distant approach to any knowledge of housekeeping, culinary, and other domestic economy, must be most jealously guarded against, or all is lost!! The female child should be sent to dancing-school as soon as practicable—one where there are nice little boys with whom she must be encouraged to dance; and she should be asked if she has fallen in love with any one of them—if any one of them kisses her—and many other similar delicate questions from time to time, to familiarize her with these tastes and sentiments, and gently indoctrinate her in the “feminine arts” of coquetry, &c.

The Female Child—but really, even with the aid of Madam, we feel incompetent to this portion of our task. We contritely confess it! Let us—by your kind indulgence, Reader—let us carry the Female Child at a “killing pace” (which, after all, is the natural stride of this graceful animal—*mille pardons!*—now-a-days) to the gilded threshold of ‘Good Society,’ by saying, in few words, that, with “such and similar adventitious aids and appliances,” she must be rendered as artificial as the nature of the case will permit, physically and mentally, for her successful *debut* and victorious

career in the social battle-field, to which we will suppose that she, at the same time with her male companion, has now made her first salute. And thus we step at once into the ‘Rules,’ ‘hints,’ ‘guides,’ andsoforth of our *Code*, *per* CHAPTER 2d.

V. F. GOLDSTICK.

*To be continued.*

## OUR MUSEUM.

Scissors—a gentleman connected with our editorial department—is engaged upon a fresh collection of curiosities of literature. He clipped the following effusion from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the day before the recent Charter Election in that city, and it is needless to say it evinces an alliance of poetry with politics, in that sentimental region as hopeful to the sandal-wearers pilgrims of Parnassus wherever, in our broad land, his steps are bent unto that sunlit top, as gratifying to the well-wishers of Republican institutions throughout the world. We are at a loss which to admire the most—the noble emotion which inspired this glowing apostrophe, or the signal ability with which it is executed.

Let it be observed that the poet, disdaining the baseness of a gratuitous publication, nobly paid for its insertion in the advertising column:—

THESE FEW LINES WERE COMPOSED IN PRAISE OF THAT VALUABLE character whose name is CHARLES PARKER, our expected candidate for Alderman in the 12th Ward, in the City of Brooklyn.

Now, Brooklyn, adieu! where rural pleasures abound,  
No strife or confusion moves your suburbs around;  
Felicity rules and golden plenty is found;  
The gods and the muses choose it still for their ground.

When Adam and Eve had been in Paradise placed,  
In Brooklyn, I believe, they believed, they seen their happiness graced.  
Some authors agreed that cheerful Bacchus of late  
Has planted her trees and squeezed the juice of the grapes.

The goddess of youth, a golden goblet she bore,  
Both Jove and his Court the lucid cup did adore;  
The same you may view, Charles Parker had it in store:  
I seen it in bloom and used by his forefathers of yore.

My seat here I choosed, where pure felicity reigns,  
Great wealth he pursues, yet lucre still he disdains,  
Brooklyn he will subdue, Charles Parker still is my theme,  
The pillar of truth whose rules will extant remain.

And wherever he steers no fear can enter his breast,  
For the good wish of his neighbors he always cheerfully had,  
As for the present affair, victorious he will come off.  
And let his neighbors all pray, triumphant he may be in that.

Composed by me. T. S.

## Appeals to Liberty.

The Smithsonian Institution is endeavoring to raise \$3,000 by subscription, to defray the expenses of fitting out an expedition to Cape Chedlay, the northeast point of Labrador, to take observations on the solar eclipse of the 18th July, the duration of which will be exactly 12 minutes 50 seconds. We trust the appeal will succeed. A taste must be encouraged in the public mind for such pursuits, and while urging its cultivation, we may as well speak of a little matter we have on foot of a like kind. We propose an expedition this summer to the Rocky Mountains, with the design of getting as near as possible to the rising place of the moon, that we may settle the long disputed question as to whether this luminary is really composed of green cheese. Its solution will add very much to astronomical truth, and we shall, even while pursuing the subject, go further and enquire into the verity of tales that are now believed by many to have no foundation. Among these we may mention, that of the man in the moon, and the animal legend of

“Hey diddle, diddle, the cats and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon.”

To those taking an interest in this expedition, we would respectfully say that subscriptions will be received at this office.

## A Fine Opening for Lewis Cass.

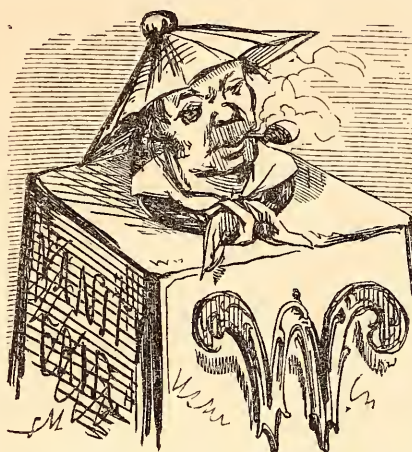
“The Insane Asylum at Kalamazoo, Michigan, is now open for the reception of men patients. Heretofore only women have been admitted.”

## Motto for the Non-Resistants.

“Unlike the wind, returning blow for blow,  
We all should treat our foemen “*comme il foe.*”



## A WASHING WAY THE HEATHEN HAVE.



with elegant signs, and all the other bristling evidence of greatness? Did they ask to be taken at once to the upright and honorable commercial mart, to the brilliant bazar of fashion, to the theatre, or to the church? Did they desire to have immediately pointed out to them a real mine, in the act of disgorging untold wealth? Did they want to know the aggregate value of the substantial property before them, or the names of the richest men?

They obeyed the barbarous instinct of their nature. Their first inquiry was for the Baths. They sought to know whether the most wonderful people on the earth keep themselves clean. Undazzled by the grand show of good fortune and active intelligence, calmly acknowledging the considerate attentions which were bestowed upon them by gentle hackmen, graceful ladies, and decorous policemen, giving courteous assent to those superiorities, which were doubtless suggested without any delay whatever, these half-civilized beings went straight to the source (ha! ha!) of all true greatness, physical and moral—soap and water! Of course their motive was purely selfish. Long confinement to a close sick ship, with water, water everywhere, and not a drop to get at without a considerable difficulty, had made ablution the first necessity of their nature. Of course an American who had circumnavigated the globe itself, would not, on landing, have gone to the Bath. Civilization of the clear grit would have hastened his footsteps to the Bar. Instead of seeking relief for his unwholesomeness in absurd water, applied externally, the brandy "straight," the whiskey "skin," the plain or fancy fluid, internally applied, would have speedily brought it to him.

In their profound heathenism, the Japanese place cleanliness above godliness. Mr. Oliphant mentions, with ill-concealed disgust, that certain hours of the day, in the fair land of Polish, are devoted strictly to family immersion. When the time to duck and drip draws near, the very children make no ugly faces or noble demonstrations of a proud scorn, but actually hail it with delight, and, when they once get in, instead of gloriously resisting every drop of the dire element, flash about with a recklessness which, happily, our tubs do never know, no, never. The grown people wash. Often! All over!! Hard!!! A pitiless warfare is waged against dirt of the most respectable varieties. The streets of the cities are kept forlornly clean. Offal is all off them in a jiffy. Such is the darkness of those who have no Sunday School Union!

We are compelled to record, with a sorrow, not unmingled with pity, that Ogure-Bungo-nokami, Kuri-sima-hico-hatsiro, Skahara Jhugoro, Sewo-sawa-Scogero, and others of the savage clan, were gratified with the result of their investigations. They laved their misguided limbs. They tried the hot, the tepid, and the cold, the fresh and the salt, the plunge and the douche, and found all good. Their cuticles expanded with a pitiful joy.

But it is good to reflect how utterly we shall disappoint whatever expectations of cutaneous degradation they may have formed while rolling profanely in the "darkening fathoms," or bending to the straight and stinging shower. What will Sinne Bujen-no-kami, what will Hetaka Keisaburo have to say of the streets of New York, with their independent heaps of foulness, diffusing a free and mighty balm? Will not a sense of their own inferiority overwhelm those dreadful creatures when they wake, morning after morning, to the same dust, and the self-same mud, of purest clay serene?

When Matsumoto Sanejo beholds the bath-tub in our midst, will not his wild and untamed heart sink within him? And the whole Embassy, when they arouse to the simple facts that our great cities are quite destitute of aqueous privileges for the dirty poor, that the rivers running by are held sacred from the touch of naughty

HAT did the Japanese do almost the moment they set foot on our Pacific shore? In the first glow of delight at their release from the discomforts and perils of a stormy voyage, and of surprise at the spectacle of enterprise which San Francisco presents, did they direct fixed attention to the crowds of accommodating, cheerful, and tastefully dressed people, to the rows of palatial emporiums all in one style of architecture, and adorned

little boys' toes; that the people who take a bath every morning, are branded with contempt, and regarded with suspicion, and forced to waste their saponaceous sweetness on the desert air—when these glorious American home truths come upon them, will they not, in the bitterness of their vain rage, set us down as miserable heathen, susceptible of missionary and mikado?

## BENNETT TO DOUGLAS

AIR :—"O Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad ;—  
Though readers and pooblic and a' should be mad,  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
But ye maun tent, mon, when ye come to court me,  
It's nae use to come with a dirty baubee,  
For I hae muckle siller mysel', ye see :  
And come as ye were nae comin' to me,  
And come as I'd come were I comin' to thee.

Sing "Paris" and I'll come to you, my lad,  
Sing "London" and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Though readers and pooblic and a' should be mad,  
Jamie will venture wi' ye, my lad.  
At Congress, or home, or where'er ye may be,  
Speak of Jamie as though that ye cared nae a flie ;  
But if we should meet, blink your bonnie black e'e—  
Yet look as ye were nae looking at me,  
Ye look as I look when I'm looking at thee.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
O promise and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Though readers and pooblic and a' should be mad,  
Thy Jam e will venture wi' ye, my lad.  
I vow and protest I ne'er cared for J. B.—  
The mon shuld hae sent me over the sea.  
But court nae that Raymond, though j-king ye be,  
For fear that he wyl your fancy frae me,  
For fear that he wyle your fancy frae me.

## ALDERMANIC IMPUDENCE.

A few days since, one of the Aldermen—we shall not hold him up to the indignation of the public by giving the name, offered a preamble and resolution setting forth that the Hoboken Ferry Company, alias Mr. Som-body Stevens, neglected the conditions of its lease, by running two rascally old boats, that should long since have been condemned, and only running those at such hours as they pleased. Now can anything be more impertinent than this? This Aldermanic interference with the operations of foreign steamers? It is well for this Alderman that he has the broad waters of the Hudson between himself and the power he has offended. His interference must, unquestionably, have grown out of ignorance. He cannot certainly be aware that the owner of Hoboken, who, as a matter of course, is also the owner of the Ferry, has entire disposal of the lives, properties, and other etceteras of his subjects. He cannot know that this great man is a subdized monarch; that the United States government are perpetually paying him immense sums, which he expends, or is supposed to expend, on a great battery, for the ultimate purpose of taking New York. (We trust we are not wrong in our statement, but the fact is, that so long a time has elapsed since the commencement of this battery, that the original purpose of the work has become merely a legend.) Let this alderman beware, lest at some unguarded hour he be decoyed to Hoboken, and made to suffer the penalty of his temerity.

## Serves Him Right.

The *Express* gives an account of the robbery of the Marine Bank of Savannah, in which it states that suspicion was entertained of the clerk or cashier left in the bank on the previous evening. The amount taken was \$45,000, all of which the robber suffered to be recovered, but \$3,000, which he had already lost at the gambling table. The account ends with,

"The suspected party has been arrested, and finds himself bound over for trial in an almost penniless condition."

Now this is what we call a scurvy rogue. To allow himself to be caught, and that without any money secured beyond the fingers of justice. Such a villain should not be sent to the State prison; he will corrupt the inmates. Forty-five thousand dollars, and not a cent saved to grease the wheels of Justice! Infamous and revolting! How is the criminal code in Georgia? can they not hang this fellow? Society imperatively demands that something should be done to make a frightful example of the improvident scamp.





## A CHANCE FOR THE LAWYERS.

- 1st IRISH GENTLEMAN.—Lave yer hand from them coals, I say!  
 2nd IRISH GENTLEMAN.—Bother! it's the boss himself that gave me the job.  
 1st I. G.—If ye touch them coals I'll bring ye before the courts!  
 2nd I. G.—"Courts" is it? Then I'll employ the best laygal talent in the country to defate ye!

THE MANUFACTURE OF FUN.  
THE WHOLE PROCESS.

We are in the receipt of a number of communications, bearing such unparalleled signatures, as "A Constant Inquirer," and "An Anxious Reader," which ask for information of the system pursued in this office, and of the various processes through which the raw material of idea passes before it becomes the brilliant and pleasing article which is in such universal demand. Although such inquiries are obviously unwarranted by commercial precedent, we are disposed to gratify the curiosity of these correspondents. This is becoming more and more a Personal country, and since the *Herald* has dragged the domestic colored citizen into the light of publicity and turned the private life of the shoemakers of the East inside out, it is a duty we owe ourselves to avoid misrepresentation or direct calumny by admitting the universal nation within the penetralia of our temple of harmless mirth. The fact that several new comic papers are about to be started the more disposes us to make these revelations, inasmuch as those of their proprietors and contributors who have had no experience whatever in the business may get some valuable hints, for which all we demand in return is the proper credit.

The reader will please imagine himself in a spacious apartment overlooking the whole city of New York, and commanding a perfect view of that contracted space which constitutes the rest of the world. The furniture is of the most tasteful and luxurious description. Every shade of color is a harmony, every form a grace. The most complete and expensive library in the country conceals one wall, surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare, without a speck of dust upon it. The collection embraces all the volumes of *Punch* except the last, together with the other standard works in all languages. Upon a handsome table, with an expensive cloth, are scattered with negligent grace, the newspapers and other periodicals of the day. The apartment is adorned with pictures, generally historical. This is the sanctum of VANITY FAIR.

At exactly eight o'clock the writer arrives. (In summer he is expected to be earlier.) He is a few days over seventeen years of age, and wears a wide collar, turned down, and black curls. He smiles four times, and then goes to a closet and produces a dozen of

champaigne, of which he opens and drinks one bottle. Immediately his eyes begin to sparkle, and the corners of his mouth are wreathed with jollity. Good things flash from him. He rattles off a leader with a gold pen. The printer takes it. He is an honest fellow, with ruddy cheeks, and firm, white arms, from which the pure linen is rolled up. The writer throws himself back on a downy cushion and blows smoke bubbles, at the same time running one hand nervously through his hair. At short intervals he seizes the pen and dashes off a parody of a familiar poem, or a satire, or a sparkling *mot*. It is now meridian. He touches a silver bell and a laughing boy (the son of Mr. Momus) appears, with a tray containing all the luxuries of the season. The writer eats the wing of a small and delicious bird, facilitating its progress with another bottle of the exhilarating wine. Good things now scintillate from him with such bewildering rapidity that many are left over till next week, and many others escape and are used by the other comic papers. In the meantime he looks carefully through all the leading journals, and comments, with great ability, upon their principal features. He also glances at a mass of communications which are instantly rejected. He takes them in his arms to an open window and gives them to the winds, and these also are used by the other comic papers.

The wits of the city now drop in, overflowing with spirits. They drink up the rest of the wine, and recline on soft couches. There are incessant sallies of the richest humor. The brilliant repartee flashes from side to side. The world, with its miserable ambitions and grovelling cares, is held up to ridicule. Money is satirized stingingly. The writer immediately returns all the clever things that are said to their proper owners. His own resources are too great to need foreign supplies.

Thus the hours glide by in splendid train.

At three o'clock the artist makes his appearance. He is a picturesque, dark-eyed youth, in a blouse and a brigand hat beneath which flow long and raven curls. He has a roll of characteristic sketches which he has been taking on Broadway, and at all the popular places of resort. These are transferred to wood by a new process, the mystery of which we are bound by oath not to reveal.

Thus the day's work (if work such joyous occupation can be called) is completed, and the writer and the artist, attended by a jovial band of literati, stroll up Broadway, the observed of all observers. It is not our province to follow them further. Golden hours of thoughtless happiness are before them. No rude cares shall obtrude. As they are born to wit so also are they born to fortune. Want they never know. Their bodies cared for by a generous and sympathizing public, their minds are left free to evolve pleasant fancies.

Our duty to our respectable and prompt correspondents would not be fulfilled did we omit to mention that the writer and the artist and the printer work only for amusement. Pecuniary considerations they despise.

## Directions for Discovering when it is Twelve O'Clock.

By THE NEW TIME BALL ON THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

- I. Wait till it is almost noon.
- II. Go to Wall-street and stand opposite the Custom House.
- III. Look for the Ball.
- IV. Wait ever so long.
- V. If you see the Ball drop, you may conclude that it is twelve o'clock.
- VI. If you don't see the Ball drop you may be sure that it is either before or after twelve o'clock.
- VII. It will now be time to take a drop yourself.

LITTLE E. M.

Brooklyn Heights, April 20th, 1860.

Revised Proverb.

Evil communications corrupt two in the bush.



## SHOW FUNERALS.



B. is likely to reap much profit from his vitreous vehicle. Most people, when death is imminent, expect to escape from the Pains of this world, but A. B. takes care that they shall accompany them to the grave. The ingenious livery stable keeper's designs are transparent. He will not let his beautiful Oval Glass Side Hearse unless people also hire his carriages. The glazed apparatus is a sort of premium upon a patronage of the hack business. Hire my carriages, says Brewster, and I will throw my glass hearse in. The very idea of proceeding to the grave in such a conveyance is luxurious. Formerly it was the acme of splendor, for living persons to ride in a glass coach. Fancy the sense of satisfaction that must overwhelm each of us, when we become penetrated with the fact that we can ride in one when dead!

Brewster is cautious. Fearful lest the funeral character of his advertisement should lead people to confound him with his clients, he takes advantage of a P. S. to inform the public that he is "a live man." This is pleasant to know, for a glass hearse, and a dead coachman, would be more than even the mildest corpse could bear.

THE following cheerful advertisement appears in one of our journals:

**PUBLIC NOTICE.**—A. BREWSTER'S LIVERY STABLE. A. Brewster would inform his friends and the public that he has been to a large expense in procuring a beautiful Glass Hearse with oval sides, and Carriages. To meet the wants of the age, and to prevent any imposition upon the public he has adopted the following course, that he will not let his Oval Glass Side Hearse single where carriages are used at a funeral, his charges are so low that they will not admit of letting the Hearse single. The public will be accommodated and receive due attention by calling at his place of business, 212 State street Continued.

P. S.—A. BREWSTER is a live man and deserves the patronage of the public; he has gone to greater expense in this department than any other livery man in the city for his Glass Hearse and Carriages. The charges are the same as at other Livery Stables.

Cinderella has evidently inspired our mortuary friend A. Brewster. A glass slipper was a trifle compared to a glass hearse, and A.

To drop jest, the truth lying at the bottom of this disgusting announcement is that the spirit of ostentation does not stop even at the grave. Heirs and relatives who undertake the task of burying some poor fellow, like to do it as splendidly as they can afford. Where would be the use of the rosewood coffin and the silver filagree work, if no one saw it but the immediate friends of the family? No! Let the poor dead body be flaunted down Broadway, and across the Ferry, and excite the wonder and admiration of those vulgarians who only see in the solemn procession with which Life closes, an occasion for festivities and display. But if this mortuary exhibition is at all advisable, why not carry glazing into coffins, and have plate glass graves? Then Greenwood would be a sort of show window, and tickets might be affixed to the different articles informing the public how much each individual cost the family. This would be at once gratifying to the feelings of the survivors, and would contribute to the decency of the grave.

## The Milk Accounted For.

The *Wheeling Intelligencer* relates the case of a child who was severely bitten by a dog, the result of which bite was that the child fell into doggish habits, snapping and snarling, running on all fours, etc. This great physiological fact settles a question that has long troubled our mind. We see now why certain officials, such as Police Captains, Railroad Conductors and those dressed in a little brief authority are invariably gifted with such overflowing politeness—over the left! In their youth they have unquestionably been bitten.

## Congressional Latin.

"*Quorum pars fui*"—A part of the quorum has fled.

Crawford, M. C. from Ga.

A Concord and Unconquered Man.  
Sanborn.

## A. B.

## I.

PATTI is going away! The columned hall  
Of the Academy shall miss her voice;  
No more may painted dome and paneled wall  
Ring to the silvery sweetness we heard fall  
From her fair lips to make our hearts rejoice!

## II.

A glittering triumph may await her, where  
The sea rolls up its foam on Albion's shore,  
And noble heads may bow before her there;  
But those pure notes that floated down the air  
Of Irving Place, shall greet our ears no more!

## III.

No doubt, she goes to study and to sing;  
No doubt she goes to win a lasting name;  
No doubt her praises through the world will ring,  
And she will wed a Count, or some such thing,  
With lots of money, and a dreadful name!

## IV.

But who, ah, who will take the vacant place  
She leaves within our hearts, when she is gone?  
That childlike purity, that girlish grace,  
That fresh fair voice and ever gentle face,  
Our tenderest love and sympathy have won!

## V.

Well, since it must be so, O, let us lift  
A prayer that she may prosper and rejoice;

That, in the voyage of life, her bark may drift  
Safe through the storms that beat and winds that shift,  
Steered by the goodly Compass of her voice!

## The March of Intellect.

From the New York *Sun* of the 18th inst., we take this advertisement:

**NOTICE TO SEA CAPTAINS**—ANY ONE WISHING TO PURCHASE A CAWL, please call at 182 West 18th street, near 8th avenue.

We can imagine how each of our readers, upon perusing this will congratulate himself on the fact that he was born cauldless, that he is not in the unpleasant position of the actual owner of this caul, without his natural belongings; while some safety-hunting but superstitious and hardy mariner is ploughing the raging main, with his cawl—O! how can we say the words—possibly sewed into the seat of his pantaloons, to enable him to swim ashore in case of accident. How unpleasant must be the thought to him born with a caul, that he has been deprived of this antidote to the action of cold water by the arts of a speculative mother, who looked with more ardent gaze upon the lucre, than upon her child's exemption from the dangers of the sea. We propose that this caul be purchased by the Hoboken Ferry Company, to be loaned to passengers venturing on those magnificent boats, the Newark and the Phoenix.

## Neglected Vegetables.

Policemen's Beats.

## The Faithful to the Pope.

"Give us your toe!"

## Is Stolen Fruit the Sweetest?

Ask Boucicault.





JUST WHAT WE EXPECTED.

F-R-N-D O W-D (*Just come back to town*).—BOY, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS?

## RIDICULUS MUS.

"A few evenings since a lady in Lexington, Michigan, was playing upon a melodeon when a mouse emerged from a corner of the room, ran up tremblingly to the instrument, then ascended the dress of the performer into her lap, and finally nestled under her basque. The little animal was in such a high state of ecstasy that it was utterly powerless, and had the performer continued longer it would probably have expired."

Later advices from Lexington convey the melancholy intelligence that on the evening after this incident occurred, the lady again played on the melodeon. The little animal, although there were a number of ladies and gentlemen present, emerged from a cupboard where there was some cheese, and took a seat by the side of the accomplished performer, the daughter of one of our most respectable citizens. During the whole of the first piece ("The Rat Catcher's Daughter,") it remained perfectly motionless, with folded hands and wrapt countenance, occasionally heaving a deep sigh. As the last strain of the touching melody died away, tears stood in its eyes, and its bosom, half disclosed, rose and fell tumultuously. It was evidently laboring under strong emotion.

## HOW IS THIS?

If there was any one thing upon which we congratulated ourselves at the opening of the Democratic Convention at Charleston, it was upon the counter attraction of the great fight. As conservators of public morals we felt that for once the prominent element of the Convention, of other years, had departed out of the land, and that peace with brooding wings would settle upon the heterogeneous masses there assembled, and their orators would "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." We had no direct advices that Pryor would be there. We were positively assured that Uncle Robert H. would remain in Washington to keep an eye on Black and the Covode Committee; and all things considered we did not believe that Charleston, at this bout, would turn up a solitary fighting-man but such as were fighting for the spoils. This happy state of feeling is gone. There is still a Heenan at the Conventron, a Sayers at the Palmetto city. Read:

*There have been three fights within twenty-four hours* Two of the Ohio delegates threw plates at each other at the Mills House, and one drew a pistol while the other clinched. Colonel Craig, of Missouri, and a newspaper reporter also had a rough and tumble fight at the Mills House, and Captain Levy and Mr. White have also had a fight in a bar-room.

Angry words and fierce looks are seen or heard eve y where to-day.

"Threw plates" is good. May we ask if plate-throwing is included in "Five Dollars per day, in advance," or whether "rough and tumble" fighting is a necessary accomplishment for a newspaper reporter?

Come home, Billy Mulligan! Return, O Dad Cunningham, to our anxious hearts. We have heretofore slandered you and repent. Come home and keep the peace among these brawling delegates.

## "Orful!"

Our Japanese contributor last week, seemed to think there was something peculiar in the Envoys asking for a bath immediately on landing at San Francisco. We consider it perfectly natural that men should long for re-immersion in fresh water, who had been born and passed their lives in a *jet-d'eau*, (Jeddo.)

## A Paradox of the P. R.

Pugilists fight in a "ring," and each of the combatants has his "corner." How is this? Has it been reserved for the P. R. to solve the problem of squaring the circle?

Refreshments were shortly introduced, and all the guests partook of them. The little animal, however, could not be induced to try anything, except a baunch of vension, which it ate wearily and without much relish. Brushing aside a tear with its tail, it signified a desire for more melodeon.

In a breathless silence the lady began that universal favorite "Three Blind Mice." As the grand harmony of the immortal air vibrated right out in the atmosphere, a feeble moan was heard, and the company was alarmed to see a deathly pallor over-spreading the rigid features of the little animal. The lady let her instrument drop, and rushing to a window cried "Watch!" With more presence of mind, one of the guests supported the swooning form of the poor creature to a darkened chamber in the third story, where, in a few moments, and before the aid of a physician could be procured, the mouse expired, exclaiming, with its last breath, *Sie Transit Gloria Mundi*. Upon the monument which will perpetuate its memory these words will be inscribed: "The little animal leaves a wide circle of sorrowing friends, among whom its property will be impartially distributed."



## THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.

IN FOUR EYES—EYE THE FIRST.



F late it has become the fashion to treat subjects æsthetically. We read of the æsthetics of music, the æsthetics of painting, sculpture; the æsthetics of poetry, history, typography, diplomacy, government, religion, medicine; the æsthetics of spiritualism, magnetism, and all other isms, including cannibalism, for aught I know. In short the world seems to circumgyrate at present, in an universal æsthetic mist.

"What are æsthetics?"—Lord love you, Madam! that, in the words of the immortal Toots—"isn't of the slightest consequence!" Do you suppose all those people know any more than you and I what æsthetics are? Not in the least. They have something—more or less, generally the latter—to say about Music, Religion, &c., &c. They know æsthetics to be the "Open sesame" of the literary or artistic portals. Naturally then, they write (just as I have done, you see, Madam) *Æsthetics* or &c., &c. at the top of their something—and "go-ahead;" saying their say, for all the world as if they had headed their MSS. with the three hieroglyphs on the Tea-boxes, or the inscription on the Cleopatric Needle.

Buttons, therefore, Madam, are my æsthetic text. I divide Buttons—æsthetically—into three great classes. 1st, Shirt-buttons: 2d, Glove-buttons: 3d, All other buttons. The latter is the most numerous class, and I therefore reserve it till the last.

The Shirt-button has various sub divisions, resting upon peculiarities of location and habit;—Ah! I omitted to mention that all the buttons here treated of—æsthetically—are strictly Bachelors'-buttons.—The first subdivision of the Shirt-button is the *POLITICAL-PARTY BUTTON*. I have given this nomenclature to the button that manifests a constant tendency to "split," on the slightest provocation. If I were a zealous partizan, I might perhaps have added the title of a particular party to this fractious button. But I am not. Let Democracy, therefore, remain calm! My advice with respect to this button, will consequently, be wholly—æsthetic. It is this: cut it off! Entirely! Do not be satisfied to cast away one-half. Neither is of any value without the other. And both are utterly worthless the moment the unity of the button is destroyed. It is an unsound button, and will never preserve the Union—of the shirt! Throw all splits aside then!

The second subdivision of the Shirt-button, is the *POLICEMAN'S BUTTON*. It owes its name to its idiosyncrasy of being invariably missing when it is wanted. I do not think that climate has very much to do with this button's eccentricity, though I have noticed it more especially in Philadelphia. This may, however, be owing to my long residence in that part of New York. The most efficacious remedy for this deserting button, is to change its location; lock it securely in some dark, empty place; and replace it with another of a totally different style. Or, if it seems to have wandered beyond redemption, determine not to recognize it in the least, under any circumstances, should it ever turn up again.

The third subdivision of the Shirt-button, is the *OFFICE-HOLDER'S BUTTON*. I have also, at times, termed it the *CONGRESSIONAL BUTTON*; the *POLITICAL CANDIDATE'S BUTTON*, and the *NEW YORK HERALD'S BUTTON*. Its distinguishing traits are constant looseness of principle, (its principle ought to be—you will confess, Madam—to keep faithfully in its button-hole), its proclivity to wriggle, and squirm out of its proper position, (in the button-hole, Madam), and the absolute violence required to force it to commit itself fairly and openly to its public duty (always of keeping to its appropriate button-hole.)

The course I should advise pursued with this faithless and profligate button, is, to oust it from its position, sew up the button-hole, and employ a pin, or other fastening in its place. Unless, indeed, the button-hole be indispensable. Then, I would counsel a rigid economy of the button-holes's privileges, (as to size, Madam) and the installation of a button with a nobler head, (I mean one of greater circumference).

In my next, I shall continue my treatise on the subsequent—æsthetic—subdivisions of the various Buttons, till which period I remain, Madam, your very humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

## JONATHAN ON THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

I ain't no fitin' man, myself-t;  
I can't afford to resk my picter;  
Ruther than make it any wuss  
I'd lose the chance o' bein' victor.

An' then it hurts so w'en you're hit!—  
An' hang the everlastin' trainin'!  
An' paoundin' them air bags all day,  
An' keepin' up a ginerall strainin'!

Then there's the chance o' gittin' licked,  
Or mebbe killed, afore you know it!  
An' all the crowd a laughin' teëo  
Or cussin' ye!—No, *sir*!—can't go it!

'Sides that, it ain't a Yankee's way  
To strip hisself, an' go in, "smilin',"  
To fight a man that ain't his foe  
Jest like as ef his blood wooz bilin'!

He puts hisself to better use.  
He ain't ashamed to show his muscle;  
But ketch him "trav'lin' on it," much,  
'Cept w'en he's in a *real* tussle!

But then a common man can't help  
A-gittin' more or less excited,  
W'en readin' 'baout a big Prize-Fight,  
An' feclin' more or less delighted.

W'en his man gits a leetle ahead  
An' fetches t'other feller's claret!—  
An' w'en his man's a leetle behind  
It's nuts to see him grin and bear it!

In spite o' all the blood an' dirt—  
An' all the beastly folks that love it—  
W'en ten or twenty raounds are fit  
A feller *can't* keep clear above it!

An' w'en the fight's on furrin' sile,  
An' one o' the Boys sings "Yankee Doodle,"  
Ef people craôwd araound, an' preach,  
He elbows off the hull ca' boodle!

He says, "Let *our* chap hev fair play!  
Prize-fightin' p'raps ain't stric'ly legal,  
But naow they're at it, stan' araoun'!  
We're fren's o' the American Eagle!"

An' w'en the Eagle's 'baout to win,  
Ag'in' the wishes o' the raowdies,  
Ef ropes air cut, an' all rush in,  
By lightnin'! put him where the crowd is!

Ef Morrisy *did* cut them ropes  
To keep John Heenan aout o' beatin',  
He'd better not come back too quick  
For fear he won't git civil greetin'.

I think the Englishmen air smart,  
Daown even to a plucky "fighter;"  
An' some may like to give 'em sass,  
I ain't a bully or backbiter.

I *will* say, though, ef England's brave,  
Columbia's a leetle braver;  
For England tries it, now an' then,  
An' all her spunk don't seem to save her.

The fight hain't settled much, I know;  
But none o' us feel bad abaout it:  
We know the "Boy" come aout first best,  
An' not an Englishman 'll daout it.





THE BRIDGET OF SIZE.

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair!"

## ALTOGETHER SUPERFLUOUS.

We find the following extraordinary proposition in an exchange:

A correspondent asks why does not some chemist of world-wide reputation prepare and sell to the public *litmus* paper, through the agency of reliable apothecaries so that a man can carry with him in his pocket-book strips with which to test every bottle of liquor he buys, and indeed every glass he drinks. Intemperance is a very fearful crime, but it will not be prevented by any tracts that can be written, and yet few men are so indifferent to life that they will not avail themselves of the opportunity to carry about with them the means of detecting death in the cups.

This is, perhaps, one of the most ingenious dodges ever attempted by the Total Abstinence people, who, we feel sure, are at the bottom of it. If every man who found his litmus paper change color, on being immersed in a glass of liquor, refused to drink it on that account, the reign of intemperance would be indeed over. But, unfortunately, after the beverage had been tested and found wanting, it would by no means follow that it should not be drunk. Does anybody hesitate to drink a smash, a punch, a cobbler, or a sangaree, because he feels sure enough to make big bets that it contains prussic acid, strychnine, or fusel oil, if not all three? Never! A wise man, taking his genial tod, accepts, as a foregone conclusion, the belief that it is poisonous, and swallows it deliberately, happy in the knowledge that it is no worse than all the rest, and would never have killed anybody at all, probably, had it not been for one ingredient—the most dangerous of any—not to be detected by litmus paper, and generally quite overlooked by the anti-poison philosophers. We allude to Alcohol.

## Two-edged Joke.

That funny Peoria man says the Japanese envoys must be immensely social and given to 'larks,' as they each have two 'gay blades' constantly at their side. He adds, in the Peoria *patois*, that he sword 'em with his own eyes.

The Ring of the true Yankee Mettle.

The P. R.

## Metallurgical

The Louisville *Journal* talks to the Louisville *Democrat* in this cordial and appreciative style:

"Neighbor, you are unreasonable. Indeed you are. You are more than unreasonable. Under all the extraordinary circumstances of the case, you are brazen-faced."

Not to speak of the paltry imitation here of a style which the New York *Tribune* long since made its own, we are anxious to know whether the Editor of the *Democrat* is a Copperhead Indian? We know they have those things out West.

## A Dowling in Cuba.

The *Tribune* says:

"The Plaza del Toros, at Havana, was the scene of a novel entertainment, on Sunday, the 15th—a fight between a tiger and three blood hounds. One of the dogs was instantly killed at the commencement of the battle, and the other two disabled. Yet the umpire decided that the tiger was beaten."

What excellent friends that Havanese umpire and the great Dowling ought to be!

## Yes, Rather Neat.

Our Sentimental Contributor, who is partial to Blondes, recently remarked that he could never sufficiently admire Locks of Gold.

"Ah," said our Charleston Correspondent, from the back office (where he writes all his letters) "that may be, but I greatly prefer the Bolt of Wood!"

It was considered rather a neat thing.

## Can It Be?

Do the Republican youth of the Fifteenth Ward call their club the "Rocky Mountain" because they are celebrated for their Fastnesses.

## A Consummation most Devoutly, etc.

The Eufala, (Alabama,) *Spirit*, gives a detailed account of a negro pilot on the Chattahoochee river, whose skin, by some process of nature, is turning white. It says:

"His neck and arms, as far down as his fingers, are of a smooth, soft, delicate whiteness that would rival that of the tenderest, purest Circassian. His lips are of a soft, ruddy hue, and his face and body beginning to show the same radical, wonderful change."

How superior is nature to the politician! This we feel assured, is the plan by which the great dame intends to solve the problem of the darkey; like all her other works, based upon the principle of first trying how the thing will do. Should this Alabama darkey be a successful experiment, there can be no doubt that a wholesale turning of the inevitable nigger will take place, and then, where will Greeley be?

## British Fair Play.

The English Fancy have always boasted—and often in a very offensive manner, that Fair Play was the gem of Old England. When our Boy was about to thrash their Champion, however, these Lovers of the Manly Sport got up what is vulgarly known as a Plug Muss, and wrested the Champion's Belt from the rightful winner. This was rather lively Play, but the only Fair it is appropriate to is Donnybrook Fair, with a good deal more of Donnybrook than Fair; and this is the opinion of VANITY FAIR.

## Plural, and not Singular.

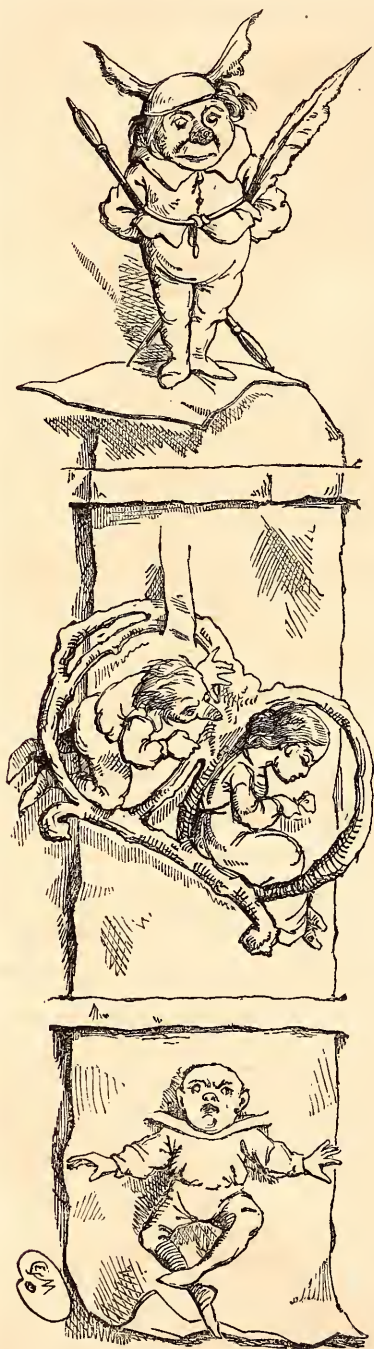
The Benicia Boy ought not to be surprised at the result of his fight with Sayers. The stakes being Two Hundred Pounds, how could they be Won?

Necessary before getting up the Seceders' Resolution at Charleston.

Numberless Draughts.



## SET A T— TO CATCH A T—



complacently along, when he encounters Claude du Val, a brother professional. Claude "conquers" the watch from Dick, and Dick pathetically and indignantly appeals to the world to have his horological rights respected. V. F. knows how it would have respected them if it had been the Rhadamanthus of the day. There existed then a pleasant and aerial site known as Tyburn, and V. F. thinks, it would have given both of them a prospect of the surrounding country from that place. There is no chance of such a fate overtaking D. B. and I. D., and these distinguished persons will simply have the justice of their proceedings measured by some dilatory process known as common Law. We presume that they both are ready to exclaim *Law us deo!*

What the American Eagle gives Britannia in the P. R.  
He-licks-her, (Elixer.)

R. Dion L. Boucicault is again doing battle for the drama. D. B.'s adaptation of Mr. Dibdin's dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Heart of Mid Lothian has been shamefully outraged by Miss Jean Davenport who has dared to produce a play of her own on the same subject. D. B. is at once indignant and pathetic. He had hoped that his dramatic rights would have been respected. That his "Sixtus the Fifth" of Casimir Delavigne, and Mr. Bridgeman, christened by him "The Pope of Rome;" that his "Pauvrete," which had been previously plagiarised by a French brigand under the title of "*La Bergere des Alpes*;" his "Cat changed into a Woman" which the people at the French Theatre were audacious enough to play as *La chatte metamorphosee en femme*, to which a fellow named Scribe had his name attached; his "Invisible Husband," which the last named audacious scoundrel claims also, in short, D. B. hoped that all these original dramatic labors would have remained in his exclusive possession down to the last, and not least, "Colleen Bawn" founded on Gerald Griffin's novel. The ground taken by Dion is at least novel and certainly grand from its audacity.

"I do not plagiarise," said Alexander Dumas "I conquer." Dion is a very Alexander of conquest; a Caesar of annexation. His claims on Miss Davenport are maintained with a style of reasoning worthy of a Knight of the Road. Dick Turpin meets an elderly citizen on Hounslow Heath and relieves him of his gold watch. After this feat has been accomplished he is riding peaceably and

## OUR SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

The letter which follows came directed upon the envelope to the "Editors of *VANITY FAIR*," but as the heading reads to the "Editors of the *New York Tribune*," we are fearful there has been some mistake made. Should the editors of that paper upon reading it, identify the missive as their own, we can only say to them, Take it and welcome.

*Editors of New York Tribune.*

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-SUFFERERS IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.—I reached this place last night, after a perilous journey of five days through mobs of infuriated slaveholders. Those beings who wear the human form, and grow fat upon the blood of the poor down-trodden negro, put forth their most demoniac wiles to prevent me penetrating to the strongholds of their ghastly traffic. At Richmond I was tarred, feathered and dragged through Main-street for half a day, with a shrieking mob of sixteen thousand people about me. In Charleston, I was twice scalped, confined in the calaboose, whipped in the square, and ridden through Meeting-street on a rail. At Savannah, on the day of my arrival, all business was suspended and the fiends made a general jubilee. I was gagged, gouged, three times hanged, dragged with a rope about my neck through the principal streets, and finally thrown from the Bluff. Notwithstanding all this, I have gone steadily on my way, picturing to the millions of my black brethren now groaning in the chains that have eaten into their flesh since childhood, and driven in their bloody tracks by the remorseless whip of the overseer, the happy state of the northern negro who can revel in the palaces of Church-street, Thomas-street and West Broadway. I have shown this down-trodden race how much better it would be for them to be swelling the ranks of their free brethren of the North, even though they might sometimes want food and shelter, than to be revelling in plenty on their plantations with a white man for a master. I have painted in the most glowing colors the millenium of their people at the City of Boston, where, as every body knows, they are held superior to the white, and accorded the place of honor on all public and private occasions. All these things have I told them, and more, and yet I fear much that my teachings have but small effect on the benighted intellects with which I have to deal. In fact, I may say, without prevarication, that these Southern Negroes are harder to awaken to the terrors of their position, than are Northern sinners, and that almost without exception they have given me up to the wrath of their enslavers, seeming to take great delight in the martyrdom of him whom in their terrible ignorance they term "a bobalitionist."

Shall these things continue to be, O philanthropists and free-men of the North? Shall we suffer our black brethren to waste their lives in supineness and quiet, eating their hog and hominy from day to day, grinning and dancing away existences that might be spent in freedom? Shall we be deterred from forcing it upon them even though it carries with it the trifling drawbacks of starvation and cold, poverty, disease and death? No! Forbid it ye liberators!

In conclusion, friends and fellow-workers, allow me to say, that travelling through this benighted country is attended with great exposure. Those whose sympathies and pockets are overrunning in the cause of freedom will understand this appeal. My post-office address is, Atlanta Georgia, care of the Editor of the Southern Confederacy, a paper I can heartily recommend to our friends at the North.

Yours in the cause,

SEPTIMUS SWIDDLES.

## Evil Communications Corrupt, etc.

The demoralization of the age is increasing. The example set by the Senators and Representatives, during the present session of Congress has corrupted the whole world. Even in England, so long celebrated for Fair Play and No Favor, the ruffianly spirit has become the leading one, and the Prize Ring itself has been dishonored by an exhibition of brutal unfairness such as has hardly been excelled in our House of Representatives. Neither Pryor, nor Lovejoy, nor Barksdale, nor Ashmore, nor any of the rest of that honey-tongued and creamy-tempered crew have far exceeded their transatlantic imitators and "British Sport" will soon become, no doubt, as disgraceful a title as "American Congressman."

In view of such a dreadful prospect, we suggest, that an International Convention be called, and some steps be taken to prevent our legislators, from further corrupting, by their example, the pugilists of England. If the cowardly and brutal scenes of the Heenan-Sayers fight and the Lovejoy-Abolition debate are again enacted, England and America, the two great Saxon countries, will come to shame.

The only thing not drawn by Leslie's Artists.  
The first Blood.



NATURAL HISTORY.  
THE AMERICAN CENT.



many an art or science advanced, many a public work begun and finished—No! not finished! Who ever heard of a public work being completed? Look at the Washington and Worth Monuments, the Battery Enlargement and so forth. Widows and Orphans welcome them with tearful eyes, as a means for ekeing out a scanty subsistence; ragged crossing sweepers brave all storms in hopes of securing a few for their poor mothers and decrepid fathers; Sunday School children save them for a time and then give them to some good Brother Krok Dile Tears for the naughty little heathen in Africa; public school boys swap them for peg tops, marbles, round-hearts and bolivars; puny young girls for candies and chewing gum.

Almost all cents are natives of Philadelphia, though a few are hatched in Connecticut. They are wholly unknown in New-Jersey. They swarm chiefly around Ferry-Houses, News-Depots, Omnibusses and Cars and Church plates. Rich men affect to despise them, but in reality do not; on the contrary, many a wealthy lawyer or merchant will risk his health and salvation in order to obtain a paltry half-dozen which he does not need.

When taken proper care of and rightly used, the American Cent benefits the individual owner; sometimes, however, it helps to bring ruin on innocent families; for there is a class of persons who buy cents for glasses of gin and rum, and the latter are often sources of misery to those who barter away for them these little Pennies (as they are sometimes called). Cents are known by several titles besides the foregoing, such as "Tin," "Nicks," "Nails," "Brads," "Buzzards," "Spondulicks," "Soap" and "Red Angels."

Some persons think that much of the crime and misery in our midst may be traced to an inordinate fondness for securing Cents, and it cannot be denied that robberies and even murders are committed solely for obtaining a very insignificant number of them.

But then on the other hand life is saved by them—the murderer, if he can offer a good stock of them to his counsel, is pretty sure of an acquittal on the plea of insanity; and it does seem very probable that the man is insane who would kill another for the sake of such small matters as Cents.

Jews have a fashion of punching holes through all that pass through their hands.

Cents live a great deal longer than any other animal known to mankind; as they grow older they are more highly valued.

It may be interesting to observe that the progenitors of every Cent are mere myths, vulgarly supposed to be Ten Mills. Nobody ever saw a 'single Mill in his life. Cents themselves make money. So the Arithmetic says, thus: 25 will easily make a Quarter, 100 a Dollar, and so on in proportion.

The Consequence of Resignation on the part of City Officials.  
Resignation on the part of the Public.

The Mill for Yankee Grit.  
The Mill of Heenan and Sayers.

HIS animal, as its name denotes, is common to this country. It is migratory in its habits and belongs to the genus *Rhino*, *Species* Copper or Nickel. It possesses a female Head, a Tail, and generally has wings. It is very useful in company with others of the same species, though of little intrinsic value in itself. Little boys make a pet of every stray one they chance upon; most men, too are very fond of the little creatures. Through their aid many a lasting fortune has been made,

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of *Vanity Fair*.

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—Having heard that you are trying to publish a Comic Journal, and having been in the habit of being funny myself, I take especial pleasure in calling your attention to my "PATENT 'BLANK EDITORIALS,'" which have received the kind patronage of all our leading papers, except your own. These admirable inventions are printed in large, clear type, on fine letter paper, and are intended to save expense of authorship, ink, and time. Their grammar and spelling are warranted. I have the honor to submit the following testimonials:—

"Having found your 'Patent Blanks for Political Editorials,' of great service during the last irrepres. conf., I gladly certify to their great merit. Please send me another package of your 'Indignant 'Rebuke of another Squabble in Congress,' and oblige

Yours Respectfully, HORACE GREWLEY."

"Having used Mr. Smith Wilson's Patent Blanks for 'Death-bed Anecdotes, or the Christian's Last Words,' we cordially recommend them to the Religious Press."—*Baptist Millennium*.

"Truly pious."—*Hour of Justification*.

"Unexceptionably orthodox."—*Trumpet of Predestination*.

"His Hicksite Blank Statistics are reliable."—*Drabtown Blower*.

My "Companion to Holloways's Ointment, or the Editor's Relief," has met with unexampled success. It consists of Blank Notices to Correspondents, and is used by the *New York Ledger*. My "Blank 'Obituaries,'" adapted to the dead of both sexes, have made a great hit.

It was your subscriber who had the honor of inventing the following Blank Letter, well known to the literary world, and of which you doubtless possess some copies:—

DEAR :—Your manuscript entitled sent us for publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is respectfully declined, and is now subject to your order.

Truly Your Ob't Serv'ts,  
TICKNOR & FIELDS.

You will now appreciate the immense advantage to a Comic Editor of my "Wit and Humor Blank Squibs," adapted to all forms of the *bon mot*, pun, squirt or sally. You just put in the joke, when you get it, and the article is finished. I am prepared to furnish copies of the following well known Blank, at \$1 per hundred:—

"DYING ANECDOTE OF HOOD.—When Hood was on his death-bed, surrounded by weeping friends, a servant coming in the room by mistake description. The horrified spectators shrank back aghast. Ah! I said, smiling benignly,—"

You will observe with what facility you can introduce your joke, with a few graphic touches of the pen.

"DYING ANECDOTE OF LISTON.—When Liston was on his death-bed surrounded by weeping friends, a servant coming in the room cried out in great excitement your child fell down the to give him his medicine by mistake gave him a spoonful of well ink.—The scene which ensued baffles description. The horrified spectators shrank back aghast. Ah! luckless child said Hood, and did he kick the bucket unhappy man said Liston shall I swallow some blotting paper?"

You will oblige me by using the enclosed package of Blanks for Plain Conundrums.

—Why is a like ? Because it is a ! Ha! Ha!

Use them in this way:—  
FIFTY CENT JOKE.—Why is a sprightly joke like Shylock? Because it is a Jew desprit! Ha! Ha!

Hoping for your kind approval: I am Respectfully,

Your Ob't Serv't,  
SMITH WILSON.

To know which from t'other.

Another "Live-oak" man having turned up in the Charleston Convention (L. O. Smith), we propose, in order to distinguish 'our George,' and in memory of his skilful application of 'soap' to the Albany Honorables, to designate him, in future, as SCRUB-OAK GEORGE.

\*Desperate.





## THE RECEPTION AT HOME.

OLD BOY.—(With assumed severity,) WENT TO FIGHT THE BRITISH LION, DID YOU? ARE'NT YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, YOU YOUNG SCOUNDREL? DO YOU WANT TO BRING YOUR FATHER'S GRAY HAIRS DOWN IN SORROW TO THE GRAVE?

YOUNG "PELLAH."—"S NO USE O' LOOKING' BAD ABOUT IT, DAD, I'VE LICKED THAT ANIMAL ONCE, AND I KIN LICK 'IM AGAIN.

## THE BRITISH REFEREE.

A Lay of the P. R.

More or less Respectfully Dedicated to Mr. F. Dowling, of "BELL'S LIFE."

AIR: *The British Grenadier.*

JACK HEENAN crossed to t'other side  
The Championship to win,  
With heart brimfull of hope and pride  
He fought through thick and thin:  
He gained the battle fair and square,  
But swindled then was he  
By the trick, the trick, the trick, trick, trick,  
Of the British Referee!

The Box was game to win the fight  
As sure as eggs are eggs,  
Though blood and dirt obscured his sight,  
Firm stood he on his pegs;  
But just as he was conquering  
The prize and belt lost he,  
By the trick, the trick, the trick, tr'ck, trick,  
Of the British Referee!

'T was MORRISSEY who cut the rope—  
The crowd came pressing round,  
But still the motto gave JACK hope—  
"Fair Play on British Ground!"  
Alas, he was mistaken quite,  
He did not look to see  
Such a trick, a trick, a trick, trick, trick,  
From a British Referee!

This British Referee had bet  
Large sums upon the fight;  
To see JACK HEENAN whip his pet  
Had been a sorry sight;  
So off he ran, when Time was called,  
The end he would not see,  
And this was the trick, the trick, trick, trick,  
Of the British Referee!

Next day he said the fight was drawn—

That neither man had won,  
Though sound were HEENAN's bone and brawn  
As when the fight begun;  
So SAYERS still holds the Championship;  
Disgusted JACK must be  
With the trick, the trick, the trick, trick, trick,  
Of the British Referee!

And now the Referee declares  
The ropes were cut in two,  
Not by the men who went for SAYERS,  
But by the Yankee crew!  
His little dodge is plain enough—  
He means JOHN MORRISSEY—  
Another trick, a trick, trick, trick,  
Of the British Referee!

Then let us plainly say our say:  
We see that by this fight  
The British brag about Fair Play  
Has been exploded quite;  
The meanest thing we yet have seen,  
Or ever wish to see,  
Is the trick, the trick, the trick, trick, trick,  
Of the British Referee!

## Something new under the Sun.

We have, somehow, been used to consider the word 'cob' to have some reference to a short-tailed horse; but, after meeting with five successive copies of the "*New York Ledger*," a conviction has, in a manner, been forced upon us, that 'Cobb' is a long-tailed donkey. How is this?

## Initiatory.

Since the Heenan-Sayers battle, it is decided that the letters P. R. shall hereafter stand, not for Prize Ring, but for Pitiable Referee.



MAY 5, 1860.]

VANITY FAIR.



SHAKSPEARE FOR J. B.

*[Enter Julius Caesar Buchanan; a great crowd following, among them the Soothsayer Forney.]*

JULIUS CÆSAR.—WHO IS IT IN THE PRESS THAT CALLS ON ME? \* \* \* SPEAK; CÆSAR IS TURNED TO HEAR.

SOOTHSAYER.—BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH!







## OUR APPOINTMENT.



Y the resignation of Deacon Pillsbury, the remaining commissioners have been fearfully exercised, and all about the appointment of a substitute. Of the cause that militated to the backing out of that high-priced individual Amos Pillsbury, we are not made publicly acquainted. Whether "the few friends" who made up the odd seven thousand of that salary, have declined to come to the scratch, or whether the outside pressure was too great upon this Machiavelli in uniform, remains still a mystery. As sorry as we are to lose our ten-thousand-dollar-man, yet we cannot see that his loss or that of either of the other commissioners mattereth one cent. Have we not a Governor among us? Has not our worthy state father not only given us a new police law, but has he not deserted the flesh pots of Albany to come into this Sodom and administer it? Blessed be the name of Morgan, and may no kidnappers like those who took away his namesake of Masonic memory, take our Governor from the Police Board. We therefore propose since Governor Morgan takes so deep and abiding an interest in its concerns, that he be immediately made Superintendent of Police, or at least Captain of a District. What need have we of Commissioners? They are a nonentity when the great man is by. Let the "few friends" subscribe that little amount for the Governor, and let us, since we are obliged to be saddled with one useless office and officer, have it by creating a vacancy in the other.

## THE ÆSTHETICS OF TITTLING.

If we have, at times, indulged in the gentle jest at the expense of the most cleanly, regular, virtuous, quiet and healthy of villages, if even when visiting it we have declined to ascend to the top of its Girard College from fearing that the marmoreal brightness of its roof might dazzle us; if we have looked with but mixed respect at Fairmount, because of unpleasant memories of the dirty water forced upon us through its unfiltered agency; if we have failed to grow patriotic in Independence Hall after having entered it from the Old Square, through a passage, flanked by tables groaning under generous gingerbread and reeking with the fumes of oyster-soup, we are still not unwilling to estimate our neighbor at its proper value. It is our daily prayer, that the tongue may cleave to the roof of the mouth in which its spring butter would not melt, and that he may never be numbered among Coleridge's "angelic poultry," in the realm of bliss, who respects not its reed-bird.

Right well, too, do we know that the tempting and titillating terrapin is to be had there in a perfection which is equalled by few, and excelled by none but those who grow near a certain vineyard in Maryland, and by nightly feeding upon its grapes, imbibe so much of their juices, that no wine is needed in the cooking of them.

On these accounts, Philadelphia is a place near to our heart, but we had always thought that, in the way of drinks, at least, it could not equal the metropolis in which *VANITY FAIR* is printed. Great then was our astonishment, upon receiving a list of "Mixed Drinks" "at the Bar of Jones' Hotel, Philadelphia." These, it should be premised, are "prepared" (it is he that has failed to mind his l) only by C. W. Geekie. By an arithmetical computation known only to ourselves, we have found the number of these drinks to be sixty-four. Three long parallel columns stretch out from the top of the page and pursue the tenor of their way (its evenness is disturbed by parenthetical comments, such as "old and dry," "very pale," "very sweet") till they are brought up by one long line, running across the whole width of the paper—"MAINE LIQUOR LAW COBBLER, (very fine and sweet.)"

Entering upon a strict examination, we find that the initial drink is entitled "Spiritual Consolation." This is obviously put first, because it is meant to be taken the first thing in the morning when, from the effect of too much study, one's conscience (or head) is apt to be uneasy. "The Ladies Blush" which comes next seems intended as a sly compliment to the fair sex, as from Shakespeare's descriptions

there was a great similarity between the color of Pistol's nose, and of the blush alluded to.

"The Senator" is more objectionable as it seems likely that it would make even gentlemen act like Congressmen.

"Legal Lush, S. H. P." may have given the lawyers of P. their proverbial proneness to being "puzzled." "The Island of Cuba" is said to be "for ladies." We trust that they are not addicted to the use of "Jamaica." Other concoctions are equally as suggestive but to the quick wits of the intelligent readers of *V. F.*, we leave it to evolve the moral contained in "Hen Fruit Cobbler," "Mount Aetna," "Old Sod Cocktail Lime Punch" (referred to by Falstaff, where he speaks of lime in the sack) "Stone Fence," "Rum Croak," "Take Her Off," "Cow Fruit," (a plagiarism from the "Cow Juice" of our Cousin) and "Twelve o'clock, M." We can assure our clerical and female readers, however, upon good authority, that it is not considered necessary to drink clear through the list, and that experienced tipplers, while letting Mr. Geekie mix their drinks, never do it themselves. We should add also that Mr. G. sympathizes heartily with Mr. Gough and other Temperance lecturers, but believes that by carrying his Art to a high pitch, he will accomplish quite as much good as if he were to take the rostrum. Certainly if Cleopatra were the leader of fashion, Society would become very abstinent, unless the oysters could be induced to allow some of our physicians to prescribe for them, and there may be truth, therefore, in his theory. At all events he is such a great inventor and artist, that he should not be confined to the provinces, and while we are willing to speak reverentially of the town that is irradiated by his presence, we are very sure that he will soon come to New York.

## Another Declination.

To the Hon. Caleb Cushing, President of the National Democratic Nominating Convention, Charleston S. C.—and my fellow citizens composing that body.

GENTLEMEN:—Viewing as I do, from the scene of my daily avocations, with anxious eyes, the failure of your honorable body to organize and proceed to the grand object of your gathering, I cannot, even at the sacrifice of my principles, forbear removing a barrier that my natural perception leads me to believe, stands in your way.

Although I am entirely conscious that I alone am the only one whom the united suffrages of the great Democratic party can be concentrated, still I am determined that my name shall not stand in the way. It is impossible for me to say whether the voice of this state has been truly expressed, but I only know that it has not been expressed for me, and without that expression I cannot allow my name to go before the convention. I therefore beg of you to become a unit, and settle upon the next best man, that the Star Spangled banner may once more wave triumphant over our victorious ranks, after which, if you can see my patriotism in its proper light, I shall not refuse a seat in the Cabinet or the Mission to London. Failing either of these, a berth in the Custom House would not be despised. You are at liberty to publish this to the world.

THE FOUR CENT MAN.

## Apropos de "Marmion."

Lieut. Gen. Scott, in his Poem of "Marmion," causes one of his heroes to cry: "The hand of Douglas is his own!" This demonstrates a curious anatomical fact, and is a daring bardic flight besides. What sublime boldness and originality in the assertion that the flipper of the great chieftain is absolutely his—the chieftain's—exclusive property! And this reminds us, that the "hand" of Douglas is about "played out" in the Presidential Game of Goose.

Further on, the Poet speaks of "The Douglas in his Hall." Whether this may refer to the hall of the White House, or the Hall of Congress, we are not prepared to affirm. But we think that the "haul" of Douglas will prove an exceedingly "small haul."

There is one more point of "Marmion" upon which we feel misty. It is this: Douglas exclaims:—"What, warder, ho!" Now we are completely in the dark, we confess, as to who Watt Warder was, or what he was to hoe: but we think we are justified in saying, that, if the "Warder" in question be a custodian of the political prospects of the Douglas for the approaching campaign, what he will be obliged to hoe, will turn out to be a very "hard row" indeed! Selah!

## The New Style of Spring Coat.

Cuffs à la Heenan, choler à la Sayers, one sided tales à la Bell's Life, and turned out pockets à la Morrissey.

## The English Style of Roping in.

Breaking through the ropes to defeat our Champion.



## THE DREADFUL FIRST OF MAY.

To the Editor of the *Vanity Fair* :—

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW :—Pardon my emotion. Forgive me that I gush. It is the nature of that much enduring institution the human heart that it craves sympathy. Ask the author of "Body and Soul," who once wrote stanzas about it! "Am I not a man and a brother?"

You are sympathetic. I know you are. I shouldn't wonder if you were 'a sublime soul.' To me you are a beautiful and reverend person, with long gray locks and the snowy beard of the patriarch—like that magnetic clergyman described by Goldsmith, whom

"Children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

I picture you with a train of infants plucking at your serge and tassels. In the background is a square church tower, an oak, a bit of green sward and a lot of grave-stones—all lovely with the gold light of an afternoon sun in the month of October. Of course you're sympathetic. Else wherefore your tender courtesies to the lugubrious and dimly vanishing J. B. Why your affection for the innocent persons who measure out a living with yard-sticks? Don't heart-throbs mean something? I think they do.

Well—that's why I come to you now. I am a miserable man. I am injured. I suffer. Embrace me, will you, O gushing person—dry up my tears, and if you've no particular objection, teach me how to be strong. It's a sublime thing (see the "Psalm of Life") and that's why you must know something about it. For if there's Life anywhere, it's in the V. F. Like Orseolo in the play, I invite you : let us take a primary and pious drink and then let us 'cuss together.'

Two facts : I am a bachelor ; and this (Tuesday) is the first day of May. I have called it dreadful, and dreadful it is. Let me tell you my sad story. I am no "needy knife-grinder," without any story to tell. Nix. Let me recline on your shoulder and weep down your back. Let me mrmur in your attent ear, (were I a cynical person I should say it was big enough), and my sorrow will be soothed.

Allons !

It is the fortune (good or evil) of the festive bachelor that he must dwell in lonely and virtuous lodgings. I am a bachelor : I dwell : and lodgings are not unknown to me. Neither are the keepers of the same, for that matter, nor the epicurean insect, nor the acquisitive maid, nor quarterly payments, nor—pale thy ineffectual fires while I say it, O long suffering and Hebrew Job,—nor the Dreadful First of May.

At this moment, a homeless and disconsolate vagabond, I think on that Dies Iræ and my lodging that used to be,—

"And Memory conjures feelings up  
That wine nor music need not swell."

The mansion was in a quiet and faded old street of our own vast and venerable city. I love the old street, silent and dusk, with its poetic suggestion of long ago. If there is a little sadness in our sunshine, now and then, it don't hurt us any. And I love the old mansion I found there. I chose it against the solicitations of two hundred and seventy-three families—who answered an advertisement of mine, and expressed an ardent longing for my society. I chose it, and loved it—and then hired it. Cash is more potent than love, sometimes. "Cash rules the grove, and fells it too," said Byron. And if Love won't command lodgings, Cash will—you may be sure. So I got mine and went into 'em. And like a New England lady when she goes out to take tea, I brought my "work" with me, and "took off my things."

The house pleased me. Its vast parlors ; its dim, mysterious gloom ; its queer staircases ; its quaint carvings ; its still and cool atmosphere ; its sentiment of remembered splendor and of present dignity ; all were pleasant. Do you ever moralize over old houses, O friend of my boson ? They are as grand sometimes as the tragedy of that dark King Charles—immortal in history, and on the canvass of Van Dyck—or that of the Spanish monarch who put away his crown and slumbered in death and the cloisters of Yuste.

Well, I entered. A man's house is his castle, quoth I, and this is mine. Bravo the Common Law ! (How common now-a-days, to be sure !) My feelings were composed. So were my articles for the printer. Life seemed to me what the great Cobb might designate "a blessed and blissful dream." It would be a mild expression of my feelings were I to say

"I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls."

There was a queen for my palace—the handsome landlady. There was a daughter, young, pretty and distant—which is how I like daughters to be. Two things only marred my bliss. One was a picture of two kittens, done in variegated worsted. The other was a cast of the Last Supper, from Leonardo da Vinci. Both encum-

bered my walls. I put out the kittens. The festive cat will do in real life, but kittens in colored worsted are abnormal. I put out the Last Supper. I am sufficiently good-natured, but a supper in Plaster-of-Paris is not a good thing to do. Then all was well. Cerulean Hope immersed me mentally in a perpetual vapor bath, and told me the largest sort of a flattering tale.

But mark the consequence and the conclusion ! "The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill "brought round the dreadful First of May ; and, O sage and philosopher, it brought "all our woe" along with it.

On the thirtieth of April, at the close of the day, Night descended solemnly over the city. I have observed that it is the custom of Night to do this a little while after sunset on all occasions. On this one it descended with vigor and with clouds. Things were wrapt up generally, and so was the subscriber—in dressing gown and in sweetest thought (about Annie and her grey eyes, of course) when there came a rap at my chamber door. I opened it,—to my handsome landlady, gracious and smiling, and to a very pretty voice announcing in the sweetest possible tone—"I came to tell you that *we move to-morrow*." Some people can communicate fearful intelligence with a most pastoral severity of feature. Do you know how it is, O Editor ? And do any of the youths know why a pretty woman's voice makes a spoken sorrow sweet in the speaking?

It was late before I slept. Night waned, in the course of hours, into morning. My last night in that sacred chamber ! How could I do otherwise than consecrate it to vigils and to dreams. There the old man elegant had laden the air with the honey of his talk and the smoke of his meerschäum ; there the Baron had pledged me in a cup of sack, many a time amid the wee small hours ; there Jolly George had smoked his pipe and sung those old ballads that bring tears in the heart ; there had come the Ancient Mariner with his briny stories of the great deep ; there I had kissed a dear little casket—the gift of Carrie Jane—with nothing in it but the memory of love and beauty far away and lost forever. There in fact, was everything to make me keep pious vigil.—The consequence was I overslept myself next morning.

It is a dreadful thing, Venerable Sir, to oversleep yourself on the morning of the First of May. On that morning people have a supernal characteristic. They 'move in a mysterious way.' My own people began on this occasion by waking me with a huge bell.

And now obstinacy and the theory of occupancy took possession of my soul. There was neither habeas corpus nor writ of replevin in the jangling of a bell. I felt this great truth. I was sleepy. I resolved to stay where I was.

Why should I rise and go away  
Because of the dreadful First of May ?  
Why shouldn't I sleep in my lodging, pray,  
Until I was ready to leave it—eh ?

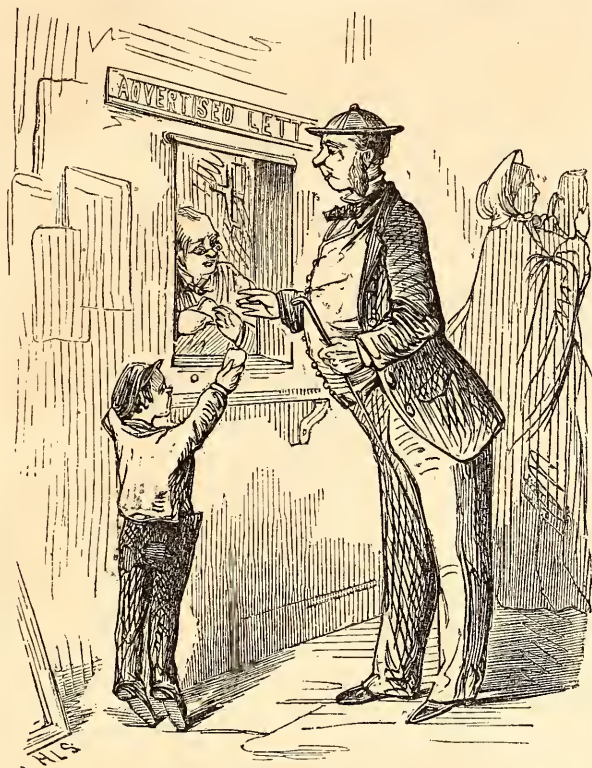
Thus thinking, in the simplicity of rhyme, I became a sluggard.

In the course of the next three hours, twenty people respectively made application at my door and vigorous raps upon the same. They besought me for admission and clamored viciously. One of them wanted to take up the carpet ; another to get the gas fixtures ; a third wished to carry out the furniture ; a fourth had special commission for the bed on which I slept ; a fifth assured me that drays were at the door ; a sixth murmured of the Police and threatened incarceration in the empty house.

So at the end of three hours I capitulated. I rose exhausted, packed my things, and went out for a lodging. Returning after a vain search, I beheld my numerous and weighty packing cases arranged upon a dray and departing with the family chattels. Pursuit was a farce. I retired to a neighboring inn and took the meek drink of resignation. Through what vicissitudes I passed during that dreadful day, it were not well to confess. Towards evening I contemplated a brief joy in the society of gentle Annie. Evening came. With it the necessity of a ward-robe. In the light of beautiful eyes, ancient garments look fearfully real. My coat was seedy. At dinner, a gay Lothario proffered the use of his overcoat. With this my shabbiness might be concealed. Joy possessed me—alas, how premature ! Ignorant of my design, forgetful of his promised loan, Lothario had no sooner finished dining, than he announced his intention of visiting my soul's idol, rose from my side, and coolly walked off to Annie, with the overcoat of concealment on his back. With him Hopc went ; also malediction. I rushed out in a fine frenzy, and in the rain. Where I slept that night is my own secret. The policemen down by the Battery may tell you if they like. If they give any information as to my present whereabouts, it will be acceptable. I cannot tell myself, because I don't know. But I'm sure you're a good fellow, and I crave your sympathy. Join me in a malediction on the Dreadful First of May ! Countless voices will echo it—for countless people are in the same box—and all the glorious company of bachelors will say Amen !

Yours, in virtuous indignation, JACK STANLEY.





THE IDEA!

*Augustus Jackson.*—AW SEE A LETTAN FOR AUGUSTUS JACKSON ADVERTISED.

*Clerk.*—YES, SIR,—COOK OF THE SCHOONER "DIRTY JANE"—IS THAT YOU?

#### THE RAT MILLENIUM.

Somebody once wrote a famous poem, in which he was very positive on the assertion, that to whatever direction the steps of mankind, Mister Rat followed closely, and that the time would come when that rather objectionable animal would be master of all. Or in other words, that rats would grow to such enumeration, that mankind would be nowhere. We firmly believe that the poet was right, and that the time has arrived. We have within the last few weeks ceased to regard as a fable that highly moral story of some Bishop of the olden time, who, in punishment for refusing to allow the poor full run of his granaries and corn bins, was eaten, body, bones and breeches, by an army of sharp-fanged rats, who swam the river and made short work of his Reverence in the island castle where he had flown for refuge.

Only a few weeks has elapsed since the daintily-fed underground tenants of Jefferson Market prison made a midnight meal on a poor wretch committed under the suspicion of having been taken sick in the street. It undoubtedly served him right, for, as Aminadab Sleek says, if we encourage these fellows, we shall have all kinds of men, getting sick in all kinds of places. Rats therefore should be encouraged in our prisons; by proper management they may be made an important wheel in the great moral machine for the abolition of crime.

In another direction we find rats turned to good account. To the simple and useful end of eating up babies who are born without fathers, and who, without this remedy may become a charge on the public. Could anything be more beautifully practical? We are astonished that the city press should designate the occurrence of the 23rd inst., at Bellevue Hospital, as horrible. The physicians and nurses of that pleasant retreat do not think it horrible, and surely they should know. What better could have been done with the little fatherless babe? To be sure the mother might have been eaten also, but accidents will happen, and "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," for then the charge of both would have been saved to the institution. With what delightful nonealance does Ellen Linderman, the nurse, tell that she went off to her virtuous couch and left a ward containing twenty beds and twenty patients,

overrun with rats, all night without attendance! We hope the Linderman slept soundly. "The doctors do not go into the ward unless sent for," says Mr. Daly the Warden. Do they go when they are sent for Mr. Daly? "No effort has been made to get rid of them (the rats) for two or three years," remarks Mr. Daly. A long acquaintance that; no doubt sufficiently long, Mr. Daly, to attach you to the playful creatures. "There were forty caught in a bathing tub last night," lightly observes Mr. Daly. What did you do with them, Mr. Daly? Did you give them a nice fat little baby and send them on their way rejoicing?

"There is no watchman or woman on duty, whose business it is to watch through the night," tells Mr. Daly, in corroboration of the Linderman. Certainly not; what would be the use of a watchman, he would only keep the rats away, and then—there would be more babies.

How glad we are that the Japanese are coming, and that our honest city fathers will take them around to "do" the institutions. We have somewhere read of a grand rat battle and feed, that was got up in the sewers of Paris, an account of which was written by Alexander Dumas. We propose something of the same kind for the amusement of our Japanese guests. In the Parisian case it was in the sewers of Paris, and the feed was on the body of a horse; we will locate our rat feed at Bellevue Hospital, and give them Mr. Daly and the Linderman, with perhaps the least taste in life of a doctor or two. Won't that be fun?

P. S.—Mr. Commissioner Draper has, since the rat feast, contracted with a rat exterminator to get rid of the lively creatures for the sum of \$300. We consider this a wilful waste of public money. It would be cheaper far to feed them on babies, and leave more money in the treasury of the Board for a blow-out at the Institutions on the arrival of the Embassy.

#### THE CHARLESTON BOLT.

We doubt if the terrible Bolts, formerly slung by Jupiter at the heads of sinful and deity-offending mortals, ever struck more terror to their hearts than the recent Bolts, made by the ultra Democrats, at Charleston, have struck to the political hearts of the Douglas men. They could stand the secession of the fire-eaters; they could hardly have expected the extreme South to support such a doctrine as Squatter Sovereignty. Quite the contrary. But when the Mayor of Manhattan Island joined the bolters, and the somewhat important State of New York was lost, ah, what a condition of mind the Douglasites must have been in!

Seriously—if V. F. may be allowed to speak seriously—this bolting business is of much consequence. In flouring-mills, the operation called "bolting" is intended to separate the flour from the husks. The valuable portion goes on, through the conventional process, but what is left has at least the merit of being the true Grit. Will it be so in the great Political Mill of 1860?

The Democratic Party has long been a power in the land. It has waxed and flourished like a large number of unusually green and vivacious bay trees. It has held the reins of government in its right hand—sometimes, it may be, in the wrong hand too—and has been what the street boys rather inelegantly denominate a "big thing."

But the history of governmental legislation proves that splits are fatal to factions. They always were. Splits were fatal to Egyptian parties, under Ramses, or Thothmes, or some of those eminently ancient persons. Likewise, to certain more subsequent Grecian and Roman cliques. The rending asunder of the Halls of Tammany and Mozart is a still more recent proof. Alas! the once grand and gorgeous Democratic Party had become a whitened sepulchre, and it is divided against itself. Its days are not so unnumbered as formerly. What may arise, Phœnix-like—no, Phœnix-like—from the ruins, we cannot predict as yet; or, if we can, we don't intend to tell.

All that is now required, is a secessionary bolt in the Chicago Convention—a thing by no means unlikely to happen—and the campaign of 1860 will be most cheerfully and wonderfully made. As the valiant and gentlemanly Mudlark of Virginia once observed, "the sequel will demonstrate."

#### Conventional Joke.

THE Southern Democrats are evidently determined to keep the door well closed against Republicanism. Their dead Lock in Congress having failed last winter, they have fixed the matter at Charleston, by a tremendous Bolt!

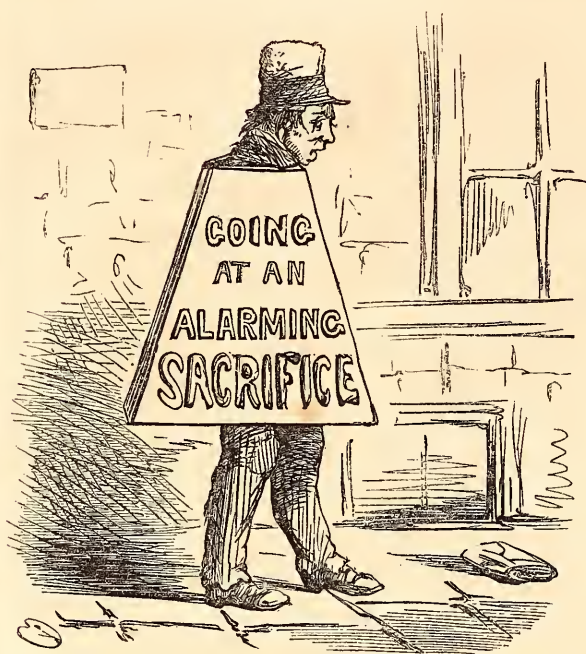
#### The Flour of Chivalry.

Heenan—after going through the Mill without Bolting.

#### Most Daring "Cavalry Charge" on Record.

Clark Mills' \$ charge, on his two horses, at Washington.





PLEASANT FOR THE MAN IN THE BOX!

## THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

(FROM A VANITY FAIR POINT OF VIEW.)

No. 4.

## CHAPTER PENULTIMATE.

The lady and gentleman, being fairly up and dressed, are naturally desirous of showing themselves to the social world. To do so advantageously, let them observe the following clear, concise, and eminently practical suggestions.

## FIRST:—AS TO ENTERING AND LEAVING A ROOM.

Much depends on first impressions, as the "Champion" said, when he sent his opponent "to grass," at the first blow.

When a gentleman enters a room: He should enter, if possible, by the door. (If the windows reach to the floor, this is not so indispensable) He should enter with his face to the interior, and erect. Very odd fellows are occasionally permitted to enter on *all-fours*, but this requires great genius. A man must be a 'decided card' to do it with impunity. He must take off his hat *before* entering. He may either carry it in with him, or leave it in the hall. But if he takes it with him he must not leave it behind. And *vice versa*. If there be a brick in it he had better leave it on his head—outside. After he has entered the room he must reflect that he is in for it, and act accordingly. This is constantly to be borne in mind. The moment he is ready to leave the room, he should go at once. But not sooner. Unless under peculiar circumstances which it is needless to specify. A lady should enter a room also, and more imperatively by the door. Exception: If the door be too narrow, she has two alternatives: To stay outside; or to wait till it grows wider. We will not attempt to dictate her choice in so delicate a contingency; still less to suggest a third remedy, which would indeed, crush all her hoops, to say nothing of her hopes.

Having entered, she may sit down—if she find the furniture convenient. She must "only be able to remain a moment," after which she is at liberty to spend two hours and forty minutes—the two hours being employed in gossip, and the forty minutes in going. In contradistinction to the gentleman, the lady will never leave when she is ready, nor at once. She will remain as much longer as possible. And will not really go till she has gone.

SECOND: OF BEHAVIOR AT TABLE, IN THE STREET, AT PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT, *et al.*

A gentleman at every table should observe three things, viz: first, to eat; second, to drink; third, to eat and drink. He may vary these duties according to circumstances. The circumstances being the quality and quantity of comestibles and fluids. [Exceptions—the card-table, the billiard-table, and his own table. At the last of

these, a gentleman's duty is to insist on gorging everybody but himself. At the billiard-table he must take his cue from the hazard of the moment. The etiquette of the card-table is a mere matter of trick.]

The use of the knife, fork, and spoon are incidental, and may be left to the discretion of the individual. That of the tooth-pick, however, is a study, and requires models. We recommend the steps of any fashionable hotel as a studio, between 3 and 7 p.m., where lessons are given, gratis, by distinguished masters.

A lady's behavior at table should be much of a muchness with the preceding, save that she must adroitly conceal her gormandizing and bibulous propensities under a mask of fastidiousness, and skilfully divert attention from her degustatory exploits by a well-sustained fire of small-talk, directed at her fair neighbors through the male guests. Or, if she is unequal to this strategy, let her take a hearty private lunch just previously. At her own table she must keep apologizing, semi-continually, for the poverty of the fare, and help everybody persistently to what they don't want. Her talk here should be chiefly of incapable domestics, and the terrible trials of a housekeeper. We regret that our limits forbid further dilation on this speciality, at present. But we intend to devote a special treatise, at a future day, to Table Etiquette.

## THE STREET.

The chief duties of the gentleman, upon the street, are; to color his meerschaum; to practice the eye-glass drill; and to stare at the females. Also, to take off his hat without ruffling his hair. This is done by gently unscrewing it from the head, after the acquaintance has passed. Wearers of Godenskis are excused from this formality. 'Solts' ditto. The street etiquette for ladies is, gracefully to exhibit—*n'importe quoi* that they possess, worth showing the opposite sex. The more they have, the more of course, &c. This is imperative. But *not*, necessarily, *vice versa*. The street is a feature in the feminine VANITY FAIR. Modesty, timidity, simplicity and the like, must be resolutely overcome as unworthy weaknesses. The most fashionable model, at present, in street *toune*, of the American lady, is the Parisian Lorette.

These rules apply equally, to the etiquette for all places of public entertainment.

With the addition, at concerts, operas, &c. of a strict observance (by both sexes) of indecorum, by talking, laughing, and creating various other fashionably noisy interruptions to the performance: *Ad lib.*

[There is but one more chapter specially called for in our Treatise. This is of the Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage.

[Being at present, engaged in a series of experiments upon this branch of our subject, we defer the concluding chapter, until their completion, and herewith adjourn, *sine die*, (which, freely rendered, signifieth without making a die of it) at our own unanimous request; and remain, in full, your obedt., &c.

VANITY FAIR GOLD-STICK.

## Our Currency.

It is exceedingly gratifying for New Yorkers to know that their currency should circulate so freely at the Capitol of the State. For the last month, New York bills, both bank and railroad, have penetrated that virtuous spot, without discount. They have been taken at par both by brokers and broken. We merely mention this little fact to show how kindly the country members are disposed toward this city. They have, with a liberality deserving of the highest commendation, given us railroads in every street, accepting no return but that of being checked through. They have looked after the morals of the citizens with a Sunday Law, and kindly refused to interfere with their health in a sanitary one. Altogether we should be proud of the interest manifested, even though it lacks principle.

## Advertisement.

This is to certify that for the purpose of testing the whiskey sold by Mr. Terence O'Flaherty, as the pure Irish Mountain Dew, I have carefully tested samples of the same on each day of the past week. My experiments have extended over a period of time embraced between 9 a.m., and 12 p.m., and have been upon fractions of the quart taken indiscriminately from various barrels. I found it in body stout and strong, though I had little trouble in getting it down, and holding it when down. In specific gravity, it was exceedingly light; the undersigned having been able to carry home large quantities. Up to this time he has not become aware, by these tests, of the presence of any foreign agents, with the slight exception of particles of sugar and minute fragments of lemon-peel. He freely recommends the article to public confidence.

MICHAEL MALDOON,

Chemist.

How a Comic Journal should Live.

By its Wits.





MR. BUNSTABLE, OF WALL-STREET, HAVING WON A COOL THOUSAND ON THE GREAT EVENT OF THE DAY, SPORTS THE B. B. COLORS FOR A NECK-TIE, WITH A PIN OF THE PERIOD.

#### FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Several of our contemporaries have given accounts of the first meeting of Heenan and Sayers, on the morning of the fight, and what they said to each other on stepping into the ring. These accounts are entirely opposite in their relation, nevertheless from an *esprit du corps*, we consent to believe them all, and even to go farther by printing the relation of our own correspondent, who was within sight and hearing of everything that was said and done. We are not at liberty to give his name, but shall content ourselves by simply designating him as J—n C. H—n—n. He says:

Immediately on the stakes being set and the rope stretched, Sayers who was reposing in a palanquin, made two double somersaults backward, and sprang from his resting place, eighty feet distant, into the ring. His appearance was gorgeous, and he was hailed with prolonged applause. He was clad in a suit of purple velvet, embroidered with pearls, slashed in with white silk. On his head he wore a cap of gold lace with one large diamond, nearly seven inches in diameter at the top of the crown.

Heenan, who, up to this time, had been lying in a four-post mahogany bedstead on a neighboring hill, now entered the ring by a back door, accompanied by Cusick and Macdonald. He was dressed in a suit of heavy armor of the fashion of the 1st Edward. For a head covering he wore a bell-crowned hat, presented him by his grandfather, to which was attached the order of the Golden Fleece. Screams of delight, from the Americans, went up on his entrance, and he was immediately welcomed by Our Minister at the Court of St James, Mr. D—ll—s, in a neat speech of a couple of hours, and presented with an autograph letter from the Queen, requesting him to drop in at Windsor when he got through. After this he walked over to Sayers and extending his hand, said:

"Mr. Thomas Sayers, sir, it gives me infinite pleasure to meet

you. I trust you are in good health, and Heaven's benison be upon you!"

Sayers took the proffered hand and pressing it to his lips, answered:

"I thank you, my noble friend. I am, by the blessing of the gods will, and happy. May I be allowed to welcome you to this land of brave men and fair women?"

Heenan bowed low in response, and said, "The day is fair, the morning sun shines brightly o'er the land."

To which Sayers responded, "It does. If, on a morning fair as this, we cannot fight; then can we not fight at all. Wilt bet?"

Heenan wiped away a tear that trickled down his manly cheek, and said, "Nay, noble Sayers, I have gone my pile, and have no more to bet."

Heenan then called a cab and went away to his corner, while Sayers, forming a procession of his friends, headed by the Bishop of London, Mr. Spurgeon and the Earl of Beaufort with 87 other noblemen and clergymen, marched to his. From this spot Sayers with a telescope viewed his antagonist, apparently with little satisfaction, for immediately upon finishing the inspection he walked nine times around the ring on his head, and came back with his brows knitted, and his mouth shut.

The ring when formed presented a scene of magnificence rarely equalled. We can compare it to nothing but the entry of the remains of Napoleon into Paris, or the Coronation of Victoria in Westminster Abbey. The placing of the men, and the preparations for the battle, brought vividly to our mind the memorable day of Waterloo where the—

We break off our correspondent's letter at this point, hardly thinking it worth while to give his relation of the fight. For the truth of his report of the first meeting of the Champions we will vouch; the public may rest assured it was just so.

#### PASSION-FLOWERS.

Though we have never been averse to a fair stand-up fight with the Wrong in all its forms and phases; and though we have often used somewhat severe and bitter word-weapons against our foe, we claim to be much happier in supporting and commending the Right, than in waging the doughtiest battle.

If the knock-down-and-demolish business has thriven best in these columns, it is because we have found more Wrong to assail than Right to defend, in this great VANITY FAIR called the World.

Nothing, then, could give us greater pleasure, than to render the justice of appreciation to the Practical Christianity exhibited in a simple action, thus recorded in the *Daily Times* :—

—The yard of the State prison at Auburn has been laid out as a flower-garden; a wise and humane effort of the Prison Physician, Dr. DIMON. The doctor regards the labor of an hour as well-bestowed, when the moody prisoner leaves his cell to dig about the roots of a flowering plant, and he will have the thanks of the convict for it.

Those who have witnessed the fearful and unnatural effects of close prison-confinement and labor without interest, upon men already debased, cannot but see the magnitude of the boon conferred upon the poor wretches of Auburn by this wise physician, who, indeed, 'ministers to minds diseased,' and in the tenderest, manliest way.

The ghastly nonsense of the so-called "Prison-Reformers," with their cant and hypocrisy, their gushing love for their species, and their eternal sectarian carping, just fit to make infidels of the strong-minded and idiots of the weak, is put to the blush by this simple, quiet, practical bit of kindness, that touches the heart of even the hardest case of rascality.

It is a curious thought, but a true one, that after all, a Murderer is a Man, and, as such, is endowed with human longings and human sympathies, be they never so warped and twisted. The delicate flush of roses—the pale purity of lilies—the "bashful azure" of violets—all these awake in his soul that divinest sentiment, the power of *loving something beautiful*. We feel sure that those Auburn convicts who work in the garden do not require the coercion of "Prison Discipline," half so often as the wretched victims of the dark cells and terrible shower-baths of Sing Sing.

The influence of the flowers—little fragments of the great Nature from whose cheery face the poor pri-on-gardeners are shut in—must be soothing and consolatory to a degree far greater than we others can understand. And, when these buds and blossoms recall some early days of innocence and happiness, and the convict finds his hot tears falling, to mingle with the dew-drops on the petals of the roses, he may be led to consider, and perhaps to follow, the great human precepts of One, who in old time, also suffered an Agony in the Garden.

A JOKE FOR IRVING PLACE.—The Banti.



## HOW KY-IND!



HE news was received by the last Steamer that among the Americans who were relieved of their tickers by the knucks at the great mill, was the Honorable Emanuel B. Hart, supposed to be still, Surveyor of this Port. Immediately on the arrival of the news, the clerks under his command who couldn't go to the fight, felt the sacrifices that the Hon. E. B. H. had, all through, made for his country, and determined to show it in a practical way by replacing the lost ticker. The idea is good, because so disinterested and patriotic. By all means let the watch be got, and properly inscribed. We would suggest as an emblem to be engraved on the case, that spirited scene from the fight, so truthfully pictured on the first page of Wilkes' *Spirit*, the last number, where Heenan has Sayers' head under his arm, and the English Champions legs are hanging down limp and lifeless. This pleasant scene with the appropriate mottoes, will serve to remind the Honorable Hart of his visit to Europe, and of the agreeable spot where he suffered his loss.

## TREASURE TROVE.

To the Editor of *Vanity Fair*.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—I presume it is not generally known, that the Japanese Envoys have sent a member of their corps on a tour of observation through our chief towns, in advance of their public journey, and under the strictest incognito. This gentleman is (or thinks he is, which is pretty much the same thing, as far as we are concerned) a wit, and editor of a comic journal in the Japanese city of Ho-ho-ax. He is ordered to pass rapidly from place to place, just glancing at the 'Lions' and other prominent animals, and taking brief notes here and there. This gentleman was in our city yesterday, thoroughly 'disguised' as a Member of Congress-on-a-bender. I encountered him walking in a gracefully serpentine manner round our magnificent new park, and, accidentally brushing against him, caused a rice-paper MS. to fall from his pocket, which I picked up, intending to restore, after examination. But before I had finished reading the first page, (for, to my astonishment it was written in English) he had disappeared. That you may note the astuteness of his observations, I transcribe a page of his mems. below, which has reference to our metropolis, and in case you feel any curiosity to read more from this specimen, I may perhaps oblige you further at a future period. The rice-paper MS., by the way, is entitled *THE BARBARIANS IN SPOTS, BY NO-TA-BE-NE; ED. OF THE HA-HA-ING OF HO-HO-AX. Vol. 24. SPOTS IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.* And here is the extract, by which you will see that the Japanese Editor is at home in English, and even plays upon words with the facility and felicity of a regular contributor to *VANITY FAIR*.

## TRANSCRIPT.

"There is a Park in Philadelphia now. It is called the Fairmount Park. It is not a park of artillery: Though you may see some of the 'great guns' of the city there, now and then. It is called Fairmount Park, because they have cut away a hill that was there, and built a brick-and-stone wall in its place, to make things more rural. There is a fountain in this Park. During the recent 'Revival,' this fountain 'experienced religion' and stopped playing on Sundays. The River, however, continues to run on as usual on the Sabbath, in spite of many a fall.

"The grass in this Park is green. Green is a favorite color in Philadelphia. Nobody is permitted to walk on this grass, for fear of soiling it. The cobwebs are swept off it every morning. And it is scrubbed every Saturday. Everything is scrubbed every Saturday in Philadelphia. And everything else every other day. They were going to have music in this Park occasionally. But there was not room enough—off the grass. However, there is a proposal before councils to take up the grass on music days, and put it down

again when the folks are gone. This will also give them an opportunity to shake and dust it.

"There are water-wheels contiguous to this Park. They are enclosed in a stuccoed-brick house. There are five—more or less—of them. And at least one, is always going at a time. The building is excessively moist. Therefore you are forbidden to smoke in it. This regulation is made in a kindly wish to prevent your cigar being put out (as it would be if you smoked there) by the dampness."

"There is more about the wonders of this Park, but I withhold it for the present. Yours Respectfully,

JEROBOAM QUIP."

"P. S. Midnight. I have just discovered that I have 'sold' myself. The owner of the above MS. was a real Member of Congress, from Attakapas, and the paper was not rice-paper, but made from the inner rind of the sugar-cane. The M. C. intended to sell it to a comic daily in N. Y., as a genuine thing, and was on his way to your city. He was, however, arrested, shortly after my meeting with him yesterday, for having stepped on the grass in the new Park, to avoid a large wet hole in the walk, and is now before Judge Cadboggler on a charge of piracy, in consequence.

"As the trial will not be over till the Fourth of July, owing to the protracted opinion of Judge C. I think you may publish the extract with safety, especially as Mr. Bonicault has not yet written a Japanese drama, and cannot, therefore, claim damages.

JEROBOAM Q."

## DON'T GIVE UP THE BELT.

Ho! Britons; ye of stalwart arms,  
Ye noble men, and true,  
A hundred million eyes are fixed,  
This very day, on you.  
Ho! Britons; men before whose might,  
A world in arms has knelt,  
Forget the legend of your sires,  
And, don't give up the belt.

Forget the war cry of your race,  
Fair play's a jewel rare,  
Endorse the British referee  
And keep the trophy there.  
The blows were stout your champion struck,  
The Yankee stouter dealt.  
He won the fight, you know he did,  
But—don't give up the belt.

Sing Britons, sing that proud old song,  
"Brittania rules the waves"  
And shout that proud old British boast  
That Britons can't be slaves.  
Recount in glowing rhyme, the deeds  
Of Saxon and of Celt,  
Then back that blessed referee,  
Who, won't give up the belt.

We sent you, with our best regards,  
A Boy to match your man.  
We think that both these plucky chaps  
Have done the best they can.  
Each stood for fistic champions of  
The land wherein he dwelt  
But then, you see the Yankee whipped,  
So, don't give up the belt.

Ho! Britons, ye of sturdy forms,  
Who told that famous tale,  
That Yankee brawn was not the cheese  
Without your H-english h-ale.  
You've had a taste of Yankee pluck,  
Smelt what your fathers smelt,  
But don't, ah! don't ye British braves,  
Pray, don't give up the belt!

## Terrible Threat.

Aaron Jones declares that unless the belt is given up to Heenan, that he, Jones, will "ignore all connection or participation in prize fighting as a useless and unavailing profession." Don't do it Aaron! Have pity on the P. R. at least in this land, or we may as a nation, come to precisely what you so modestly declare poor England has come to since you have deserted her shores. Hear Aaron, "From the reports we have received, Englands glory and pride in the emblem 'Fair Play' has, since I left her shores, fully departed. Go back Aaron, go back and restore fair play to that effete old beast, the British Lion.





FEB. 18, 1860. MISSIONARIES WANTED.

CAN IT BE BORNE ?  
AMERICANS ! you have been *defrauded*, through your representative abroad, o' the *Champion's* belt of Great Britain !

WILL YOU BEAR IT ? No !

Let us indignantly protest until the voice of thirty millions of freemen is heard in the strongholds of the British Aristocracy, waking its bloated members from their chuckling and short-lived triumph. Let us send forth our protest until the British throne trembles at our demand for JUSTICE !

JUSTICE !!

JUSTICE !!!

Let us call upon the government to immediately despatch a fleet to achieve that end, and back up the demand of our minister at the Court of St. James.

FELLOW CITIZENS !

TO THE PARK !

This afternoon ; there to express the pent-up volcano of your wrath.

TO THE PARK !

TO THE PARK !!

TO THE PARK !!!

Who killed Cock Robbin(s) ?

A Philadelphia Hen(ry).



FEB. 25, 1860. THE MISSIONARIES HAVE COME.

## THE GREAT PRIZE-FIGHT AT CHARLESTON !

Only Authentic Account !!

DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF ALL THE ROUNDS !!!

Although the great battle between certain well-known political Parties, for the Championship, has been much talked of, no correct and authentic account of it has yet been published. We therefore take pleasure in laying before our readers a graphic and succinct history of the contest as it actually occurred. We feel that this is the more necessary, as we have heard many rumors flying about, attributing foul play and cowardice to each Party ; rumors circulated by their enemies, and of no account whatever.

### THE MEN.

The Northern Nipper and the Southern Slasher are both too well known to the political public, to require any description here. Both have evinced their gameness and gluttony on more than one occasion, and have won the plaudits of all lovers of true sport. On the 23d of April, when they met in the Charleston ring, to test their prowess, they were in splendid condition, and had evidently been trained in the best manner. The Northern Nipper is a regular giant, and the whiteness of his skin, the extraordinary developments he presented, and his thoroughly educated appearance challenged the admiration of everybody. The Southern Slasher is a much smaller man, but looked fight all over, and was plainly determined to die in the ring, rather than be defeated. Unlike his antagonist, he is dark and swarthy, very tough, wiry, and of a stocky build. The Northern Nipper seemed to have the best organization of the two, and the betting was rather in his favor.

### THE FIGHT.

The Northern Nipper shied his castor over the ropes first, and the Southern Slasher followed suit immediately. Both then jumped nimbly into the ring, and shook hands somewhat sulkily. The seconds—Flournoy and Cushing for the Northern Boy, and Yancey and Bayard for the Southern Party—then took their places, and "time" was called. The Northern Nipper struck a fine attitude of solidity, looking like a very tower of strength, and the Southern Slasher took an equally scientific one, though much lighter on his pins, as if he intended to make his game as much by spry dodging and bolting, as by hitting.

ROUND 1.—The combatants commenced with a good deal of fiddling and feinting on the Wood delegates question, but without any marked hits on either side. The Southern Slasher was determined that his antagonist should lead off, which was finally done. The Northerner made a rush, and got home a rattling slogger with his left on the Slasher's beak, starting the rhy, and compelling him to allow the minorities to vote against the majorities, instead of having their votes count together, as units. *First Blood* for the Nipper. The Slasher then bored in, but was cleverly stopped by the Nipper, who fought to a clinch, and after a sharp struggle to see whether the platform should be decided before balloting for candidates commenced, both went down, the Nipper falling on top (Betting 5 to 4 on the latter, and few takers found).

ROUND 2.—Both Parties came briskly to the scratch, and began fib-

bing away on the rival delegate question, which was speedily settled by the Nipper, who planted a slashing crack on the Slasher's nob, knocking the Wood delegation out of sight. The Slasher immediately countered with a sounding spank, rejecting the Cincinnati platform, and nearly closing the Nipper's left goggle. Another clinch and fall on the platform question, a trifle in favor of the Slasher. (Betting even, but not very lively).

ROUND 3.—This was a very brilliant round. The Northern Nipper came up a little queer, and the Slasher endeavored to draw him into his corner. The other was too leary, however, and as the Slasher came at him, made a sudden dart, let out right and left upon the Southerner's mazzard by adopting the Squatter Sovereignty platform, and got away very neatly. Attacking again, there was some sharp in-fighting, when the Slasher attempted to bolt, but was caught in chancery. Cries of "foul!" now arose, and in the midst of a terrible confusion and riot the ring was broken in by outsiders and lobby-men. There being no chance for the men, the Slasher slipped down easily on a caucus for consideration.

ROUND 4.—The Southern Slasher came up pretty fresh, considering the pepper he had napped. The Nipper seemed tired, but still game. They came together with a rush, and the Slasher, letting go his dexter mawley, fetched the Nipper a hot'un on the oration-trap, for a separate organization, when the latter went down heavily. (Betting 5 to 4 on the Slasher).

ROUND 5.—The riot and uproar were now so great and the crowd so close about the men, that all order was lost. They came up, however, showing signs of great punishment, and squared themselves again. The Nipper lost a good chance for platform modification, and the Slasher, following up his advantage, sent home seven consecutive rattlers, one apiece for South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Florida, knocking the Nipper completely off his pins.

ROUND 6.—Both men came slowly to time, out of wind, and very puffy about the nob. The Nipper, however, freshened up to his work. The Slasher went in for three blows, one apiece for North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland, but all fell short. Some fibbing followed, and the Slasher went down on the saving suit. All through this round, there was a plug muss going on around the champions, and it was proposed to stop the fight. The men objected to this, and as both were still full of grit, they went on to

ROUND 7th., and last.—After a few exchanges, both Parties gave signs of great unwillingness to fight. Although the Nipper was still pretty sound, he hit very wild, and rapped several sloggers on secession, which puffed up his peepers, and made his snorer big enough for two. He was about to make a rally, when the row became too great for the battle to proceed, and the men were removed from the ring, terribly punished, but not half satisfied.

Thus ended one of the gamest and best fights for the Championships that we have ever seen. It is greatly to be regretted that the Parties had not a chance to settle the matter, but as it is decided to renew the contest, at Baltimore, in June, we shall probably then find out which is the best man.



## THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.

'EYE' THE SECOND.



If I remember rightly, madam, we dropped our mutual button at its most unpromising crisis; when, in fact, no dependence whatever was to be placed upon its conduct. Let us leave that miserable libel on buttons to its fate—(a sad one. I assure you madam!) and pass to another subdivision of the great class, shirt-button. I will call this the ORATOR'S BUTTON. You will know it from the fact of its being totally without a *real* button-hole. It is placed in a conspicuous position, and to the careless gazer, seems to stand proudly and firmly forth from a neatly-worked button-hole that just fits it. But in reality, the button-hole is a mere sham, a skilful imitation, perhaps, of a veritable button-hole, but only an imitation. Not a particle of aperture! The imposing button is a delusion and a snare. It attempts to deceive the beholder by its audacious stand, into the belief that it is nobly doing its duty to a grateful button-hole, whereas it is nothing but a vain and fleeting show; a piece of incomprehensible self-conceit on the bosom of Society (that is, of the shirt of society, madam.) The mildest treatment I would suggest for this pompous humbug of a button is, to let it be quietly rubbed off by flat-irony. [No, madam, that pun is not mine. It is the offspring of a friend of mine—also a VANITY FAIRY. He kindly permits me (?) to use it, during his temporary absence of mind.]

I now come to a much more delicate branch of my æsthetical subject, viz: The Glove-button.

This, madam, requires careful handling.

I subdivide the Glove-button as follows; 1st, The HYPOCRITIC BUTTON, or better still, the Sympathetic Button. This button is always on a lady's glove—a young lady, and, at least, passably handsome. Married, or single? Ah! madam, you ask such searching questions! I am not a husband, you see. The peculiarity of this button is the adroit awkwardness it displays, when being buttoned by a gentleman. It is impossible to describe the cunning ruses it employs to evade the button-hole. I have known it to resist for fifteen minutes. But the moment a lady takes it in hand, it becomes as simple and obedient as—as—what is simple and obedient, madam? I confess my ignorance.

The treatment of this button is a matter of hypothesis. But I am told it becomes tractable in proportion as the age of the wearer increases.

The second subdivision of the Glove-button is the JUDGE AND JURY BUTTON. "Obstinate as a Judge;"—you know the 'saw' madam. And by mathematical demonstration, a Jury is found to be twelve times as obstinate as a Judge. This button is found upon gloves of both sexes, under the following circumstances: When the wearer is in haste and waited for; when the wearer "can easily wear a size smaller;" Finally, when the wearer (a lady here) "never did see such a slippery button," and asks Mr. — to "do button it for me." The moment Mr. — attempts to "do" it, this button changes—presto! into the SYMPATHETIC BUTTON. Her hus-

band? No, Madam!—that is—I think not. The remedy for the JUDGE AND JURY button is, patient trial first, and peremptory dismissal afterward.

The last of the Glove-buttons, I will christen the BUTTON OF 'THE GENIUS.' Its chief singularity is, unaccountable, unreasonable, unseasonable and to any other button, unpardonable caprice. It flies off at the most inopportune moments. It suddenly becomes feeble, and hangs in a dreamy disheveled manner from its thread. It is, in fact, a button of strange impulses. Now allowing itself to be slipped peacefully into its quiet little button-hole, and anon, struggling more wildly than its obstinate or its sympathetic fellows, to be free from all conventional button-hole trammels. No known rules apply to this *lusus* of buttons. The only resource is to treat it with affected or real indifference, when it will generally subside, after a few convulsive struggles, into a very mild and commonplace type of button indeed.

There remains to me, madam, only the third great class of buttons, viz: ALL OTHER BUTTONS. The Æsthetics of this class are grand and comprehensive to an—an incomprehensible degree. They range from the button of the outer garments—including the horn, pearl, metal, cloth, silk, and gutta-percha, or caoutchouc button-up (or down) to the button (*bouton*—French Dictionary) of the door. Using *door* in its generic and æsthetic sense.

You perceive, madam, the immensity of the button field before me. Suffer then, that I seize a few hours to meditate upon this conclusion of my æsthetic theme, ere I attempt the mighty task, and permit me to subscribe myself, once more, your humble servant,  
THE AUTHOR.

## A Whistle from the Underground Railway.

I am the Agent of the Underground Railroad Company. Our company thinks that certain parties ought to be passed over our route. I wish to inform their friends (if they have any) that we are ready to do it.

Our passengers are mostly black fugitives bound North; those to whom I now refer are, however, white chattels who evidently need to be sent South. They are voluntary slaves. Of their own free will they have suffered themselves to be bought publicly at auction by the highest bidders, in open daylight, in the most frequented streets and places of a certain free Northern City. During all last winter that city swarmed with their self-built, filthy, Slave Pens.

They are low-minded, cowardly and mercenary; they are debauched, corrupt and vicious, and wholly destitute of honor in any shape or form. They deserve no pity—on the contrary, should be hated and loathed by society.

The vacancies made in Southern cotton-fields, cane-breaks and rice-plantations by black fugitives may be more appropriately filled by this Northern breed of white bondmen. The Overseer's lash alone is wanting to perfect their servitude. Let them have it at once. Our road is now in fine running order, and there need be no fear of a collision.

The Lot alluded to was lately known as the New York State Legislature.  
PHINEAS FAKE,

Agent U. R. C.

## The Frog that would be an Ox.

It is a certain sign of a great man that he will give away what does not belong to him. Under this rule Mr. Brent, of Baltimore, must be a great man. The grandiloquence with which he took the adjourning Convention into his capacious bosom, and extended, as the newspapers have it, "a cordial invitation to the Democracy of the Union, to the hospitalities of that city," is really refreshing. It reminds us of the way of a youthful friend of ours, "a little four year old," as Harper's Magazine beautifully expresses it, who has a way of inviting promiscuous street-boys in to tea, to the horror and consternation of his Ma. It may be however that we are doing Mr. Brent an injustice, and that he is, like Mr. George Washington Tompkins, who, when questioned on his motives in visiting New York declared his intention of buying it, if he liked it. Perhaps Mr. Brent has bought Baltimore, or intends to buy Baltimore. If neither hypothesis is right, then all we have to say is, that we wouldn't like to be Mr. Brent when he goes home, if Baltimore understands herself, and we think she does.

## Slander most Foul.

What have the former Conventions done to Mr. Cushing that he should malign them by using such language as this, which we take from his farewell address:

"Notwithstanding the deep and conflicting interests here at stake, I may say to the country that no Convention has ever sat for so great a length of time with the observance of so great a share of order and freedom from personalities or offensive language as this."





"THE PUPPY."

*Masculine Person (in allusion to number of street) FORTY-FIVE, JACK, DIDN'T I TELL YOU SO?—LOOK AT THE FIGURE.*

*Feminine ditto (sotto voce) FORTY-FIVE, INDEED,—WHAT CAN HE MEAN BY FORTY-FIVE? I WAS ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN LAST BIRTH-DAY. AND AS TO HIS TELLING BY MY FIGURE!!*

#### THE NEW SUNDAY LAW.

We incurred the trouble and expense of sending a reporter to various parts of the city, last Sunday, to investigate the working of the new Sabbatarian Law, recently constructed by the provincial members of the Albany Village Legislature, for the better control of other peoples' business, and the encouragement of Metropolitan morality. Our reporter's statement shows how charmingly practicable it is to have the greatest city on the western continent governed by the gentlemen from Orange and Herkimer.

#### REPORT.

Your reporter began with some of the lower streets, far down town, on the East Side. All the liquor-saloons were open, and doing an excellent business. One man was arrested for selling liquor, but as he was only a hired bar-keeper, he was discharged. The proprietor was out of town.

In a neighboring ward, all the saloons were open, but there were no arrests.

In the adjoining wards, there were no arrests, but the bar-rooms were all open.

In several wards near, the drinking-places were not closed, and no person was arrested.

The report becoming rather monotonous, Broadway was next visited. A large and respectable saloon was open, and your reporter entered. A neat card inscribed, "This Bar Closed on Sunday," hung over the bar, but several persons were openly drinking in the alcoves. Your reporter modestly asked for a brandy smash, and was informed that he could have any "refreshments" he desired by taking a seat in one of the boxes. Under the present law, restaurants are allowed to serve "refreshments" on Sunday, as on other days, so all kinds of wines and liquors undergo a change during Saturday night, becoming innocent and harmless "refreshments" in time for the earliest Sunday morning cocktail, which, however, cannot be "drank standing."

Passing up Broadway, four billiard-saloons in two blocks were found to be closed, but play was going on briskly in all of them, and of course, everybody was playing for drinks.

A lager-bier hall, not far off, had one shutter up, in obedience to a portion of the law, perhaps. Your reporter entered, and found that he could "refresh" standing up. While proving this experiment, a policeman appeared, and called for some gin and bitters. The beverage was served, but the proprietor declined taking any

pay, asseverating that he did not sell liquor on Sunday—he gave it away. Your reporter noticed, however, that he bagged your reporter's sixpence without hesitation. Perhaps if your reporter had worn the inspiring blue and brass of the martial policeman, it would have been different.

In the Bowery, a concert-and-dancing-saloon was in full and hilarious blast, with lots of beer and Dutch girls floating around promiscuously. Here three or four officers intruded, and mildly asked the proprietor if he didn't think he was breaking the "Noo Lor." He said he wasn't; that this was only a private party, given by himself to a few friends. The policemen accepted his apology, quaffed, by invitation, the festive foaming bowl, and departed.

Throughout the whole city, everything was pretty much the same. Of course, under the law, nobody could become intoxicated, but your reporter observed many persons who appeared to be very tired—too tired, indeed, to walk or talk with any degree of accuracy or precision. These fatigued persons, however, were generally quiet, and the police, as usual, made as few arrests as possible. Thanks to the Village Legislature, the people of New York are now strictly moral and virtuous in every respect, and all without knowing it. Let Orange and Herkimer sleep sweetly, in the knowledge that they have saved the modern Babylon. Long may they wave!

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

##### THE BORE.

An animal rightly esteemed to possess more offensive qualities than almost any other living thing.

Its race is prolific. Since its first appearance upon earth, it has multiplied with a rapidity beyond the calculation of the most accomplished arithmetician. At present, it is believed that the only thing the sun never sets upon—always, of course, excepting the eternal glory of this Star and Striped nation—is the Bore.

The Bore is an amphibious beast. It thrives upon the land, and it is in its fullest glory upon the water, particularly during excursions. When in the fulness of its power, it can never be drowned—not even by the roaring and rushing Niagara; and no amount of cold water thrown upon it, can disturb its equanimity, as has often been tested.

The Bore has also been supposed to enjoy the supernatural faculty of ubiquity. Those who fly in horror from its presence, and seek a distant shelter, are dismayed to find it established there before them. Thus there is no escape from its influence, which is most pernicious. With leech-like tenacity it fastens upon its victims; pursues them with persistent determination; destroys their peace of mind; infects them with vapidity and other mental disorders; sometimes drives the unhappy objects of its attacks to raging frenzy, and sometimes leaves them broken in spirit, and a prey to a melancholy which can never be cheered.

It is to Society what the parasitic vine is to the healthy tree; for, from certain causes, its progress is most difficult to check, and yet, unchecked, it soon usurps all power, and flourishes upon the blighted ruin it has wrought.

Or it may be termed the unsocial dog in the manger of the community. Itself incapable of tasting the food of wit and intelligence, it succeeds only too well in depriving others of such enjoyment.

One of its most disgusting peculiarities is, that it forever appears unconscious of its noxious character, and usually assumes for itself the virtues of fascination, elegance, brilliancy, and above all, modesty, which is the unkindest cut of all.

The Bore is detested by all mankind, but is especially and actively hated by young lovers and editors; which fact furnishes the only example in nature of a unity of sentiment between these two entirely distinct races of beings.

From the length of its tongue, and its exceeding pertinacity, the Bore is believed to be nearly connected with the family of the Gossip, before treated of in this paper.

#### A Figure that stands for naught.

The new Figure of Justice on top of the Hall,  
As a specimen rare is quite good,  
It being the very first instance at all  
That Justice was got out of Wood.  
No matter how high they may raise it, they're sold,  
The figure for Justice is higher,  
And soon, as a symbol of pocketed gold,  
'Twill have to be tried by the fire!

#### Not at all Strange.

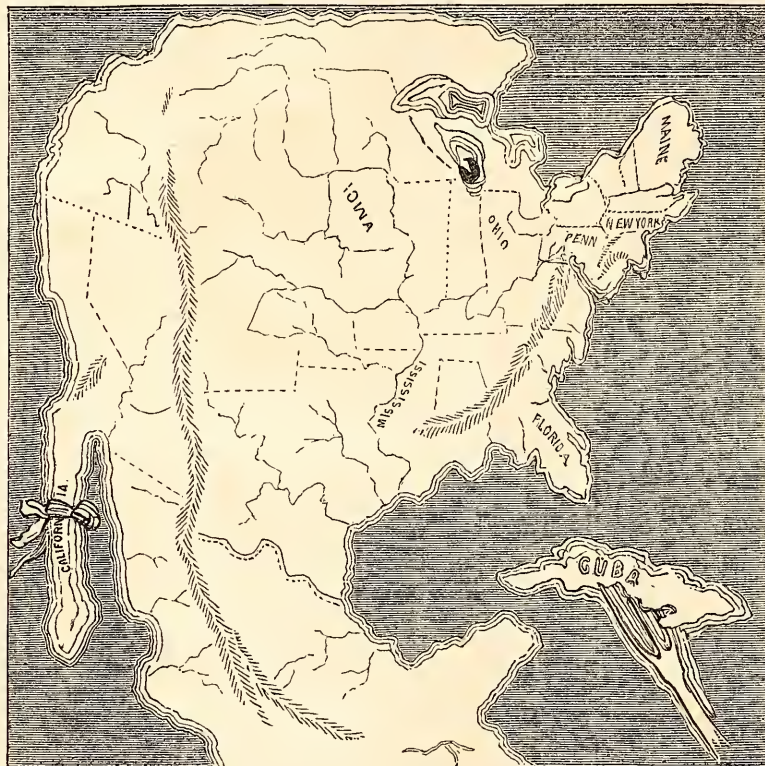
No wonder Heenan came to the Scratch first—he was always steady on his Pins.



## THE "STATE OF CUBA."

There is a "Tight Little Island" (as the English, celebrated for Beer and Fair Play) love to call their country, lying off the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, that we want very much indeed. In point of fact, we want it so much that it begins to seem as if we *must* have it. We are pleased to see that both fragments of the now divided and defunct Charleston Convention made the acquisition of that Tight Little Island a very important plank in their platforms. This is good. We want cotton and sugar—guava jelly—oranges—bananas—we want cigars to be cheaper—we want all sorts of nice articles that are produced upon that Tight Little Island, including palm-leaf fans and scnoritas, of course.

The State of Cuba! That sounds well, eh? We do suppose that the Republican Faction will not fancy the acquisition much, but we can't help it. There will be a nigger of most portentous size in the Cuban fence, no doubt, but he will have to stay there, slave or no slave. Like the gleeful but virtuous Quaker who told his son to get money, honestly, if he could, but *get it*, we feel that we must get Cuba, in a manner agreeable to Spain, if we can, but by all means let us have the Tight Little Island State!



"IMPENDING CRISIS" OF A DAINTY MORSEL.

## The Grateful Delegates.

Since the time of the wreck of the Whitehall skiff *Mary Ann*, in Buttermilk Channel, when the crew and passengers, numbering two in all, were obliged to walk in water up to their knees, and go three hours without anything to eat, we have not heard of so terrible a peril as that through which the returning delegates from Charleston, by the Steamer *Alabama*, have just passed. They have testified their gratitude by a three dollar advertisement in the *Herald*, in which they return thanks to Captain Schenck first, and to Heaven afterward, for their miraculous escape from the dangers of the sea. We look upon all these thanks, in their present form, as but half touching the perils of their journey. They say nothing whatever of the danger they have escaped in Charleston, but speak only of their watery tribulation. To be sure, Old Neptune has certainly shown mercy, as we feel entirely sure that he will never get such another chance, at such another party.

## Oh! Bother.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen, the other night, a communication was received from the acting Mayor stating that he had received a letter from the Agent of the owners of the Steamship *Great Eastern*, declaring that they had decided upon sending her direct to New York. The Mayor wanted information about the harbor, and a special committee of five was appointed to get it. This little arrangement puzzles us somewhat. We do not exactly see the way clear for this committee of five to make its expenses. We cannot see any contract in the matter, unless they intend to invite proposals to dig the harbor out a few feet deeper. There has been no appropriation as yet, but we look anxiously for a trifle at the next meeting, say \$30,000 to widen the narrows, or a like sum to dredge the bay. There is no telling what an Alderman cannot do.

## THE "MEN FOR CHARLESTON."

O where, and O where have the men for Charleston gone?

Answer us, august James Gordon B.; you who preside over the political destinies of the Universe, not to say of Charleston and the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets!

First, on the second day of last February, it was the great Buchanan for whom you did raise your tuneful voice.

Then, forgetting this ancient and early love, incontinently did you prance about the gentle Bell. "O! Bell, don't you tell," etc., for J. Gordon B. did forget you, and the dashing Sam Houston did usurp your place.

Alas, poor Sam!

Not long was your path among the lilies and roses that grow among Heraldic columns! Rapidly following, came General Lane.

His were the favors of the Caledonian Coquette.

He was the Only, Old, Original, Long-Established, Undoubtedly Genuine, Simon-Pure, No-Connection-With-The-Shop-Across-The-Way Man for Charleston.

Viva Lane!

But it is a long Lane that has no turning. The General was hurled from his lofty place, like Bel and Dagon in ancient, and Bell and Houston in modern times.

Prone in the dust he lay, while from the South, serene and far, a telegram leaped into those much-loved columns.

A few words only. A sentence of telegraphic brevity . . . the soul of telegraphic wit.

"There is now no doubt that Douglas will be nominated to-morrow!"

And now?

Now? Ah, where is Douglas, "Douglas, tender and true?"

Nowhere!

The shadows of political night gather thick on the face of political nature. Some lingering political echoes float vaguely down the political air, and political Fate veils her political countenance, crying:

"Eheu! Ai! Ai! Where are the Men for Charleston?"

## A Pierce-r.

It may not be generally known that there was one delegate at Charleston who, through thick and thin, voted for Franklin Pierce. Who this "one subscriber" was, has not transpired, and though many shrewd guesses have been given, he still retains his incognito. We have a theory that it is a delegate from one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, where, as we are told, they still continue to vote at every election for General Jackson. This man, no doubt, has got a little ahead of his neighbors, and reached as far in his calculations as Pierce. We hardly think it an improvement, and candidly advise him to go back home and do as his neighbors do.

## A Solemn Fact.

That a thousand men at Charleston have persisted in asserting that they have a Stake in the country, when all who know them are convinced that they often have to go without a Chop in the city.

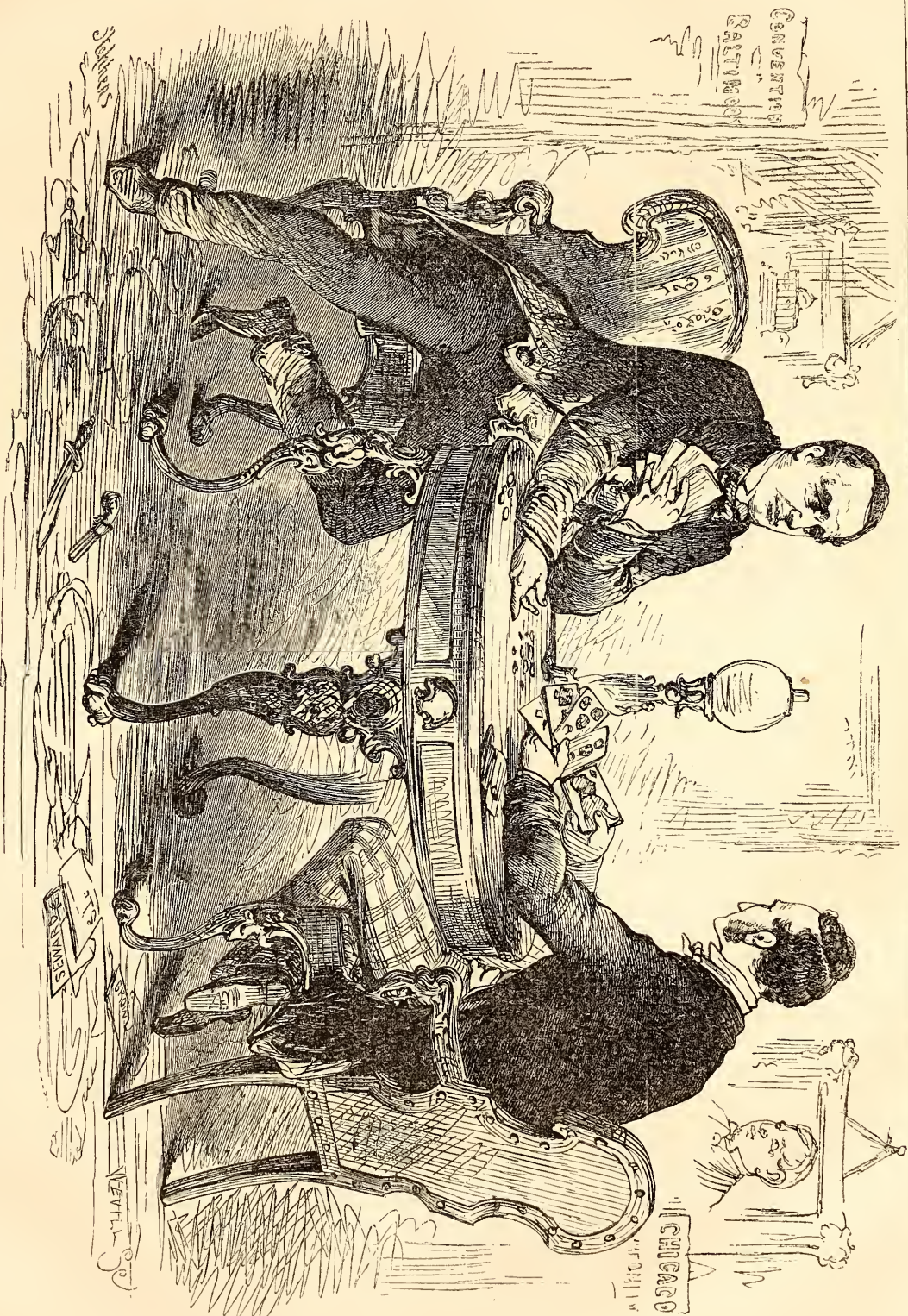
## Military.

We propose, as the only means by which a decent reception may be secured to the Japanese Embassy, to Turn Out every city official.



MAY 12, 1860.]

VANITY FAIR.



THE POLITICAL GAME OF BLUFF.

*"As neither section of the old Democratic Party will make any nomination at present, the Black Republicans, instead of seeing the enemy's hand, have first to show their own."*

CHARLESTON DEMOCRAT.—I SEE THAT, AND CALL YOU. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?  
CHICAGO REPUBLICAN.—A PAIR OF DEUCES, WITH A KNAVE AT THE HEAD.

[Morning Paper.]







## VANITY FAIR TO JOSEPH SMITH.

ADMIRABLE SMITH:—Interested as we have always been in the affairs of Polygamutah, it was with no small satisfaction that we perused in our morning paper the communication in which you define your sentiments with regard to the pagoda, profanely termed a church, by the followers of Brigham Young. On this concrete subject—the programme and the pagoda—we have a few remarks to offer; preliminary to which we pray of you to look awful, not cheerful, observing us with the decent gravity with which you might contemplate Mr. William Davidge, when, verging upon the crisis of “Villikins,” he checks the untimely levity of his hearers by undeceiving them as to the facetious character of the melody with which he is luring away their dyspepsia.

Approaching our subject, Smith, let us quote the opening sentence of your manifesto, which reads as follows:—“In taking the head of the Mormon Church, I am running counter to the opinions of many people.” From this assertion we cannot dissent—but neither can we assent to it, not being aware of the exact position of the facts. We reproduce it merely to demonstrate how much more intense in sentiment it might have been made by the addition of one insignificant letter, one diminutive adverb. Thus—“In taking the head Off the Morman Church, I am Not running counter to the opinions of many people.” With such words, Joseph, you might have suggested the basis of an exceedingly popular platform—a platform which thousands of honest hands would have been found ready to decorate with the festive tar-brush, the final hemp, and all other fitting accessories for the grand spectacular *tableau* of “Retributive Justice executing condign punishment upon the Head of the Polygam Church.”

But let that pass. We can see the light through the holes in your programme. Look steadfastly through those we pick in it. We are trustful that, in your approaching attack upon the dirty old Brig in which the Scarlet One of Polygamutah is now precariously afloat upon Salt Lake, you will not hold hand until you have cut away the masts, shivered the timbers, shattered the figure-head, abolished the flag, unspliced the main-brace, removed the polygamous Ribs, and otherwise perniciously affected the arrangements of that abominable hulk, previous to finally scuttling it and consigning it to the depths of its inevitable perdition.

For, that you will personally contribute Pepper to the great Salt-box of the far west, the spirit of your manifesto inclines us to think, notwithstanding the disclaimer contained in the following extract from that document:

I know that many stories are now being circulated in reference to what will be the result of the step I have taken. I know that many believe that I will emigrate to Salt Lake. To those who know me, it is needless for me to say that I am not going to do any such thing while the doctrine of Polygamy and disobedience to the laws are countenanced there; to those who do not know me personally, and to whom my principles are unknown, I must say, withhold your censure until such time as I shall, by some flagrant act of disobedience to the law of the land or some striking breach of morality, deserve the just indignation of society; when I do either the one or the other, I am ready for the opening of the vial of wrath of outraged society, and shall cheerfully receive the condemnation I shall merit.

With reference to this disclaimer, Smith, let us remind you that there is a ring of iron in your patronymic suggestive of a sterner decision than that declared by you. In phraseology borrowed from the honorable handicraft of which your name is a result—the handicraft of Tubal Cain, of Elihu Burritt and of the Benicia Boy—let us hint to you that, in hammering Brigham Young you will hit the right nail upon the head. Instigate the popular breeze to aid in blowing your anthracite to a white heat. Poke no end of parsons at it. If necessary, bring the great broad-church Bellows to blow upon it—*Bellus homo et magnus*, a comely man and an eminent—and when you take your irons from the fire, cauterize boldly with them the foul ulcer Brigham from the face of creation.

As for the “vial of wrath” alluded to in your manifesto, be not such a spoon as to swallow it. Kept in a cool place, and dark, it will retain its destructiveness until the time comes for conveying it, carefully corked, into the modern City of the Plain, and there fracturing it vigorously over the head of the bad Prophet. This you may do, and yet keep within the “pale of the law,” referred to in your communication—for the pale of the law, in Polygamutah, is so pale as to be hardly perceptible.

Again, you say—“To those familiar with the books upon which our faith is founded, the Bible being the ground-work, I have no apologies to offer.” Glad to hear it, Smith. But remember, Smith, do not forget, Joseph, bear in mind, young Elder, as you enter in by that gate of Polygamutah which cannot at present be called Beautiful, that groundwork is a thing easily defiled. The Bible has ever been the ground-work with which the bad Prophet has caused the streets of Polygamutah to be paved. Bibles are the cobble-stones

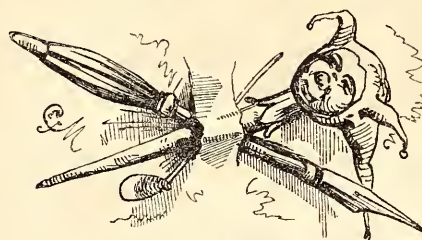
over which Brigham reels in his unhandsome cab. Testaments flag the *trottoir* upon which his deluded followers go, tramp, tramp. Draggled and trampled is that groundwork, as if maintained under the special providence of a Street Inspector of New York. Draggled and trampled, and strewn with the last ragged remnants of morality and decency, swept out from the polluted houses to dry up in the polluted street.

It is related of your lamented father, Smith, that by placing a holy stone of some kind inside his hat, and crowding his face in after it, he became clairvoyant of the metallic mysteries of inner earth. Do not attempt to rival your progenitor in this. Be practical. Carry no stone in your hat, nor yet a brick. If a stone at all, let it be a smooth one in your sling, wherewith to do battle with the Goliath of Polygamutah. Never mind the “pale of the law”—pull up a stake from it and hit him over the head. Counter him—catch him on the conk—damage his oration trap—send him to grass so effectually as to make grass-widows innumerable of his wives—knock him out of time—if necessary tomahawk him and “raise his hair.”

One more paragraph, as a tail-piece to a subject scaly in itself. The rattlesnake decapitated, its body, harmless though disgusting, writhes until sun-down and then dies. So of the reptile of Salt Lake. Cut off the venomous head and the sun-down of polygamy is not far off.

Yours, conditionally,

Vanity Fair.



The Scarcity of Help.

Housekeepers complain loudly of the scarcity of reliable, accommodating and competent servants. The White House Keepers of the United States (Messrs. Forney, Weed, Cagger, Richmond & Co.) seem equally put about to find a suitable John Thomas for our National Kitchen. In this strait we suggest that they advertise for the article, after the prevailing private family style.

This will be found surer, quicker and more economical than the plan upon which they have hitherto acted. Surely, rather than be pestered with interminable telegraphic rigmaroles from different Conventions, every paper in the Union (except the *Ledger*) would insert gratis a short, plain, pointed advertisement stating the qualifications requisite for the post, its wages, and, where application should be made.

Feeling confident that “a hint will be as good as a kick” from us, and that our idea will be at once acted upon, we thus set the ball in motion:

WANTED.—A Candidate for the Presidency. Must be old and infirm—if possible imbecile; able and willing to stand anything and everything offered him in the way of contempt, and hold no political views calculated to offend his employers. The right person may hear of an uncomfortable situation by addressing HARD TO PLEASE, Baltimore, Richmond and Chicago Conventions.

N. B. Wages \$25,000 per annum. None but Americans need apply.

### The Right Man in the Right Place.

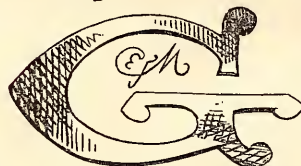
Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the ponderous platitudinarian author of “Proverbial Philosophy,” has recently issued a volume entitled “Three Hundred Sonnets.” Considering the heavy and inane style of writing required for—or at least, generally exhibited in—the Sonnet *par excellence*, and considering the number of unpractised poetlings who annually attempt that lugubrious form of composition, we suggest to the British Crown that Mr. Tupper be employed to write up all the rest of the sonnets that can be constructed in the language, thus making one job of it, and proving himself really useful for the first time in his life, by relieving the world of Tupperism and Sonnetism at the same time.

### Query.

When we think how many artists were sent to England by the illustrated papers, expressly to see the Great Prize Fight, is it any wonder that it was Drawn?



# OUR SECOND VISIT TO THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



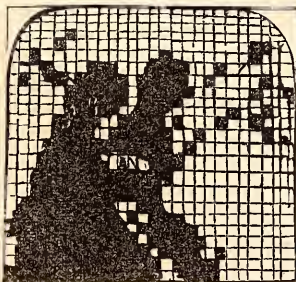
GENERAL opinion having endorsed our first article on the Academy of Design, O'Titian and myself paid a second visit to that institution. As we went along Broadway, I represented to my Celtic friend the disgraceful character of his conduct on the previous occasion, and extorted a solemn promise that during our visit he would abstain from all intoxicating liquors. As we passed the New-York Hotel, shortly after this, O'Titian alleged that he saw a friend in the window, and hastily left me in order to speak to him. He returned in a few moments and proceeded to Tenth-street. As I walked close by his side, my attention was attracted by a strange protuberance in one of his pockets. I questioned him about it, when he hinted, mysteriously, that his life having been threatened by some of the artists, he felt it necessary to carry a revolver. This statement, I confess, made me somewhat nervous, for O'Titian is, when roused, of a sanguinary disposition, and I have a great horror of being mixed up in a murder trial. I entered the building ill at ease, and proceeded to take notes with a trembling hand.

178. Painted by Banvard, is a capital specimen of a card-house, such as we build in our youth. It is called in the catalogue "The residence of the artist," but that is simply impossible. No one, unless a knave of spades or a king of clubs could live comfortably in such an edifice.

105. By John Mulvany is a charming specimen of the sampler style of art. I am not acquainted with the technical name of the stitch in which it is painted, but it is executed with great skill. I think that Mr. Mulvany would find ample field for his needle—I mean pencil—in the carpet and hearth rug departments of Stewart and Hiram Anderson. Our artist has given a very fair idea of the picture.

96. An Etching in Soot, by Carl L. Brandt. Why in Soot? This is as bad as the portraits of Daniel Webster executed with a hot poker on a pine board. Why does not Mr. Brandt turn his attention to the sea-weed landscape, or the pictures made out of chips of Autumn leaves? All such monstrosities in art, correspond to the juggler swallowing knives. Wonderful, but disgusting and useless.

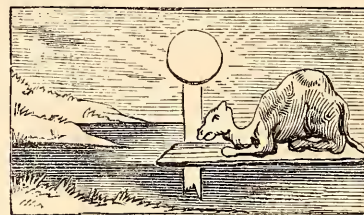
110. R. de Trobriand. This is a scene in charcoal by a well-known French litterateur. It is just the sort of thing that



"IN A GARDEN." JOHN MULVANY.

drawing-masters exhibit to weak-minded parents as specimens of the skill of former pupils.

201. Geo. P. Thorndike. A view of a camel crossing a ferry on a raft, while the sun is setting. The camel looks comfortable, and the sun is gotten up regardless of expense, although what either one of them is doing in the position it occupies is a mystery.



"THE FERRY." GEORGE P. THORNDIKE.

254. The Old Cavalier. J. D. Barrow. This is the portrait of an old gentleman of the days of Cromwell getting shaved and shampooed. The lather on the beard and head is admirably painted.

278. Tempted. C. C. Markham. A temptation to move on.

304. Facing the Storm. G. H. Boughton. Very commonplace, poor in color, and bad in flesh texture. In short, unworthy of this most prominent and imaginative of artists. I am glad to say that in 380, The Frozen Stream, he more than redeems the pudgy girl travelling through immovable snow. The atmosphere in 380 is intensely cold, and the peculiar crispness of the frosty day admirably given.

373. Washington's First Interview with Mrs. Custis. J. W. Ehninger. I don't know which to pity most, The Father of his Country, or the amiable widow. Heaven defend me from any such stiff-backed formal flirtations.

423. Sarsfield's Surprise and Capture of the Siege Train of William of Orange. Alexander Wust. I have no doubt that Sarsfield's surprise would have been considerable could he behold this picture. Judging from some of the figures, a great deal of William's orange was captured.

436. Approaching Thunder-Storm. M. J. Heade. The spectator feels inclined to exclaim O, thunder! Imagine a salad gravy of yolk of egg, black pepper and mustard, and you have it.

149. Home. Miss Juliana Oakley.



"HOME." MISS JULIANA OAKLEY.

Miss O. is strong on upholstery. This is a room chock full of furniture and people, but the furniture is so plentiful, and the people are so ugly that O'Titian refused to draw anything but the room.

459. St. Mathew, ch. 3, v. 15. D. M. Carter. Sacred persons kneel deep in soap-suds.

460. The Golden Hours a study. Sophie Anderson. This should have been called "a white heat." Two metallic figures painted so as to not resemble nature, have been standing in the sun so long that one half of each of them has been heated to a white heat.

476. Frank Howland. George Jordan in his dressing-room and, it would seem, drawers. He is evidently about attiring for the stage and is pondering what he shall wear.

609. Henry Van Inger. A winter scene with several persons sleighing on a road laid down with ice cream vanilla, I think. This is an expensive amusement, but must be pleasant.

757. Warming Up. W. O. W. Dana. A strangely original picture. The sphynx is crouching on her massive pedestal in Broadway, during a winter snow storm. An Arab is beating his hands across his body to keep them warm. The Arab has been shovelling snow away from the door-stoop on which the sphynx couches. The allegory intended by the artist is, doubtless, poetic, but yet somewhat obscure.



"DON JUAN." FRANK HOWLAND.



464. A Study in Kaatskill Cove. A. H. Wengler. Some epileptic rocks frothing at the mouth.

465. Mating. Eastman Johnson. Charming twin episodes of spring, feelingly and truthfully rendered. Indeed, Mr. Johnson, in this picture, as well as in his "Freedom Ring" and "Marguerite," has revealed himself as a first class artist of the natural school.

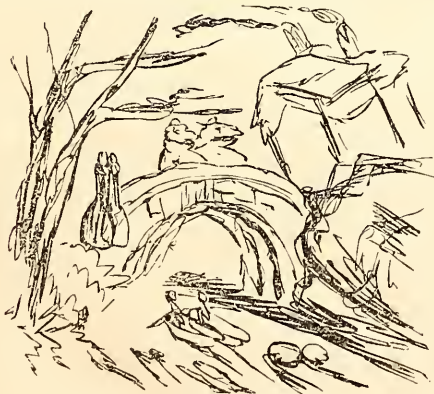
284. Wee Folk. Frank Bellew. A view in the infernal regions, with a troop of demons bearing a lost soul to the fiery pit. The malignant character of the devils is interpreted with great force and variety of expression. Yet stay—on consulting the catalogue, I find that they are not demons but fairies, and that they are bringing back a stolen child who is, they think, asleep, but who is in reality dead. I beg Mr. Bellew's pardon for this mistake. It was natural enough. Fairies are often quaint but never repulsive. They are called in Fairy land "the good people." Mr. Bellew's "wee folk" are malign. They are exceedingly bad in all but the drawing which is masterly, while the foliage is conscientiously brought out. What the committee mean by hanging a colorless drawing in the midst of a number of vivid pictures is more than I can make out. Mr. Bellew has good ground for doing another "removed by the painter."

199. Our Frost Leaves. Sophie Anderson. This is an admirable specimen of picture restoring. One half of the painting has been cleaned while the other half is still overloaded with the shadows of Time. The Academy ought to employ Miss Anderson to restore Mr. Elliott's substracted picture.

While I was making the foregoing notes, O'Titian's manner seemed to become suddenly wild and threatening. I could scarcely account for this, as he had, according to agreement, not left the room since he had entered, and consequently could not have become intoxicated. Yet everything about him seemed to indicate inebriety. He was flushed in the face, and communicated his opinion of various pictures to the general public in a loud and somewhat authoritative tone of voice. While considering a painting he would stand opposite to it and weave his head backward and forward after the manner of a bear or elephant. A strong alcoholic odor surrounded him. There could be no doubt about it. O'Titian was again intoxicated. But how did he become so? There was a mystery about it. I watched him closely, and in a little while I observed that he stealthily took from the pocket in which he told me he carried his revolver, a small metal flask, which he applied to his lips with great apparent satisfaction. I instantly accosted the wretch in my sternest manner, and upbraided him with his perfidy. The fellow put on a most martyred air, and had the impudence to assure me that there was nothing in the flask but some black tea, which he took for his nerves. Even while saying this, he was hardly able to stand, and waved his sketch-book wildly and in a vague manner, as if to bid defiance to the entire world. As a proof of his condition, I subjoin a copy of the



"OUR FROST LEAVES,"  
SOPHIE ANDERSON.



SKETCH MADE BY O'TITIAN WHEN VERY TIRED.

last sketch that he made. Finding himself detected, O'Titian became utterly reckless, and uttered a national war-whoop, the ferocity of which made my blood run cold. He took out his pen-knife, and vowed that he was going to cut every picture in the exhibition out of the frame, and chalk inside "removed by the greatest of living artists." On being dissuaded from this insane course, he, to my great consternation, drew a great roll of canvass from some portion of his person, which on unrolling I perceived to be one of his eternal historical pictures. This horrid production he commenced deliberately

hanging over Mr. Leighton's Romeo and Juliet, stating in the coarsest and most desperate language that he would murder any one who interfered with him. No one in the room seemed to have any doubt of this, and he was left uninterrupted. I, however, feeling some interest in the young man, who although wild and reckless is not yet entirely lost, promised him faithfully that if he would take his



KYNGE RICHARDE AND YE CRUELLE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMME.

delicious picture down (I called it delicious to him) I would have a sketch of it published in VANITY FAIR. This seemed to appease him somewhat, and hesulently consented. I give a correct drawing of the abominable thing. After this I made a bold effort to get him away, and in consequence was obliged to pass over many charming pictures in silence, such as Mr. Saintin's delightful crayon sketches, a little picture called the Love-letter, by Zimmerman, which is remarkably well painted, and several more ambitious but not such successful works.

I cannot conclude without speaking of a bust No. 207 by Mr. Launt Thompson. There is a vague and inexplicable beauty in youth that is independent of regularity of feature or even symmetry of form. It is not to be put into words. The French call it the beauté du diable for it is the most dangerous and seductive of all charms. This sentiment Mr. Thompson's bust seems to me eminently to possess. It is easy, natural, and young.

The next morning before I was out of bed, I received a hurried note from O'Titian, dated from the 13th Ward Station House, informing me that he had met with a slight accident which confined him to his cell, and begging of me to assist him. The accident consisted, I discovered on hastening to the place, of the knocking down of a policeman, and consequent incarceration. I found O'Titian very contrite with a large black eye, amusing himself in his solitude with making the sketch which terminates this article which he said was a copy of the best picture in the Academy. I succeeded in getting him released, but never will I go anywhere again with O'Titian. Never!

BISTER.



Raising the Scale.

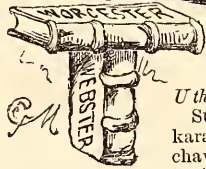
Taking example from the late Trade Strik's, our city Fathers have Put Up their Figure of Justice, at the Hall.

May Moving Made Easy.

To change your Quarters: purchase VANITY FAIR. Price six cents.



THE WAR OF THE DICTIONARIES.  
Interesting Letter from Charles Yellowplush, Esq.  
LONDON, April 7th, 1860.



U the Editor of Vanity Fair—

SUR:—I hav had the honer to receev in my karakter of a literery man, pur steemer—the chawges being one pund ten—a copy of The Grate Amerikun Dickshunnery of ure grate Kosiderin' the plates, to the smawl colleeshun of ofstandurd wurks which adawns my pantry; and very good it was in the propriyturs to knm down so liberully with the same. The orthor, movin' unfortunatly for himself in fashnable suckles has kum 2 an untimly end in konsquins of a kollishun with the sellybrated Doktor Parkmann; which I admit lends a tuchin interest to hiz wurk; tho' i must say that this wuz to some xtent wot I have all Along xpected, i du think—and well I remember makin' the sam remarque to my old freend, Sir Edwud Bulwig Lyttin—I du think that in the hurrih of swellin his cenawemus colleeshun, he has neglekted tu du justis to mi oun kontribushions to awethograffycal siens, which appered under the orspises of my akomplished freend, Mr. Thakery, who is well, and desires 2 be kindly remembered to the gentlemen of the New York Press Club; and better shampang he never drank than he found at their horsepittabul bord. Men of grate and missylancyus akquirements like myself air frekently requested to mak addishuns to litterayshure; and it is no secret among the traid that i hav been askd to kumpile a Dickshunnery; but that i have Been Prevented by my meny publik avocashuns. Of korse the Doktor will hav his defenders and of korse, until my rite hand furgets its kunnin' I shall hav 1; but havin seen 'at the Brittish Muzeum a copy of a wurk by Doktor Webster,\* I do not feel as if in my old age, i kould giv up my lorils and reputashun for authorgrafy and good manners. Nou, Mr. Edytor, I will tak the furst sentens to begin with, sez the Doktor, writin in his own weigh and not in mine:

"The first thing recommended to your attention, iz: the eare of your helth and the preservation of your bodily constitution."

No, as i hav alwase sed, if a sistem is wuth follering, it is wuth follering completeligh; & besides i Denigh that "helth" is the 1st thing rekommended to young Gentlemen in the abuv; I say it is spellin and very bad spellin B sides. The orthur pretends to foller me; but duz he du it at all? I hop My Frenzs no me well enuf to kno that in spellin the 4 going extruck ishoo have writn:

"The fust thing rekumendel to yr attenshun is the kare of yr helth and the preservashun of ure bodily konstitushon."

\*An Address to Young Gentlemen. By Noah Webster, Hartford, 1790.

That, Sr, wuld hav bin something like refawm and tru eleganz in gustis to miself and mi sitem, i giv u specimens of mi orthogrfay and the Doktor's:

Dok. Webster.

C. Yellowplush, esq.,

receev  
bizziness  
disees  
fateeging  
wimen

reseev  
bizzyniss  
dizeze  
fateagnein  
wimmin.

—I fansy, sir, that in this kontroversy spellin is the mane pint between me and the Doktor; but i beleev that in direkshuns to young people of a medikul turn i kould sirparse him. For instuns: a yung gentlemun has takin a kold. Wot does the Doktor rekumend?

"Dancing in a warm room, or other violent exercise will generally throw a person into a copious sweit in a few minutes; and this, two or three times repeated will usually releev the person."

—ishuld think so! the ideer! dancin ureself in 2 a kopius swet! then the Doktor goze on to rekumend to young gentlemun "to oil their bodies as an infallible means of garding themselves from diseez." Phansy 1 of his pashunts, havin oiled his boddly, and dansin' in a warm room!

But the Doktor gives allsow another essa for his amiable frends the yung wimmin, and very pretty it sertinly iz in sum of its epxresshuns. For instinz:

"A collection of sweet little beings with voices as melodious as the notes of the nightingale whose cheeks even a whisper will caver with blushes, and whose hearts are az pure az the fallen snow-drop; is heaven in miniature."

That is all very well; but what air these luvly yung kreechers, i shud like to kno, if they can not spell? hou are they ever tu kno if they foller the Doktor in his ridickyewlus attmpts to foller me. Still i admit that the Doktor's spellin is wus than his moruls. Here 'im!

"But when a woman is ineautious, when she is reddy to fall into the arms of any man that approaches her, she remoooves the barrier of her reputation."

i shood say so. I have seen a good dele of the best society, and i agree with the Doktor.

And here is more shroodnes and spellin:

"Do you ask how you shall discover the true karakter of a woman, so as not to be deceived? I answer, this must depend mostly on observations of your own."

And here is a rekumendashun to yung gentlemen who want to be as good riters as Dr. Noah.

"When your rite, accustom yourself to stand at a high desk."

Now my advise would be; "when you rite akkustum ureself to get upon a hi horse," i think mi advise as good, at leest as the Doktor's.

It iz possyble that i mite not have thout it nessesery to rite these lines, if my opinyun had not bin sort by the publishers of Doktor Webster's Dickshunnery; which, as a litterery man i hav not Thought it proper to surpress. The Bishop of London dind at our hous the other day, and His Opinyun, i found out wuz mi one befor i had changd his Ludship's plate twise. So with these remawks I remain  
Yure umble freend

and servent,  
CHAWLS YELLOPLUSH.

#### A Fine Opening.

We think it was Sairey Gamp who said that it "was the easiest thing in the world to be a nuss; for it wasn't often that the patients wanted anything, and when they did, they didn't get it." The new Commissioners of Charities—née Alms House Governors, are advertising for "nusses." The *Herald* of Thursday has this:

**HOSPITAL NURSES WANTED.**—THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES AND Correction will receive written applications at their office, Rotunda, Park, for male and female nurses at Bellevue Hospital. None but persons of unexceptionable character, with good references need apply. Wages will depend upon the value of the service rendered.

What must be the nature of the references, gentlemen? Must they show that they are not afraid of rats, and are good at leaving a ward of sick women all night without attendance? What must be the nature of the services? Must they be good rat-catchers, and does that last paragraph in the advertisement mean that they will be compensated in proportion to the number of rats they catch?

#### All Afloat.

The Southern Delegates, at Charleston, rather than Wave their rights in the Convention, have determined to try a little Sea Session.

#### Con. by a Philanthropist.

What Trade is hardest on Apprentices?  
The Coolie Trade.





BRITISH STATESMAN OF THE PERIOD.

EARL GREY (*is supposed to be speaking of the universal Yankee Nation.*)—They are perfectly helpless and powerless, and the whole power, both legislative and executive, has fallen exclusively into the hands of those men who do not scruple to flatter the lowest passions of the mob." [Hear, hear.]  
—Extract from Speech in the British House of Lords.

#### THE TRUE AND ONLY INTELLIGENCE RESPECTING THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TRANSMITTED, BY THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE, TO VANITY FAIR.

The conflicting accounts with regard to the anticipated visit to our shores of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, have made us anxious to obtain the most reliable information. We have done so. Through the kindness of Mr. Wise (*not of Virginia*) we went up at midnight, in a small balloon, to a position about half-way between this country and England, taking with us the American terminus of the new transatlantic telegraph. By a preconcerted arrangement, (made through a distinguished sporting gentleman of New-York) we there met Mr. Erwood, the racket-champion of Great-Britain, the most confidential friend of H. R. H., the Prince, in a similar balloon, and with the English end of the magnetic line in his hand. In accordance with the lucid directions given us by Sir C. W. Field, we then established the connection, and after celebrating the event over copious American champagne, washed down by genuine British cognac, we hung the cable securely up there, and descended to our office, where the battery was fixed. (The corresponding battery on the European side, we may add, was stationed in the office of "Bell's Life," where the Prince was incog., instructing Mr. Dowling to decide the fight in favor of Sayers, at all hazards.) In exactly twenty-three minutes, eleven seconds, and thirty-one sixtieths of a second, the communication began, as follows:—errors excepted:—"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will sail upon the 31st of May in four ships-of-war for your shores; His Royal Highness will distribute himself impartially among these magnificent vessels, so that you need not look for him in any particular one more than another. He will proceed over that fluid portion of Great Britain commonly known as the Atlantic Ocean, toward his Canada and Nova Scotia farms, where he wishes to inspect the potato-crop, and buy a pair of ponies for his little brothers. Here he expects to be received by Judge Haliburton, accompanied by the Hon. Samuel Slick, who will present him with the freedom of speech, in a neat pumpkin pie illuminated with New-England rum.

"After this imposing ceremony, he will proceed in state to

visit the lions of the country; from the lions he will descend to the inferior animals, such as apes, donkeys, &c. At this stage of his progress, he will expect to meet the Committee of Invitation from New York, headed by Alderman Boodle, bearing a free pass upon the Live Oak passenger railways, elegantly bound in the form of a gridiron. He will accept it in a neat speech, in which he will eagerly seize the occasion to pay himself and his nation their richly (unmerited tribute of praise, for all the high qualities—such as modesty, philanthropy, scorn of oppression, fair play, &c.—which have (never distinguished them. His R. H. after this oratorical triumph, will retire, amid enthusiastic shouts of "Fair Play and Old England for ever!" "Long may she wave!" "Very like a whale!" etc., especially prepared for the occasion.

"The Prince will then disguise himself as a very ordinary man, and quite young at that, and go to bed in so commonplace a manner that the most acute observer, seeing him at that moment, would never detect his royal Prerogative to be anything beyond the claim of human nature. . . ." Here the connection was interrupted by a large bald-headed Eagle alighting upon the wires at their junction midway between the two countries, and giving vent to an enormous scream, which (as we have since heard) vibrated over the cable to the office wherein the Prince and his suite were gathered, and exploded there with such violence as to seriously incommode His Royal Highness, and cause the British Referee, in a moment of unspeakable anguish, to decide the Fight in favor of John C. Heenan, Esquire. If the connection be ever re-established (which we doubt) our readers shall have the remainder of the Prince's Itinerary.

#### Important to Greeley.

We take this advertisement from the *Herald* of Tuesday, under the head of "PERSONAL."

JOHN BROWN WILL MEET HIS BROTHER WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, EIGHTH Avenue and Fifty-second street.

#### Highland Flings.

Bennett on Pryor.

#### GEOLOGICAL CATECHISM FOR BAR-KEEPERS.

Q. What is the first requisite for opening a good bar?

A. Plenty of Rocks.

Q. What formation should a bar-keeper first arrive at?

A. He should be Up to Trap.

Q. What stone would you use, in making a cold punch?

A. Lime.

Q. What do you understand by an Alluvial, or water Deposit?

A. First-Water Diamonds, are the best deposit I know of.

Q. What is the best stone for bottles?

A. Quartz.

Q. What stone would you use for credit customers?

A. Slate.

Q. What stone is most found in pugilistic pot houses?

A. Spar.

Q. Of what geological stratum should dark brandy be?

A. The Old Red.

Q. Is there such a thing as a harmless Tight?

A. Yes; a Stalac-tite.

Q. What stone should every bar-keeper have full knowledge of, before he can make mixed drinks?

A. Horn-blend(e).

Valuable on account of Association.

Why did not the Baltimore Convention nominate the Hon. Howell Cobb for the Presidency? It would have sounded so natural, eh, Cobb and Everett?

#### A Play on Words.

English Fair Play.



## HERE AND THERE.



in the orchestra had done playing (Ned I regret to say is profane to a degree, or he would not have dared to allude in such light terms to the portly and estimable Cook) after he'd done playing up went the curtain. Then there was a fellow in blue—he wasn't Bluebeard, you know, but another fellow—and he was singing under a window, and then a woman came out of the window, and down the ladder. She was ever so long getting down the ladder, though. You should see the way that me and Bob go up and down the ladders at Ottignon's. And she sang all the while she was coming down. Me and Bob can't sing on the ladders a bit. It is as much as we can do to skip three rungs at a time. Well, then the fellow in blue said he loved her ever so much, and she said she loved him that big (pantomime of Edward here with arm) but that her father had promised her to a great big Turk—that's Bluebeard you know—and then her father came out and gave her an up and down scolding and dragged her away. And then a procession came on of men and women in turbans, and they had crooked swords, and some were on horseback, and they sang there. Could you sing on horseback? I couldn't. Then on came Bluebeard on an elephant. A regular smasher he was, I tell you. Why Bluebeard had to get a ladder to come down off his back. Bluebeard was the fellow come to fetch the woman you know, and he had a great long beard as blue as anything. He had a turban, and was covered all over with jewels twice as big and handsome as mother's diamonds, and he wore them all down his legs. Mother don't wear her diamonds on her legs, does she? I thought not. Well, he told the young woman that he was come for her, and she kind o' didn't like it, but 'twas no use, and so off she went with him to his mysterious castle. The castle was a bully place, I tell you. There was a blue chamber in it which was always locked up, and nobody was allowed to go into it, and Bluebeard had cut off the heads of I don't know how many wives because they had looked into it, and he had a servant called Huckaback, or some such name, who was always in a fright about Canoll—that's Bluebeard you know—and he wants to tell the young woman all about the Blue room only he's afraid. Then Canoll comes in and says to his wife that he's going out for a ride, and gives her the keys of the house, only he tells her not to go into the Blue room. Then when he's gone she feels kind o' lonesome and goes to look at all the rooms with the housemaid until she comes to the Blue room, and then she thinks she won't go in, and then she thinks she will, and at last she does, and the door flies open, and there's a skeleton and flames, and she faints, and sings a song. Then Canoll comes in and asks for the keys, and she gives them, and he discovers by the blue key that she's been at the room, and he gives her rats, and draws his sword to kill her, but then gives her an hour to live, and her sister looks out of the window and sees people coming like winking. Just at the moment that Canoll is going to cut off his wife's head, the people attack the castle, and save the young woman, and Bluebeard is killed, and that's all. And then there's lots of riding and gymnastics afterwards, and don't the Hanlons do the trapeze bully? Me and Bob are going to do it at the gymnasium next week.

Then having helped himself to a cigar from my case, Neddy sauntered off to give an account of his theatrical experiences to some one else.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, is opposed to the reception of the Japanese at Washington. He stigmatizes it as "an expensive humbug." He won't see it at any price. Great commercial advantages, a fertile alliance, a stimulus to our shipping interests, are as nothing to the noble Cox, when compared with the money that will go to the hotel keepers and tradespeople of Washington. The virtuous Cox groans over the possible hundred thousand dollars or so that will be expended in securing to this country mercantile privileges for which other countries have sighed in vain. "How much better would it be," doubtless

thinks the economical Cox, "if all this money were spent here—amongst us. How much more sensible to give one Cox, from Ohio, a ten or twelve thousand of it. Cox is a white man. Cox is a democrat. Cox has relatives to support. Cox is an honor to his country and an ornament to the House. Cox is a full-blooded American, and yet he lives to see his native coin prodigally expended on a set of rice-eating, petticoated foreigners! If such things are allowed to go on, the Union will be in danger." Such I am convinced are Cox's sentiments. In fact I am Cox sure of it.

Well, commenced Ned,

after the fat old fellow

the drama in question.

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Yellow Jack will be allowed to have any number of Jills this summer. The sepoys of Staten Island may leave their muskets hanging on the wall. We are to have no Quarantine. No iron scow, no burning of bedding, no physicians' certificates, no siege of hospitals, no Seventh Regiment, no nothing. But instead we shall have pestilential vessels poisoning our city. Ill ventilated neighborhoods decimated by the enemy; and consternation, flight from the city, and consequent paralysis of business. If some step is not taken to protect us from this scourge we will have a tale to tell as pathetic as the story of LeFevre.

Signed,



## ENGLAND'S SERENADE TO JAPAN.

AIR—*Gentle Zitella.*

Gentle Japanner,

Listen, I pray,

Why, in such manner,

Drive me away?

Ah! well I know why you close your abode, Powhatan's advancing, the Yankee's abroad.

But, gentle Japanner,

Listen, I pray,

Nor in such manner

Drive me away.

Gentle Japanner,

If you'll act fair,

Under my banner

I'll take you, I swear.

Each soldier shall serve as well as each ship, If to those Yankees you will give the slip.

So gentle Japanner

Listen I pray,

Nor in such manner

Chase me away.

Notes, per Camden and Amboy.

Philadelphia has always been an immense city—in the opinion of Philadelphians. But now, they begin to think it too extensive. At least we judge so, from hearing that a majority of them believe Chestnut-street wants a-bridg(e)ing at the Schnylkill.

They've long been begging a site for their Post Office in Philadelphia. U. S. has at length 'fixed a site' for them. We can only wish they may see the Post Office through it. But we cannot help fearing that this is a sight in perspective.

On Dit.

'Tis said that e'er his banner to the breeze was flung

Out of poor Bell a heavy Toll was wrung.

And now as the Bell-wether of the lot, They'll fleece him well e'er sending him to pot!

An Ill-au'-noisy Affair.

The Chicago Convention.





1st Professional. — WHICH WOS YER A GOIN TO, JOE ?

2nd Ditto. — UP TO THE METROPOLITAN.

1st — BAH ! I'M DOWN ON THAT HOUSE. THEIR TABLE AIN'T WOT IT WOS, NO HOW, I AIN'T SEEN A BIT O' POULTRY ABOUT THAT ERE PLACE FOR A WEEK.

2nd — YES, I KNOW IT AIN'T MUCH TO SPEAK OF NOW, BUT THAT'S COS THEY'RE LATIN' BACK FOR THEM JAPANESE FELLERS.

#### THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.

'EYE' THE THIRD.

"The world (of buttons) is all before me, where to choose!" Perhaps, madam, I had better have written that quotation at the head of my first article, because—madam?—You are not a French lady and may not be married? It is true! But I prefer to address you as madam, for, at least, two reasons: (And let me tell you, in parenthesis, he is a fortunate man who can adduce even one passable reason for his conduct.) First, because my natural(ized) diffidence forbids my writing thus unsolicited to any young maiden-reader of *VANITY FAIR*; and secondly, because there is no English title that synonymizes with madam. I compromise too, you see, by clipping the final *e*. And so, let us return to our buttons. And let us begin with the button of the waist-hand. This is simply—the *BUTTON OF DIGESTIVE PSYCHOLOGY*. An attentive study of this button will enable you to analyse individual character more accurately than all the theories of Lavater. Man is moulded æsthetically by his digestive apparatus. He has not a passion independent of the state of his stomach. I could write a volume on this great physiological truth madam, as bulky, and almost as abstruse as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. In which, by the way, pages 247-8-9 (in my edition) you will find a confirmation of my statement as to this condign influence of the *epigastrium* upon the sentiments. Study the waist-button madam! I pass to the coat-buttons. Observe, I say buttons—plurally! Each button of the coat is an æsthetic-type. The top button, that at the shoulders, is the *BUTTON OF PRECIPITANCY*. When a man makes a sudden impulsive resolution, whether from anger, from grief, from disappointment, etc., his first action is generally—mind! I do not say always!—to button his coat. And, if he does button it, he invariably, under this impulse, begins at the top button! Nay, very frequently he buttons no further, You may rely on this æsthetic fact, madam.

The second button, (going waist-ward) is the *FIRST REFLECTION BUTTON*. This buttoned or left free, marks the progress of the precipitate determination, from or toward fixity. The third button is the *SECOND REFLECTION BUTTON*, making another stage. The third, fourth, and so on, to the waist-button of the coat, are each progressively reflective. The waist-button is the *RUBICON BUTTON*! That once fairly strangled in the button-hole—and the die is cast!

You see, madam, there is considerable philosophy—speaking æsthetically—in buttons!

One more button, and we come to the door-button, madam.

The penultimate button is the *STRAP-BUTTON*. The strap-button, except æsthetically, is, in a measure, obsolete. In or about the time of the Presidency of Martin Van Buren (with a capital B. if you choose, madam) the strap-button was a mark of understanding. A man buttoned his gentility to his hoot. It was useless for one without straps to attempt to attach himself to the buttons of polite society. There was a good deal of leather about the worth of the man in those days, in spite of Mr. Pope. Now, it is chiefly measured by Troy-weights, in gold—and brass. There is still an attachment manifested for the strap (and therefore for its button) in some parts of this country. Chiefly by the people usually known as "Yankees." The 'Yankee' once frequented the 'common walks' of life, but of late he is only met on its 'stage.' There, you will often find him, madam, excessively 'strapped.' For any further information I refer you with pride, to Mr. A. Trenchard Clarke; Dan Marhle, Jr.; and other distinguished 'Yankees.' I omitted Mr. Thomas Taylor, of London. I beg his pardon. From his birth and long residence in England, this talented Dramatist has been enabled to study and depict the Yankee eccentricities of speech, dress, and character, with unprecedented success. Inquire of Mr. Thomas Taylor, madam, concerning the strap-button.

When I next have the honor of addressing you, it will be solely upon the æsthetics of the door-button. I trust I shall be able to open the subject agreeably, and close it to your satisfaction.

Your very humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

#### COUNTER-JUMPER.

A MELODY.

This truly remarkable poem, of which TENNYSON'S "Clarihel" is evidently a parody, was found among the papers of a Reformed Counter-jumper. Taken in connection with the extraordinary notes it will be found to contain a highly instructive moral lesson.

Where the Counter-jumper lieth\*  
The ladies pause and buy,  
Letting the gold-piece fall :  
But the solemn outcast sigheth,†  
Sad-browed, funereal,  
With the outward sob and sigh  
Of an inward agony,  
While the Counter-jumper lieth.

At eve the fellow boometh‡  
About the city lone,  
At noon his boss he hummeth§  
In his store of marble stone :  
At midnight home he cometh  
And getteth drunk alone.  
His form to fatness swelleth,  
So lazily he dwelleth,  
His frizzled hair he crispeth ;  
But sharp V. F. replieth,||  
When the Counter-jumper lieth!

#### Conventional Joke.

The Southern Democrats are evidently determined to keep the door well closed against Republicanism. Their dead Locks in Congress having failed last winter, they have fixed the matter at Charleston by a tremendous Bolt.

#### Boiled but not Basted.

A sporting paper described the Benicia Boy's head after the great fight as looking like a pudding. It must have been a Batter pudding, then.

\*This plainly refers to the telling of falsehoods, and not to the assumption of a recumbent posture, as TENNYSON has made it in his parody. The Counter-jumper, it is supposed, habitually misrepresents the quality of his wares.

†This reference can be understood in but one way. Poor women, whose rightful place is behind dry-goods counters, are compelled to become outcasts and vagrants by the male Counter-jumper's usurpation of their natural calling.

‡"The Best" dictionaries define the word "boom" as a portion of a vessel's rigging, and as a sound. There is an understanding, however, that the verb "to boom around," "to go on a boom," signifies to go on a spree of intensity. The dissolute habits of the Counter-jumper are probably alluded to.

§"Hummeth," must be a contraction of 'humbbuggeth,' to deelve, to mislead. The Counter-jumper wishes his boss, or employer, to consider him a virtuous and respectable person.

||The course of *VANITY FAIR*, with regard to the Counter-jumper, was plainly familiar to the writer of this poem, probably by means of some prophetic gifts.



## OUR AGRICULTURAL COLUMN.

Crop Prospects for 1860.



of cigar-boxes, bearing the genuine Habana stamp, lie idle. But few plugs of pig-tail have appeared above the ground, and these few droop. Fine Cut has done better. One crop has already been gleaned and is in ricks, awaiting Mrs. Miller's orders. In Virginia the Turkish tobacco is miserably backward, and it is feared that the supply will not be sufficient to meet the demand of the Sultan. The failure of the crop in this state is attributed to John Brown.

## PEANUTS.

There is every indication that the country will be favored with an abundant harvest of this truly democratic fruit. The orchards are laden. An agricultural wag informed us that they would Shell Out largely. He said, likewise, that that would be All Nuts to him. These remarks will serve to show the cheerful and confident spirit of the landed proprietors. The establishment of the Pony Express is considered a great thing for Real California. At Benicia, the home of the Boy, we found bushels of nuts literally rotting, the producers having no place left for their storage. It is impossible to describe the beauty of a rolling peanut orchard. It causes the heart involuntarily to acknowledge the bounty of Heaven, and to expand with gratitude for its manifold goodly gifts. The thought will intrude, how sad it is that in a world so glorious and fruitful, man alone should be ungrateful and rebellious! New Jersey is celebrated for its growth of Fresh Roasted. The traveller on Camden and Amboy cannot have failed to observe the brilliant buds waving on the hillsides and in the valleys of this teeming region. The sturdy yeomen have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success which has crowned their labors. The approach of the Presidential Election, and the speedy production of several attractive dramas at the Bowery theatres, render the prospect of a bountiful supply of Fresh Roasted very agreeable. We may confidently anticipate a decrease in the current prices.

## OLD RYE.

Farmer Oldbuck's extensive barns, near Lancaster, Pa., are overflowing with this esteemed tod. We were pleased to learn from his overseer that a finer crop, both as to quantity and quality had never before been taken. Specimens had been sent to the seat of government—and some went to the head. A large invoice was shipped to Charleston, which had the admirable effect of harmonizing the Convention there in session. Recommendations have been received from gentlemen of the highest respectability. A member of the Cabinet writes "I drink nothing else." Says General Bowman, "Your Old Rye sets up my Constitution daily." We believe the cultivation of it may become general. It is destined in a few years to supplant all other articles in the market. Every farmer who expects some day to be President should raise it. Directions for Planting, etc., can be procured on application at the White House, Washington.

## JAPANESE POLISH.

This choice domestic fruit is in a brilliantly forward state of development. Perhaps before this meets the reader's eye it will be in the market. We everywhere observed indications of a yield

equal to the necessities of the whole country, while the agriculturists anticipate no difficulty in supplying the wants of the Japanese Embassy. It may not be generally known that the cultivation of the Polish is not carried on in the rural districts, but chiefly in the cities. There are farms of many acres in our midst, the soil of which is devoted to it. The tillers may even be met in the streets, bearing their sheaves with them.

## CHAMPAGNE.

The vineyards of New Jersey would gladden the heart of Bacchus himself. Rich juices are blushing through the skin of myriad excellent apples, and it will require but a few more days of genial sunshine such as is peculiar to Italy and Jersey, to begin the gladsome work of distillation. Thousands of generous and portly bottles, with new corks and labels, are awaiting the effervescing fluid. The voyage over Camden and Amboy and the Jersey City ferry will consummate their value. Champagne is one of the most profitable of our staple products. We were informed by one of the heaviest vintners in the apple-growing region, that two hundred per cent. is the average profit on each bottle exported.

The culture of the apple in this warm and juicy State is a great success, and the annual yield of the Jersey Lightning alone is a source of almost unlimited revenue.

## CALAMUS.

There will be a heavy crop of this health-giving root. We observed its graceful blossoms in many a meadow. Some of the farmers complain of the effects of the heavy rains, and others anticipate a falling-off on account of the severe drought; but the general feeling is one of pride and hope. In consequence of the failure of the tobacco crop an unusually active market for Calamus is expected this season. The rates will rule higher. We believe roots will be held at more than one cent each. But we shall be well prepared to bear this slight advance, the effects of the Crisis of '57 having entirely passed away.

## PORK.

We have reason to be unfeignedly thankful to the Giver of all Good Gifts for allowing us the whole hog this year. At Cincinnati we found the storehouses entirely filled with the first crop of bacon, which surpasses in fatness and juiciness any previous yield within our recollection. The Prime Mess beats all. Rumps are glowing with health. In all the Western pig-pastures nature smiled. Beans can always be relied upon.

## BOWIE KNIVES.

Throughout the West and the South the indications are most favorable for an abundant harvest. We saw the blades peeping above the ground in the least sheltered places, while in the warm atmosphere below Mason and Dixon's line, they are flashing out all the while. At Washington they are said to grow spontaneously. Mr. Pryor grows them in his pockets. The impending Dissolution of the Union will create an unparalleled demand for this staple product of our blood-bought soil.

Did not space and patience forbid, we should like to add some observations upon the prospects of the Moustache, Native Drama, Comic Paper, Original Drama, Bonnet, Opera, and other crops. We can only give it as our belief that the season of 1860 will be one long to be remembered, for the abundance and richness of its harvest. Truly, westward the star of Empire takes its way!

## See here.

Alluding to a late Prize Fight at the foot of Roosevelt-street, the *Courier and Enquirer* naively remarks:—

"It is rather singular that so large a crowd should have assembled without attracting the notice of the 4th Ward Police."

This compels us to own that the amazing ignorance and absurdity of "The Twins" deserve being called classical. Singular that the police should not know of it! Pshaw! What startles us more than this comment, though, is that the affair ever reached their ears at all.

## Capping the Climax.

FIRST URCHIN, (*irate*).—"You're a coward, and a liar, and a thief, and a—"

SECOND URCHIN, (*calmly*).—"Pooh! I don't care for all them names—not a bit!"

No. 1. (*with fiendish malice*).—"Don't you? Well, then! I'll tell you what you are! you're—you're a Member of Congress!"

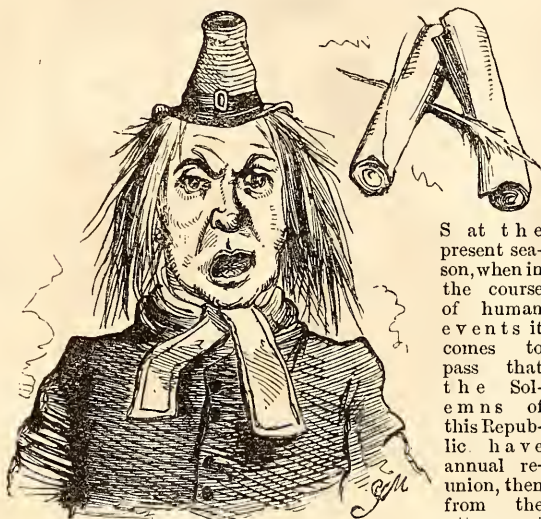
No. 2. (*furiously*).—"I'll lick you for that, by thunder!!!"

## The Heenan Quadrille.

Last Figure: all hands a Round.



## YE CLERICAL DELEGATE.



S at the present season, when in the course of human events it comes to pass that the Solemnities of this Republic have annual reunion, then from the uttermost

parts of Peoria and Herkimer cometh up ye Clerical Delegate. He cometh from the flowery dales of Orange, from the wilds of Berkshire, from the slumberous valley of the Kennebec. From the sun-parched South he cometh, from the breezy West, and from the inclement shores of the Northern Sea. The primitive simplicity of pastoral life is abandoned to a remote and beautiful repose. Agricultural delights woo him in vain to linger in Acadian bliss. Vainly 'the tapering spire of the village church' beckons, or seems to beckon him back. Vain is the eloquence of his little cottage, white amid embowering vines, with the emerald window shades indigenous to American dwellings! Vain are the wailings of childhood and even the young child howleth in vain. The flinty-hearted father is steadfast and migratory. Even the wife of his bosom sobbeth in vain on that paternal and gushing refuge. (He will take her along with him—even into the dangerous haunts of metropolitan iniquity!) So are obstacles conquered, and meadows left behind. He girdeth up his loins. He shaketh off the dust from boots of the period. And he advanceth upon the city 'like an army with banners.' Selah!

Ye Clerical Delegate is a marvellous person. When he walketh amid the ungodly, it is a grand and solemn spectacle. Behold him, launched into the unaccustomed splendors of the capital! Consider him as he paces in solemn state the much trodden and tumultuous thoroughfare of the metropolis! Always by his garb shall ye know him;—by the sable raiment that shines with the lustre of virtuous age; by the neckcloth of tawny white, decorous if not altogether snowy; by the hat of antique design and remote manufacture that seemeth to need the recuperation of a nap; by the studious shoulders, reverently inclined; by the studious chest, insecure and palpitating abode of a single lung; by the haggard and hungry countenance of dyspepsia and moral speculation; by the lean and hairy hands, the straggling and struggling whisker, the longitudinal and yellow teeth; by the gray shawl of protection wherein Ye Clerical Delegate seeketh ye affinity and ye festive bowl. Verily is it 'a big thing' to have Ye Clerical Delegate in our midst. He bringeth rhetoric with him, the fearless rhetoric of a mental wilderness. He bringeth precept, and tracts, and filthy lucre. He hath the innocence of the wolf, without his self-denial, and the sweetness of the lamb, without his timidity. Like the former cheerful beast, he is much given to praying; and, like the latter mild and meek animal, he runneth very much and maketh haste to fleece. For him the mock-auction hath no terror, and the Israelites of Chatham Street lay wait in vain. He saith among the Hebrews, 'Ha, Ha;' And he hurleth defiance at ye valiant auctioneer. He is welcome among the citizens, therefore, and it is good for him to be here. It is nice for the New Jerusalem and the daily papers; for the comfort of men—and women—and reporters—and for the Smithsonian Hotel; for W. Phillips and for the much-suffering and short-haired Sables of the South; for the rescue of the American Tract Society from a nightmare of negroes, and for the airy heloquence of Mrs. Elizabeth Jones; for the good of souls and the coffers of tradesmen; for the Cooper Institute, for the virtuous Bennett, and for all misbelieving pagans—in remote and ludicrous localities. It is nice, in fact, for all the best interests of the Sovereign

people of America, and accordingly it is very nice for V. F., for O'Titian, and for us.

Welcome and wassail for Ye Clerical Delegate!

## CURIOSITIES OF ANALOGY IN "ANIMATED NATURE."

According to Goldsmith } and { According to Tinsmith  
of England, about 1770. } Do. Do. { of America, about 1860.

No. 1.—THE BAT. [Goldsmith.] No. 1.—THE BAT, [Tinsmith.]  
"This class of animal serves to fill the chasm between quadrupeds and birds."

"This class of article has, thus far, chiefly served to fill the chasm in the pockets of the English cricketers."

"The Bat brings forth its young alive."

The 'Bat' brings forth its young (America) alive, and moreover, returns them alive—but much fatigued—to the domestic hearth.

"It sustains itself in the air by means of wings."

It sustains itself in the air, by means of hands.

"It makes its appearance early in the summer, and is generally about two and a half inches long."

It makes its appearance very early in the summer, and is often two and a half feet in length.

"Its flight is a laborious irregular movement and if it happens to meet with an obstacle in its course, it cannot very readily prepare for a second elevation."

Its ditto is similar and likewise, and if it happens to meet with an idem (ball—*ex gratia*) in its course, it cannot always readily prepare for a second *même-chose*.

"If it strikes an object, and falls to the ground, therefore, it is usually taken."

If it strikes an object (ball, or cricketer's 'conk') and falls to the ground, it is usually taken—up again immediately.

"At the approach of the cold season it prepares for a state of listless inactivity."

do. do. do.  
do. do. do.  
do. do. do.

"The bat in our own country, is a harmless, inoffensive creature. It is true, it now and then steals into a larder, &c., &c., but its unsteady flight and wabbling motion amuse the imagination, and add one figure more to the pleasing group of animated nature."

The bat in our own country is a (h)armful offensive creature. It now and then steals into the parental pocket-book, &c., &c., while its unsteady flight and wabbling motion abuse the imagination (of the too proximate bystander) and add more than one figure (in the form of a bump) to the pleasing (otherwise) group of animated (cricket) nature.

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE" CONTINUED.

## Some Men are born to Honors.

We have notable example before us, in high European quarters, to show that one man is capable of holding many offices. Prince Albert pockets the salary and fees of a dozen or more, and many members of "the privileged classes," revel in the like governmental pap. In view of this fact we cannot see why there should be any fault found with Mr. Bowen, who was unanimously elected by Bergen to fill the post of President of the Police Commission, when he already held the office of General Superintendent. We approve of the idea; what can be the use in having half a dozen to fill offices that can be filled by one. We therefore recommend that Mr. Bowen also accept the Captaincies of the Districts, the offices of the Police Surgeons, and as many of the minor positions as, in his natural modesty, he thinks he could get along with. Perhaps, on mature consideration, he will find that he could administer the entire department alone.

## Mother Goose's Sauce for the British Gander.

Jack Hecnan the scorer,  
Came from his corner,  
To knock Sayers all into pie,  
He thrust out his thumb,  
And knocked Sayers plumb,  
And said what a good Boy am I!

## Scriptural Advice.

See then that ye talk circumspectly, not as fools, nor as Wise.





## CARRYING CONVICTION WITH HIM.

"WE AIN'T LIKELY TO BE INTERRUPTED HERE, AND I THINK I CAN CONVINCE YOU THAT JACK HEENAN WON THAT ERE FIGHT WE WOS A TALKIN' ABOUT."

## A CRY FOR CUBA.

DEAR V. F.:—I am a man of limited means and am inordinately Fumiferous. My name being John my friends call me smoke-jack. In fact I am always enveloped in such a cloud of smoke that I somewhat resemble that geni in the fairy tale that the foolish fisherman let out of the pot. It is in consequence of my devotion to the Nicotian weed that I make so bold as to address you, and I call on all lovers of tobacco in the name of the great Sir Walter to Raleigh round me.

I cannot smoke a pipe. In fact I look on the pipe as a primitive and crude method of consuming the delicious narcotic. Besides it is annoying to be continually asked how your meerschattun is coloring. I devote myself to the elegant, aromatic, symmetrical cigar. Now I come to my grievance, which is no less than the enormous expense one has to go to, to gratify this taste. I cannot get good cigars under from \$45 to \$50 a thousand, and even these are not first class. Any superior article ranges from \$60 to \$100. I cannot afford these prices and therefore consider it an outrage on an American citizen that a necessity of life should be debarred him, simply on account of a few beggarly Spaniards who tax the commodity for their own benefit. In the name of the smoking community, I demand Cuba! Ten million of assentient puffs will respond to my demand. Look at the map! The island seems dropping into the Gulf of Mexico as naturally as a cigar into the American mouth. It belongs to us. Let us take it and restore the golden days of tobacco, when the best cigars were three cents, and every poor clerk could have his Havana. It is no use asking how we are to get it. Look at the immense surplus and useless population we maintain in the class known as the Counter-jumpers; here we have raw material for the construction of a Filibustering army that would be equal at least to the effeminate Cubans. It would be conferring a positive favor on the poor creatures to emancipate them even against their will, from the bonds of tape and bobbin in which they are entangled. Tennyson, in his Maud, predicts that in the event of Great Britain being invaded, every smug-faced clerk would jump from his counter and till and strike with the yardwand home. I don't think that the yardwand would be a very

effective weapon, although the English cloth yard shaft was once a terror to the French at Crecy and Poitiers. I would therefore suggest to our smug-faced filibusters that they depend on the regulation musket and Colt's revolver. The kind of drilling which they would receive in such a service, would be far manlier than the "drilling" they occupy themselves with at Stewart's. Let Singers' "young men" drop the needle for the bayonet, and Genin's "polite creatures" exchange the Godenski for the shako. I commend this proposal to the attention of the government. It is not often that national commerce and national hygiene are so admirably combined. Let us have Cuba!

JOHANN NICOT.

## JOHN BULL AND THE JAPANESE.

The American Eagle screams. If an eagle could "holler" we would say that the noble bird "hollered." But the scream is enough. It vibrates across the Atlantic, and shakes Windsor Castle to its foundation, making the Queen, who is at breakfast, spill her chocolate with terror. If the scream doesn't do all this, we think it does it, which amounts to the same thing. The cause of this aquiline excitement is nothing more or less than a fresh triumph of our pet bird over the British lion. We have succeeded in opening relations with Japan, while by that nation England has been put out into the cold. Britannia feels badly about this. If she was not ashamed she would go down on her Japan knees to our illustrious allies, and beg a little of their patronage. Being a little above that, she consoles herself by proclaiming in the *London Times* that the Japanese Embassy is in reality bound for England, and that it only drops in on America as a sort of half way house. A refreshment station as it were on the road to the Albion terminus. But it's no use. Britain can't come in for any of our Japan ware. When she cries aloud for it, echo will answer, "ware!"

## Birds of a Feather.

It is rumored that, in the event of Mr. Everett, Author of the "Mount Vernon Papers," being elected to the Vice Presidency, Mr. Cobb, Author of "The Gunmaker of Moscow," will receive a Cabinet appointment.



VANITY FAIR.



WHAT A PITY!

BRITANNIA.—JOHNNY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
JOHNNY BULL.—Bee-hoo! JOVATHAN HAS GONE AND TAKEN MY JAPAN KAN, AND NOW HE WANTS TO TAKE MY BELT, TOO—OOHOO!







## THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION!

## OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."

The Anniversaries are a great institution. I like the Anniversaries, though it always rains, and there are a good many people on Broadway, about that time of year, who are aren't very nice. I am fond of Reforms. I don't know that I ever indulged in a personal reformation, myself, but I like to see other people reformed. Perhaps that was the reason why I went to the Woman's Rights Convention, last Friday morning. Perhaps it wasn't. Perhaps the Woman's Rights Convention doesn't reform anybody. Anyhow, I went, and I'm going to tell you about it.

At the witching hour of five minutes past ten, I sought a rear door of the Cooper Institute, the front doors not being open. There was no door-keeper there, though the notices said that ten cents would be charged for admission, to defray expenses. I went in free, therefore, but if the Woman's Rights Convention will call at this office, I shall be happy to fork over my dime.

Well, I entered the solemn and sarcophagal hall that occupies the lower part of the Institute. I found there a few women, mostly advanced in years, wearing the expression of an incipient sneeze upon their faces. Not a cheerful expression; whence I judged they had not yet got their Rights. There were also several old gentlemen with fuzzy-buzzy gray hair and blue umbrellas. I got well out of sight, behind a pillar, to make a few notes—being naturally timid—and waited, patiently, for the Convention to begin. The audience came in slowly. Many more women with frozen sneezes upon their visages. Many severe-faced men, with instructive and utilitarian coughs. Many young women—under thirties, at least—with shoe-string curls and gray complexions. Many very, very good boys with turn-over collars and hair evidently brushed by strong minded mammas. The style of the audience was, in short, provincial and reformatory. Last year's bonnets were largely in the ascendant. Some quaker costumes loomed up here and there. Finally, a gentle but unwholesome-looking person, whom I took to be a male, seated himself in front of me, and read little tracts, entitled "Civil and Religious Equality;" "It Is So Unladylike," etc. I began to feel lonesome, like Belzoni in a cave full of mummies. I was the only respectable and Christianly-looking person in the hall, and everybody seemed to look at me, knowing that I was an outsider, who didn't belong to the boat.

About the time when I was really uncomfortable, two pretty girls came in, who were also outsiders, apparently, and I breathed freer. The exercises then commenced by the folks on the platform gathering in a small group, for a confidential conversation—apparently a sort of private tea-party, without any tea. I should have liked very much to have gone down in front, to make up a private tea-party with the two pretty girls; but, as I said before, I am timid, so I didn't do it.

After a great deal of confidential conversation had been disposed of, the folks on the stage arranged themselves. A mild, faded maiden, in spectacles, sat in the middle. On each side of her sat two other mild, faded maidens, in spectacles. Beyond them, sat two rows of mild, faded maidens, in spectacles. It was a Dream of Plain Women. There were some men among them, to be sure, but they were all so much alike that a superficial spectator would not have observed more than one sex, or a sex and a half, at most.

The only person whom I knew, in the whole company, was Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer (no relation to the celebrated Poughkeepsie Beer), a tall man with black eyes, hair, beard, and finger-nails, who looks like a reformed Mephistopheles on half-pay.

The meeting was opened by Miss Anthony, a mild, faded maiden, in spectacles, who read, rather badly, some resolutions for the abolition of the masculine gender. These were received with great equanimity on the part of the audience. A female person named Jones, of Ohio, was then introduced. I think I've heard the name before, but I could not recall her countenance. She was welcomed with applause, by three people, and began a speech which she did not finish under about three hours and a half. I observed that while Jones spoke, Anthony read the *Tribune* assiduously, and conversed with a friend on the platform—a mild, faded maiden, with spectacles.

Jones aroused occasional faint bursts of applause, and sometimes a few hisses also, but the latter were somewhat inappropriate, generally following some lofty moral sentiment, dramatically severe and commonplace. They applauded those things in the theatres. Jones spoke a good deal too much, and said altogether too little. She was very heavy on the property question, and larded her discourse with ancient and fish-like anecdotes, culled from the classic pages of the late Joseph Miller. She made people laugh, however, and success is something, even in a Woman's Rights Convention. At length Jones simmered down, as the boys say, and retired to a chair, wiping her rather bulgy forehead, and receiving the felicitations of her friends—three mild, faded maidens, with spectacles.

A Brooklyn sensation preacher followed. He said he spoke to please the women, but I didn't hear him say anything that seemed to please anybody more than himself. Spying a friend on the platform, at this juncture, I joined him, and we went out to relieve the dryness of the occasion by judicious imbibition. When we returned, Mrs. Stanton, of Ohio (they make Woman's Rights folks out there), was on the floor, saying things of a tragic character, in a solemn and ponderous voice. A regular tomb-stone speech, as lively as a funeral on a rainy day. She talked about the "threshold of life," the "inner sanctuary," etc.; likewise the "bloated drunkard," the "interests of the nation," and other delicacies of the season.

Meanwhile, Jones, of Ohio, having made a *lionne* of herself by her intimate knowledge of Joseph Miller's writings, took to perambulation, and enjoyed a very large circulation on and about the stage for some time.

A person (female,) then arose, and pitched into the Stanton, on behalf of what she called "the fundamental principles" of marriage. I lost the most of this speech, however, because the two pretty girls began to attract my attention much more strongly. On returning from our bibulous effort, my friend and I took seats on the platform, whence I could see the fair maidens. They were pupils of the School of Design, upstairs, I fancy, for they were armed with sketch-books, and speedily commenced limning the manly and noble features of your humble servant. Here was a pleasant situation for a timorous man! However, I steadied my nerves, braced my feet against a chair, assumed a choice quality of expression, and let them go it. When they had done, I turned the tables on them by sketching them in turn. I began with the youngest. She blushed. I didn't. That was the difference between us. Then I attacked the other—a nice blonde, with ringlets. She hid her face in her hands, at first, but concluded to look severely unconscious, and submit. I took notice, however, that she furtively arranged her ringlets and ribbons, when she thought I wasn't looking. The unknown person who was troubled with "fundamental principles" now finished, and Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose took it up. She spoke of Marriage and Divorce, in a very pugilistic voice, mouthing her words as if they tasted good. She said she thought "Women ought to be allowed to separate." I think so, too. Her style was copious and vehement, and she spoke with a foreign accent, like that of Madame Runk, who used to meet in Union Park in the winter of '57. Rose is pretty smart, though, and gave the *Tribune* some neat slaps. Her husband is Mr. Ernestine L. Rose. I met him once. He is a very ladylike person. A mild, faded man, with spectacles.

Wendell Phillips flashed upon our sight next. He gave the previous speakers especial fits, and said they hadn't any business to talk about Marriage and Divorce, or anything else, at a Woman's Rights meeting; moreover, they didn't know anything worth mentioning, and were rather stupid generally.

At this point I fell a victim to a headache, and a desire to get out of the atmosphere of strong-mindedness that reigned thereabout. I sallied forth accordingly, only pausing to let the two pretty girls pass out—bless their bright eyes!—and to hear William Lloyd Garrison introduced by a lady on the platform—a mild faded maiden, with spectacles. When I go to another Woman's Rights Convention, please let me know, will you, and oblige

## The Undersigned.

Dowling.

Who talked fair play he never meant?  
Who juggled with the Great Event?  
Who swindled all this continent?  
Why, Dowling!

Who prosed of honor in the ring,  
And never dreamed of such a thing?  
What scoundrel ought to highest swing?  
Why, Dowling!

Who, when our Boy was sure to win,  
Let hireling rowdies rush right in,  
So that he might not lose his tin?  
Why, Dowling!

Who basely left his sacred post  
The moment he was wanted most?  
Who stained old Britain's proudest boast?  
Why, Dowling!

If England's what she used to be,  
Oh! trust me we will never see  
Another British Referee

Like Dowling!

CAUGHT IN THE SNARES OF THE FOWLER.—\$155,000.



## "LE BOXE."

To the reader unlearned in the Anglo-Gallic language now so generally cultivated in France among the patrons of what is there termed "le sport," we must premise that the words forming the caption of this article constitute the term applied in that country to what we, in our less comprehensive vernacular, call the "Sports of the P. R." Whether in complimentary acquiescence with John Bull and with the *entente cordiale* at present subsisting between that fat person and France, or as a preparation for "le row" that must follow the possible rupture of the arachnean thread in question, the Frenchman is throwing himself into the muscular movement of the day with what he would call a terrible *élan*, but which we must be content to characterise as a tremendous rush. To such an extent, indeed, is the mania for "le boxe" pervading even the upper classes of the community in Paris, that we have an anecdote of a distinguished advocate there—Dupin, if we remember rightly—who, on being asked by a stranger from Connecticut what his profession was, eagerly replied "One pug!" Here, then, was a collateral national movement which, in our capacity of journalists, it would have been culpable in us to have ignored. Our duty is to instruct as well as to amuse—actuated by which principle, and not unmindful of the Horatian precept that "a bird in the eye is worth two in the ear," we lately dispatched to Paris two of the most distinguished artists of our time and country, the result of whose combined talents appears in the splendid illustration at the foot of this article. By this it will be seen that the French manner of practising "le sparre" differs from ours. The Frenchman fights with foot as well as fist. Indeed, so much more does he depend on "le kicke" than on "le shoulder-hitte," that he generally throws himself on his head when he wants to "countare," and always inverts himself into "le raleigh" with two somersets and a *hold-ho*! His politeness forbids him to fight unless gloved, hand and foot. His conflicts are fierce but innocuous, the battle being usually decided by first blood—*premier Lafitte*. It is interesting to mark the inversive genius of the French people—in contemplating which we cease to wonder that the man who calls a Herring safe a safe Herring should stand on his head and spar with his feet. With due regard to the character of the subject, and without any whatever to expense, our artists have drawn the subjoined illustration, also upon le Box.



FRENCH FUGILISTS ENGAGED IN "LE BOXE."

## Piety in Posture.

When that mighty mill of Governmental corruption and humbug, the Albany Legislature, was about to break up its nefarious sitting and cease grinding the faces of the New Yorkers, it endeavored to palliate a long term of rascality by making an Anti-enjoy-yourself-on-Sunday Law, as a sort of antidote to former wickedness. The dreadful Sabbatarians are immensely pleased with it, but alas! the New Jerusalem does not seem any more imminent now than it was three weeks ago, the only practical difference observable being that he who wishes to drink in a bar-room on Sunday, must now do so sitting down. What especial piety there is in a sitting imbibition, we know not, but it is imperative. The ideas held by the legislators of the agricultural districts, concerning morality, are indeed singular. Would a murder be less heinous, if committed from an arm-chair?

To procure a glass of wine in a restaurant, the bibber must seek

the shadows of an oyster-box, and have his beaker placed upon a table ere he quaffs. Why table? Why oyster-box? Is tension of the femoral and tibial muscles immoral? The question is obscure, but we advise all who oppose sumptuary legislation to learn, first, if Sunday drinking is right under any circumstances. If it is, let all Stand Up for it.

## BRITISH JEALOUSY.

"When the Japanese Embassy was received on board the ROANOKE, at Aspinwall, all the shipping in the harbor displayed flags, fired salutes, and made other demonstrations of joy, save H. M. S., EMERALD, Rear-Admiral Sir ALEXANDER MILNE, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces of the North American station. The Admiral was invited to attend the reception of the Embassy on board the ROANOKE, but declined, saying that it was a nonsensical farce."

I.

The black-mouthed cannon boomed across the main,

Gay banners floated on the morning breeze;

Gun answered gun, and echo spoke again,

Welcoming to our shores the JAPANESE:

And every sight and sound of joy, that day,  
Came from the fleet at ASPINWALL that lay.

II.

Great steamers, with their huge leviathan length

Decked with the flags of many a distant shore;

And ships the very type of slumbrous strength,

Their black sides serried with the dogs of war;

And yachts, and sloops, and boats whose motley crews  
Swelled the glad welcome to the welcome news.

III.

But see, one stately frigate lies apart—

No flags, no rattling drums, no cannon's boom,

No signs of joy to stir the stranger's heart—

But sad and silent as a floating tomb:

O, BRITAIN! when shall thy escutcheon be

Cleansed from the stain of petty jealousy?

IV.

Upon JAPAN's far hills have we unfurled

Our starry banner, and her ports we see

Ope to the commerce of our Western world,

For where that flag floats, liberty must be:

Ah, British cheeks should blush as they confess

This shameful show of British sulkiness!

V.

Well, let them silent be! across the main

Our cannon roar, our flags wave on the breeze;

Though English cannon answer not again

We still can fitly greet the JAPANESE;

And when once more they seek their native ground,

Let them relate where most Fair Play they found!

## THE BARBARIANS!

It seems that marriage is compulsory in Japan. The government, having a due regard for the happiness and increase of the population, insists on the marriage of every woman at a certain age. If she has been unable to choose a husband for herself, or to be chosen by one, the authorities take the matter in hand; select an eligible man, and marry them off, piff! paff! poof! on the spur of the moment.

Ethnologically considered, this is very curious, and philosophers might have a good deal of fun, in their own peculiar way, by puzzling their brains to discover the radical difference in the origin of the Japanese and the New Yorkers. Nothing less than a radical difference of origin could result in the production of such dissimilarities in the young females of the two places. As every marriageable man knows, the idea of needing to be coerced into double blessedness would be doubly and blessedly absurd to the New-York woman, who only requires the smallest possible chance at a man, and hardly that. The compulsion, here, would be most wanted on the other side, for no woman needs more than a willing suitor, to save the government all the trouble taken by the Japanese authorities. Of course, the ladies will deny this most strenuously, but we respectfully beg to refer them to the Breach of Promise business—the only case in which Courting is regulated by the Courts. Did anybody ever hear of a man recovering damages for his spoiled heart? And did anybody ever hear of a lady's heart being so much damaged that she could not Recover?

The only belt the Benicia Boy can't take.

Orion's.



## THE BRITISH LION.



to the bitter end, and the end was bitter to him, for the Best Man won, and the hulking great Beast of Britain was driven back whining to his den, to lick his wounds instead of his subjects. Then he swindled India out of all she possessed, even compelling her to pledge her jewels. He bullied China in the most cowardly and brutal manner. He maltreated his own flesh and blood in his mills and mines, where amid inconceivable want and wretchedness,

"Grimy nakedness, dragging his trucks,  
And laying his trams in a poisoned gloom,"

sang "Britons never can be slaves!" In short, wherever the British Lion has dealt, in every contest, with every land, he has proven himself diametrically the opposite of fair and manly. Yet has he persistently hugged himself in the old delusion of Fair Play.

When diplomacy became the wedge for prying open that gigantic pearl-oyster, Japan, Yankee enterprise outstripped him, and he became wroth. He exhibited the sincerity of his brag about "bluff British cordiality and generosity," by back-biting our Minister, lying about the terms of our treaty, and making a whelp of himself generally. His war-vessels at Aspinwall refused to salute the Japanese Embassy when they arrived, and his officers sneered with a British sneer at the reception, as a "great farce."

But it is in his own pet and peculiar institution, the Prize Ring—fit expression of his bloody and brutal proclivities—that the Lion has best shown his rapacity and meanness. He boasts of his merciful and philanthropic qualities; of the untarnished honor of his fighters; of his hospitality to the stranger within his gates; of the dignity and refinement of his statesmen and magnates. Let us go a little behind the bald assertion. His mercy and philanthropy consist in encouraging men to pound each other to a loathsome jelly, deliberately and purposely, for a paltry sum of money. Not occasionally and incidentally, but as a regularly organized and favored custom. The untarnished honor of his fighters and their friends is shown by open interference with an American pugilist, who was about conquering the English Champion, so styled, and thus winning the noble English gold. This was also his hospitality to the stranger, further expounded by claiming that the Champion had gained the victory, and that the American had no claim upon money, belt, or honor. As for the dignity and refinement of his magnates, look at this list of those who avowedly aided and abetted the brutal fight and its swindling termination, by contributing to the most extraordinary subscription of modern times, for the benefit of the Champion:—

His Grace the Duke of Beaufort,  
The Earl of Stamford,  
The Earl of Annesley,  
The Earl of Portsmouth,  
The Earl of Lincoln,  
The Earl of Glasgow,  
The Earl of Chesterfield,  
The Earl of Strathmore,  
The Earl of Winchelsea,  
The Earl of Coventry,

Viseount Andover.  
Viscount Clifden.  
Viscount Exmouth.  
Lord Palmerston.  
Lord Courtenay.  
Lord Paget.  
The Hon. Admiral Rous.  
Sir W. Codrington.  
Hon. Col. Forrester.  
Hon.—Curzon.

And numberless Captains, Esquires, and Gentlemen, so-called. When the Premier, Lord Palmerton, was asked for his subscription of £1, he said, "Make it £5, for the brave lad?" Isn't this touching? So much for the great field of British honor and British Fair Play—the disgusting Prize Ring.

Now, in the very teeth of all these pregnant truths, Earl Grey has had the cheek to get up in Parliament, and call attention to the degenerate and demoralized condition of

OR a very long time, the British Lion has steadily and constantly boasted of his supreme greatness and goodness. He has exclaimed, "O, 'what a brave boy am 'I!' before an admiring world, and repeated it until people began to think he was really omnipotent and immaculate.

It is time that this puff-ball was exploded.

On the score of humanitarian benevolence, the Lion has ever been lavish of self-gratulation. He was as merciful as brave. Like Gen. Jackson in the song, he was an "honor to his 'country,' as well as 'a terror to his foe.'" He had a Howard. A Wilberforce. A Nightingale. He went in strong for Fair Play and No Favor; May the Best Man Win. All this, by his own showing.

But he endeavored to oppress his North American colonial subjects

America and her government. He accuses us of dishonesty and of vulgarity. Verily! The English papers join in the hue-and-cry. A howl of execration sweeps across the Lion's den, over the broad ocean, to our own country. "Avaunt, thou Blackamoor!" shrieks the pot to the kettle!

To terminate this summing up of the British Lion's character, very appropriately comes this estimate of his commercial status by an Englishman:—

An eminent Liverpool merchant came here to London to settle up a business matter of large magnitude, and "Really," said he to a friend, "I believe your bankers' clerks are all robbers and your merchants all scoundrels." Commercial morality and integrity really seem to be getting to a low ebb. I know not what to think. If the secrets of some joint stock companies here could be told, what tales would be uttered! Robbery, plunder, fraud, illegal commissions, and every species of job conceivable, are not the exception, but the general rule.

Now, let the Lion cease his boasting. He has shown himself in his real colors, and only the fiery handwriting on the wall illuminates, by its lurid light, the solemn darkness of his future.

## "TAKE, O! TAKE THESE BABES!"

The *Tribune*, in reporting a recent sale of curiosities at Barnum's Museum, says:

"A lot of Japanese figures went off at \$12."

Now, the gentlemanly reporter who does the ubiquitous department for this journal, knows they did—while, travelling as he does on his ubiquity, he is also in a position to inform the public that the party to whom these "Japanese figures" were knocked down, is a special commissioner for the British Government, armed with plenipotentiary powers to get up a Japanese Embassy to the Court of St. James, without any reference whatever to expense. This accounts for the rash manner in which he invested the large amount of twelve dollars in the purchase of the second-hand set of wooden ambassadors referred to. We understand that these Japanese figures, immediately on their arrival in England, are to be newly wired in the office of the *Times*; and it is generally understood that the subsequent process of wire-pulling is to be under the charge of Earl Grey—a nobleman who has lately proved himself so thoroughly *au fait* with the working of foreign institutions.

## A "Pointless Argument."

"Mr. Bell is a hard, dry man, of the old school of politicians. Without any remarkable genius or capacity, his long participation in public affairs has given him a practical experience, which confers upon him an apparent statesmanship among the small politicians that have wriggled themselves into senatorial and representative seats. He is an estimable man, but he belongs to the fossil remains of the old whig strata in political geology. His chances as a Presidential candidate are that he will receive about the same vote that Mr. Fillmore obtained."—*N. Y. Herald, May, 11th.*

"No reason exists why the Bell and Everett ticket should not be adopted by the same conservative section of the black republicans. All parties recognise their respectability, statesmanship and trustworthiness. It may be said that they belong to the old foggy school of politicians, but this is a pointless argument, brought forward only when no direct charge can be sustained."—*N. Y. Herald, May 12th.*



## THE SHOW'S THE THING.



derful works of Nature, and his prosperity was established when he procured the Ocean Reptile and the Marine Maiden. These examples have not been lost upon the profession; and not only are the *lusi Naturæ* most in demand, but like Panaceas, Pectorals, Purgatives, and Depuratives, they are now always introduced to the public under the auspices of the clergy. Thus in the small town at the other extremity of the C & A. R. R., there is now on exhibition an infant phenomenon styled "Dollie Dutton." The Rev. Phineas Stowe, of Boston signifies his ability to "cordially recommend her to the lovers of God's wonderful works;" and he adds, with a manly disregard of the antiquated rules of syntax, that "an immortal spirit, encased in such a finely wrought casket, cannot fail to interest and delight all who may be permitted to see her." The Rev. S. A. Baker, "Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Brooklyn," testifies that "it is difficult to believe that any intelligent, pure-minded person can attend her levees, without perfect delight, and even love." The Rev. Richard W. Humphries, of Philadelphia, asseverates that it were difficult to pass an hour more pleasantly and profitably than in her presence," and that "to witness the beautiful mental development in her delicate frame (!) is but to behold another evidence of the wisdom of the Deity."

Mrs. Cobb, too, who from being the mother of the junior Sylvanus, may be said to have a connection with the Religious Press—certifies that she was once so surprised at some question propounded by D. D. that "she had to frame a reply to suit so interesting a case."

As we happened to be rustivating last week, we looked in at this exhibition, so conducive to piety, and were glad to learn from the introductory remarks of Dollie Dutton, by Dr. Lillie "that her parents were of the usual size; and that their youngest child was 'an extra-ordinary large boy for his age.'" "The little fairy" was very pale and wan, but that, the Dr. said, was owing to her want of exposure. She yawned frequently and wearily, but that was because she enjoyed being shown to the public, and was never fatigued by it. She kissed those who bought her photograph and wiped her mouth after each application to show how she liked it. We were rather shocked to see that she danced on the stage, as her dress was short, and there were some old ladies who might have been demoralized by her posturing, but in every other particular it was such an entertainment as the good people who do not go to the theatre might safely patronize. Have not many ministers approved of it? The wonderful works of Providence are all full of instruction. The fat woman, the chicken with four legs, the calf with two heads, and the "What is it?" are most elevating and refining in their character. The despots of Europe would prohibit the sale of Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines, or Dr. Moffat's Life Pills, and think they had done enough for their down-trodden subjects when they had provided picture galleries and Horticultural and Zoological Gardens. Here such tyranny would not be endured, and when Providence sends a freak of Nature, our clergymen will speak kindly of the wisdom of the Deity, and recommend their flocks to examine the interesting deviation from His laws. If it be a precocious child, whose mind is morbidly stimulated, and whose nerves are prematurely shattered, their kindness only sends it to heaven in advance of its time, and, in the meanwhile, the public is taught reverence and refinement, and its healthy and natural curiosity is gratified. Should we not all, then, acknowledge our obligations to the Reverend gentlemen who so kindly give us their opinion in reference to every kind of medicine, and who do so much for elegant and ennobling entertainments?

\*Admittance 15 cents, Children 10 cents.

HE Showman is an Americanism. He is an indigene of the western continent. In this land only does he effloresce, bloom and bear fruit. In this city reigns the liege lord and rightful Prince of the Showmen. All know who first fully appreciated the refined taste of the American people; who first gave to his exhibitions a tone sufficiently high. Success was reserved for him who first understood the deep religious feeling of a nation which only cares for the won-

## THE TIME BALL.

Our serious contributor has been to see the dropping of the time ball at the Custom House, and to him we are entitled for a very lucid and terse description of that event.

At exactly half past ten, says he, I took my stand in a good locality opposite that noble pile dedicated to the wants of commerce and politicians, and gazed up to the slim and towering staff whereon I expected to see the ball, and did not. A conversable gentleman with a red neckcloth and a large seal ring, who stood very close to me, assured me that the ball did not come from the Dudley Observatory at Albany until half past eleven every day, information for which I thanked him kindly, but still concluded to hold my position. I purchased a slight refecton shortly after eleven, consisting of one cream cake, and a stick of chocolate, and by its aid shortened the hours. As it grew near the expected time of noon, the eager crowd began to gather. The lower streets of the city poured out their thousands of sturdy merchants, the shipping at the wharves was deserted, and the mariners stood with their eyes raised heavenward. The stout mechanic came, bearing his household clock upon his breast, while the aged citizen fondled the time-piece that had served him through a long life. Every spot for miles within sight of the ball that was to fall, was occupied by expectant thousands. All stood with anxious faces, and time grasped nervously in their left hands, while a key was upraised in their right. A deathly stillness sat upon the multitude, only broken at intervals by some remark of levity about "Coming to time," "Taking your time," and like weak aberrations, all of which were undoubtedly thought funny by those who uttered them. At five minutes after twelve, the ball arrived from Albany, and with becoming gravity, crawled slowly up the mast. The lush at this moment was awful. So still was the immense crowd that the paying teller of a Brooklyn Bank was distinctly heard counting out the odd change on a check. At this moment the only fear was that the vast multitude would in a combined way give up the ghost, from holding their breath. No doubt such would have been the case in another instant, but for the punctual falling of the ball, accompanied by an immense sigh of relief from at least half a million of bosoms, and a universal winding of watches and clocks, producing a sound like thunder. The ball on its appearance left immediately for Albany, as I was informed by my conversational friend, and will return every day by telegraph. The crowd then dispersed.

I found, upon reaching Broadway, that by some unaccountable circumstance my watch, which I had just regulated, was gone. I cannot account for this strange circumstance by any other hypothesis, than that I slipped it by mistake into the pocket of the gentleman with the red neckcloth who stood so near me. If this is so, there can be no doubt he will return it, immediately upon seeing this notice.

## A Nest Egg for the Abolitionists.

It would be a good idea for the Anti-Slavery Society to set about solving the mystery of the WHAT IS IT? Possibly it is a negro—if so, very likely a slave. In that case the money it makes by exhibiting itself should be used to purchase its freedom, instead of dripping into Mr. P. T. B's pockets.

Then what a glorious name for cuteness the society would get! It would be a good thing for both parties. The Lightning Calculator or himself could not estimate the benefit to be reaped from it. Let the matter be pushed at once. Beecher! Cheever! Phillips! Greeley! Helper! Walk up!

## Model English.

In an account of a Hebrew Wedding, which took place recently in Philadelphia, the *Inquirer* of that city says:

"A glass of wine was drank, and the glass shattered, as well as other incidents."

Of course the shattered glass must have been carefully swept out of the Hall before the Banquet and the Ball began which, as we are further informed, finished off the evening, but we should like very much to know what became of the shattered incidents.

## The Sour Grapes of Old England.

The British man-of-war that refused to salute, by flags or guns, the Japanese Embassy, on its arrival at Aspinwall, was rightly named the EMERALD, for green is the color of Jealousy.

Why they have burnt Coal in the Mayor's Office lately. Because Wood was Scarce.

The World Women always live in.

A World of Trouble.





## BAD FOR MILLIGAN.

1st "Case."—TALK OF ENGLISH SPORTS AND FAIR PLAY, INDEED!—THEY MUST COME TO US FOR *that*, MY BO-OY!

2d "Case."—THAT'S SO! OR MY NAME A'NT MILLIGAN.

[Here the sentiment of the situation is slightly marred by the bar-keeper, who calls Mr. Milligan's attention to the haft of his Bowie knife, which happens to be rather conspicuous.]

## ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

We find, in the *Salem Register*, the following cheerful statement :

"One of the girls belonging to the Sabbath School in Northbridge has committed and recited to her teacher, during the last twelve months, fifteen thousand and four hundred and thirty-five verses, including the whole of the Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the balance in the Old Testament, and she worked every day with her father making shoes."

The *Register*, it would appear, seems to think this rather creditable than otherwise. A good many sanctified people doubtless will take the same view. The Northbridge girl will be talked of admiringly at pious tea-tables, and her wonderful biblical capacity diseussed over muffins. Without intending the slightest disrespect to aught that is held sacred in christendom, we cannot help thinking that the girl who made shoes all day, might have better employed her leisure hours, and her holidays, than in learning by rote, fifteen thousand verses of the Bible. Shoe-making is not the most healthful or active of employments. It has even been asserted by acute medical writers (prejudiced, no doubt, in favor of health) that shoe-makers are morbid, morose and irritable, and that such results are attributable to the sedentary occupation in which they are engaged. When to this enervating labor we add the singularly unprofitable task of committing to memory fifteen thousand verses of no matter what book, we arrive at a pretty good estimate of the Northbridge girl's state of health. We would wager the belt which Heenan won, against a cotton handkerchief, that this poor shoe-making prodigy is either consumptive or a fool. Perhaps both. It is more than probable that out of her fifteen thousand verses she does not truly understand one, and that the sublime humanitarianism of the New Testament is as completely shrouded from her as if it was written in the original Greek. Let us suggest to the pious tea-tables, and the canting conventicles that encourage such absurdities, and sacrifice health and brain to their God as if he was Moloch instead of a Saviour, that there is a book which poor shoe-making girls may

study with profit to body and mind, and that there are high and mighty truths spoken in the whispering leaves of the forest, and written in the streaked petals of the meadow blossoms. The most sacred person that we know of was not fond of drawing His illustrations from books, but found in field and river inexhaustible resources. We confess that we should like mightily to shake all the Northbridge girl's parrot-like accomplishments out of her, and give her a good run over the Berkshire hills, every day, until she became a healthy, and consequently truly religious maiden.

## Cross Purposes.

Among the results of the Crimean war is a decoration of merit, known as the "Order of Valor" or "Victoria Cross." We learn from private sources that this honor is about to be conferred upon Mr. Thomas Sayers by his admiring sovereign, as an overlay to the golden ointment with which his bruises have been so lavishly daleified. Let us throw out a suggestion with regard to a similar distinction for the illustrious B. B., on his return to his expectant wharf. A bevy of his beatified country-women should be commissioned to meet him, for the purpose of concentrating upon him, with their beaming eyes, a diaphanous halo of admiration, sweeter far than any tangible combination of ribbon and brass. This would be a graceful and fitting termination to the discussions arising out of the great international duel—"America Smiling" on one side of the Atlantic, on the other, "Victoria Cross."

## Unfortunate.

Does it not seem a pity that a clever performer like MR. WARD, of NIXON'S circus, cannot earn a livelihood without having to Swing For It?

## A True Word in Jest.

From the advices of the past few months, we judge that all political movements in Mexico are decidedly Revolting.



## THE DREAM OF SIMME BOOJSSEN NO-CAMI.



HE first Ambassador slept, and dreamed.

He was moving out of darkness into great light, into an atmosphere clouded with light, dazzling with light. He was moving from the lovely freshness of the Spring night into a flood of heat that rose and beat at his heart, and rose and choked his throat, and rose,

and dried and stiffened his eyes, and rose and bound his brows with fire. He was moving out of the strange street of a strange and unfinished city, into the mansion of one of its great and representative men.

He moved through a crowd of the most eminent, most prosperous, most educated, most brilliant, most powerful, most pleasant people. They had come to do him honor, and to be happy together. They were so many that they pressed closely together; one could not move an inch and another not feel the movement; the threads of pure air that curled in through the opened door, were knotted and rotted almost immediately; faces were laid against face, and breaths mingled; the fine garments of the tasteful and graceful women, and those of the elegant men, chafed and tore each other; the mass palpitated, glowed, with the light that clouded and the heat that choked; the eye could rest nowhere, for the sight was caught and carried and tossed by objects which never knew rest.

And as Simme Boojsen no-Cami moved into the glowing and palpitating mass, a violent noise, the roar of a sea without a heart of treasures, ceased quite, and waves of flesh and silk and flowers receded and crushed back waves of broadcloth and buttons and whiskers, leaving a narrow path in which he might walk. As he walked, forms arrayed in more hues than the lily has, or the rainbow to its back—forms of fine ladies, their shoulders surging from and against trembling shores of lace, the spherul splendor of their bosoms sickening in the glare of the light that clouded, their features moist and red with the heat that choked—bent forward, with the tightly-bound forms of men all captives to the same king, all clad with precisely the same garments.

And as he moved more to the fiery heart of this mass, the storm that had lulled at his approach burst forth again, now with a shrill and querulous fury, beating upon him and pursuing him; and the lightnings of an eye surcharged with the electric fluid of curiosity flashed upon and all over his person, so that he must needs hang low his head.

So moving, Simme Boojsen no-Cami, First Ambassador, reached at length an apartment where the crowd of great people was thickest, and the heat and the light most choking and clouding, and the roar of the empty sea most mighty. He was moved by the influence that was guiding him to a seat, far below the level of the sea, which now foamed and roared about him like a beast hungry for prey. And there honors flowed in upon him, and descended upon him.

Distinguished gentlemen did Simme reverence, standing over him and eyeing every one of his points, and exchanging humorous and clever comments upon them all; extending their hands with the utmost cordiality compatible with their relative position, and smiling smiles with whose gracious and benign sunniness any infant

or pet domestic animal would be rejoiced; calling each other's attention to the peculiarities of his person and garb.

Ladies of beauty, idols of fashion, rustled their satin and waved their bouquets and odorous handkerchiefs at him. Those who were bold and resolute, having tamed husbands or put their pearly fingers into the lion's den at the menagerie, or been run away with (by a horse) once in their lives, advanced close, and nodded their heads, and whispered appreciative things; less daring creatures came shrinkingly forward, trembling in the prettiest manner lest they should fail to appease the wrath of the monster, and fall victims to his ravening appetite. And when they found that they were safe, gathering great courage they touched the object, and withdrew hastily to relate their thrilling adventures.

The fire of the choking heat now burned terrible across the brow of Simme Boojsen no-Cami. His skin wept with anguish. His eyes were obscured; the roar of the sea came as from a distance; he failed, was like to faint.

And a window at his back was opened full upon him.

Now Simme followed the sounds of music, sharper and faster than that of the Samsic; and he stood and watched the dancers. Woman and man, locked together, within heart-beat, their heads laid on the shoulders of each other or side by side, whirled about in a space so small that they were constantly in collision with other revolving bodies. But on the faces of these sat a stern and inflexible gravity. No smile ever stole forth from that cruel maelstrom. It was a solemn and a sacrificial rite.

There was a mighty movement of the mass. Simme was borne by a desperate current. He was swept through rooms and halls, past puffs of coolness that he could not stop to catch, and washed high and dry upon a table laden with a fresh supply of the light that clouded, and with confused and fighting dishes.

The roar of the sea was louder and hungrier than ever.

And Simme Boojsen no-Cami awoke.

And was not by any means in Japan.

## "Art is Long—Life Short."

There seems to be no limit to the onward procession of the useful arts in this country. A man at Toledo—a western town of that name—has just invented and deposited in the Patent Office, a bowie knife composed of five blades. The advantage of this weapon is that, by merely pressing a spring at the moment of inserting the thrust blade, the other four are brought into instantaneous action, dividing accurately into four quarters the person whose removal has become a matter of policy. It is understood that a large order for these instruments has been given by the Japanese Ambassadors—one of whom was so fascinated with the idea that he was with difficulty restrained from committing his "first" suicide with the specimen one shown at the Patent Office. Thus, if the illustrious foreigners referred to are entailing a heavy tax upon the treasury by their visit, there is consolation to be drawn from the possibility of their leaving their "quarters" among us.

## Men, not Measures.

On the occasion of the serenade given to the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, by the Republican Association of Washington, on Saturday last, Senator Trumbull, in the course of his eulogistic remarks upon Abram Lincoln, the Republican nominee for President, said:

"He is a giant in stature, six feet three inches high, and every inch a man."

Now there can be no earthly use in running a man for the Presidency on the principle of his being six feet three inches high. It is a delusion, a snare, an insult to the genius of the American people to talk of six feet three inches in such a connection. Another inch, however, and the qualification would have exhaled a sublime essence of coincidental aroma. For whereas, arithmetically divided by inches, six feet three gives the indifferent figure of seventy-five, it will be seen that six feet four, on reduction by the same process produces in exact numerical representation the very important result of Seventy-Six.

## A Thorn for the Rose.

At the late Woman's Rights Convention, an argument, decidedly *coulour de Rose*, was advanced to prove that the "oppressed sex" (this is probably an allusion to the female element of our population) had the right of taking part in elections and of serving on juries. Perhaps Mrs. Ernestine L. forgot that jurors are compelled to sit for hours, and sometimes days together *without speaking a word!*

## No "Casus Belli."

It is absurd to suppose that a necessity of war between America and England could arise out of the San Juan difficulty, inasmuch as it is a question limited to the Pacific.





A DOG ROSE.

THE SMALL BULL-DOG IS BECOMING SO IMPORTANT A SOCIAL FEATURE, THAT WE SHOULD NOT BE IN THE LEAST SURPRISED TO SEE HIM WORN AT THE BUTTON-HOLE BY AND BY, AS IN THE ABOVE SKETCH.

### MORE LIVES THAN A CAT.

(ABRAHAM.)

From a very early period of time, a sacred and mournful atmosphere has clung about the name of Abraham. It is no common appellation. Mothers do not profanely bestow it. Children do not cry for it. The unfortunate who are elected to bear it are not frequently observed laying round loose in the world or the streets thereof. They are distinct and stately persons, and dwell for the most part on separate and painful peaks. They have always been distinguished—these Abrahams—for numberless eccentric qualities. The first of 'em was a sacrificial person, with carnivorous attributes. His memory is dear to the wandering Jews, and (for these are degenerate days) his name is apt to be dear to the clients of the aforesaid. There is always a tendency to make sacrifices (human or otherwise) in the nature of the Abraham. It is hereditary tenderness. There was a distinguished Abraham over in England at one time—about two hundred years ago. Cowley was his other name. A very original writer has said (and it was truly a very original thing to say) that he “was perhaps the most popular English poet of his times.” He wrote verses. He was the author of that festive injunction,

“Fill the bowl with rosy wine!”

But he too made a sacrifice—of himself. The Abraham can never go back on his race. It is mournful to think of—but this rhythmical person actually did put his trust in princes' favor, and got a burnt offering made of himself accordingly. “Loyalty looked for its reward,” say his pathetic biographer, “but the cup of joy was dashed with disappointment.” So always this world goes with the Abrahams. One would think that experience might correct the delusions of a race. But it won't. An Abraham is extant even in our day and in our nation—and he also wants to make a sacrifice. Odd, isn't it, how the fatality trails along! Sad too; sad enough to agitate palpitating heart-strings and thrill the vibrant lyre. Ecce signum!

Three Abrahams, in three distant ages born,  
Did Israel, England, Illinois adorn.  
The first in aspiration quite surpass'd,  
The next in mournful luck; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go:  
To make a third she joined the other two.

And the name of this one is Lincoln. ‘Thrice is he blessed who

hath his quarrel just.’ We have nothing to say to the contrary. But thrice is he cursed whose name is Abraham. This one also puts his trust in sovereigns. Not *gold* ones;—those are safe, while they last, thank Heaven and the United States Mint! But, in the sovereigns of the Republic, in the *oi polloi*, in the sovereign people! ‘Picture it, think of it!’ What a fate is his! Poor Abraham! Or—as that may not be spelt correctly—Poor Abram! Or—as that may not seem sufficiently affectionate and piteous—Poor Abe! Alas, illustrious and occidental (we had almost said accidental) patriot, we commiserate your heroic sufferings for your country's cause. We have no doubt that you understand Virtue to be its own reward. We bless you, honest and respectable person, we bless you! We sympathize with you in this hour of trial and sacrifice, and we would gush and weep on your manly bosom, if you only weren't so far off! Will you allow your manly bosom to consider itself irrigated with briny tears? We extend our sympathy. Think of us amid all those tribulations through which you sail into Salt River. Think of us when, in that solemn hour and that salacious locality, your ‘big manly voice’ (it is big and manly, ain't it?) shall utter its sorrowful lament:

Oh ever thus, from childhood's hour

I've seen my soundest teeth decay:

I never had a show of power

But what it immediately ran and scurried and vanished quite away!

We return from our little digression. There is one hopeful thought as to Abraham the Third. One thing cheers us. As against honest Abe's party, as against his politics, as against his hereditary fate and manifest destiny—one massive fact arises, with a considerable amount of healing more or less in its wings. It is Abraham's multiplicity of *lives*. More lives than a cat? Why, he has got more lives than forty cats! Ask the publishers if he hasn't. Consult the daily papers. Consider their ways and be wise. And oh you friend of Abraham's bosom, wheresoever found—or lodged and found, if you like that better—stand by your Abraham now! Bid that irreproachable Sucker to beware of all his lives and guard them all. Plethora! Plethora! Bid him cherish them, whether as Abe or Abram or Abraham, with the tenacity of a whole generation of cats; for indeed there is little left after the loosening of silver strings and the breaking of golden bowls.

‘Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.’

### Is there any Vacancy?

We heard (says the Rochester *Union*) a station master on the railroad, from a short distance west, on Monday, offer to bet \$1,000 that Douglas would be nominated at Baltimore, and elected President of the United States, in 1860. That's the man for our money. We warrant that station master has a diamond ring, a fast horse, the smallest black-and-tan terrier and the heaviest gold watch of any man in those parts. All this we will bet on, and yet by a system of economy, only known to railroad conductors, station and ferry masters, he can do it on \$500 per annum. When we think of our own city officials, we are disgusted. These men are children in economical arrangement beside many of their country prototypes. Would it not be a good idea for that station master on the New York Central, to open an office in this city, to teach the secret of always having a thousand dollars to bet, out of a salary of \$500?

### A Good Example.

In the 1st Precinct, on Friday evening last, when the news of the nomination of Lincoln was received, a policeman, name not given, though if we could obtain it, the letters should be printed in six-line Pica—stepped up to the sergeant on duty, and tendered his shield in disgust at the nomination, offering to resign on the spot. Now, this is a man after our own heart. We defy ancient or modern history to show its equal, and fully illustrates the fact “that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.” If this end can be reached by Presidential nominations, then we can see their merit. The more Presidential candidates, the less policemen; the first we believe to be harmless, and have no objection to their existing in any quantity.

### “About the Scythes.”

The *Tribune*, in an article entitled “The City Haying,” animadverts severely upon the quality of the grass that is allowed to grow in the City Hall Park, and also pities the mowers (More's the Pity!) For our own part we can see no special call for condolence in the case of these festive husbandmen. The blades of their scythes could not be so dull as the “Blades” of the *Tribune*—Hay?

Why Dowling, the Referee can not be a Blonde.

Because he is by no means a Fair Man.



## THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

To descend for once to the low level of market slang, we are happy to have it in our power to announce a more cheerful feeling in bonnets. Unless the morning papers are utterly mendacious, the poke bonnet is fast "caving in" before the assaults of the poker, by which so much well deserved ridicule has been poked at it. It is about to be superseded, the journals inform us, by a celestial creation, the details of which are as yet alluded to with reserve. The sentiment of that divine conception will probably turn out to be Japanese. Meantime, should any evidence with regard to the decadence of the hideous headgear in question be looked for by the public, severe collateral testimony may be deduced from the accompanying faithful sketch of a sign displayed upon a tree within rather less than one hundred miles of the remote tract



of land known as Tompkins Square—a device composed of a bonnet *à la mode*, containing a sample of coal. Bloggs, it appears, is a dealer in coals—his wife an *artiste* in bonnets. Possibly Mrs. Bloggs may be great upon bonnets—but, clearly, Bloggs is not to be beaten upon coal-scuttles.

## A Touch of Camanche.

In the original Camanche, the word "Yan-cee," signifies "an idiot." Strangely enough, for we can see no actual connection between the two things, this fact obtruded upon our notice a few days since, on reading a letter written to a Mr. James L. Slaughter, (significant name) by the original Yancey, otherwise Senator Yancey, in which he makes use of this language :

"No national party can save us ; no sectional party can ever do it. But if we could do as our fathers did—organize 'committees of safety' all over the cotton states (and it is only in them that we can hope for any effective movement) we shall fire the southern heart, instruct the southern mind, give courage to each other, and at the PROPER MOMENT, by one organized concerted action, we can precipitate the cotton States into a revolution."

There was a time when such balderdash would have been called treason, and its utterer would have been elevated above his fellow citizens, with something in the way of a platform under him, quite as unsubstantial as that of Cincinnati. Now, we can only follow the example of Charles Lamb who toasted the good King Herod, and bless the memory of any hanging power.

## Joke without Precedent.

Those who object to having an obscure Presidential Candidate before the people, must regret the step taken by the Chicago Convention in the nomination of Lincoln. Mr. Seward would have been a much better choice, on this account, since he is not only a man of antecedents but a man of Consequents also.

## A Favored Individual.

The Virginian, since his functions are all Dual.

## FACILIS DECENSUS AVENUE.

"We see that one of our fashionable tailors has broken ground in Fifth Avenue, and converted one of the fine mansions there, into a magazine of garments. . . . In a short time we may expect to see most of the magnificent private residences in this avenue converted into retail stores and shops."—*Herald*.

## I.

According to popular talk  
The Palatial street of New-York  
Is falling from grace  
At a terrible pace!  
I hear, when I promenade there,  
Strange voices of grief in the air,  
And I fancy I see  
The sad sisters three,  
With their black trailing dresses,  
And dishevelled tresses,  
Go solemn and slow  
To and fro  
In their woe,  
Sighing,  
And crying  
"Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!  
There's a Tailor in FIFTH-AVENUE!"

## II.

O, sorry and sad was the day  
When this Tailor came up from Broadway,  
With his stitches,  
And breeches,  
His shears and his goose—  
His fashions profuse—  
To the house that has been  
In years I have seen,  
Most aristocratic  
From basement to attic!  
But gone are the flush and the fair,  
And those voices still float in the air  
Sighing,  
And crying  
"Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!  
There's a Tailor in FIFTH-AVENUE!"

## III.

Where sweet CRINOLINA once slept,  
The sempstresses, maybe, are kept;  
And perhaps in her dressing-room, where  
Her maid combed that glistening hair  
Some cross-legged fellow,  
Round-shouldered and yellow,  
May sit with his needle and thread;  
For the glory that reigned there, has fled!  
How oft to that door she ascended—  
When the ball or the party was ended—  
Flushed, beautiful, bright,  
A Queen of d light,  
An angel quite worthy of heaven—  
To that door, now, a tailor's-cart's driven!  
No wonder that voice cries "Eheu!"  
There's a Tailor in FIFTH AVENUE!

## IV.

Then where shall the flush and the fair  
Find refuge? Ah, Echo says, "Where?"  
There are dentists in Madison Square,  
The boarding-house, too, appears there,  
And I've heard,  
In a word,  
That some kind of factory, or mill  
Was soon to disturb MURRAY HILL!  
Now if fashion must be  
(And it seems so, to me)  
Crowded upward each year,  
I very much fear  
They'll be shoved—and the thought makes me  
shiver—  
Off the Island and into the river!  
Sighing,  
And crying,  
"Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!  
There's a Tailor in FIFTH AVENUE!"

The Main Plank in all Platforms.

Plank Down!



## WHAT MORE COULD THEY WANT?



lady been killed by the powder, he would, if pressed, have paid her funeral expenses. He is a noble fellow. Generous to a fault. He should be rewarded, and we recommend him to the authorities for that end.

## THE LATEST CARPENTER JOB.

Should another D'Israeli arise, we fancy that New York could furnish more remarkable specimens for a new edition of the "Curiosities of Literature" than any other portion of the world. One of these strange instances found birth on Wednesday last, in the shape of Mr. Inspector Carpenter's Quarterly Police Report. In this remarkable missive, we have statistical information of an extraordinary nature. We are positively informed as to the amount of stealing going on around town, exclusive of what is done at the City Hall. We are then informed of the amount recovered from thievery, (couldn't Carpenter include the City Hall in his next report?) We are told the number of policemen in the Department, and the exact number of arrests, which is reduced to the absolute certainty that each policeman makes one arrest in three days—rather an easy thing we take it, and a duty that might be condensed within half an hour, and allow the official to go wherever he would for the balance of the time—anywhere, so that he could not be seen. A large portion of these arrests, says Carpenter, were for intoxication and "lounging around." At the moment of reading the announcement, we felt sure that it was simply a case of dog eat dog, but upon an appeal to the list of "occupations," we find but three "policemen" on it. We are certain that this does not proceed from the moral force of the force, when the same list informs us that twenty-four artists and twenty-two lawyers have suffered restraint in their personal liberty during this period. Can it be that these are the professions that "lounge about," and by so doing are made familiar with a policeman's grasp? Then again we are informed that during this period only one alderman has been a backslider. That we will not believe. The error has undoubtedly arisen from the fact that aldermen can discharge themselves. Then there have been two gentlemen, (!) then, one minister, (of what denomination, Oh Carpenter?) and two editors! We especially desire to know who was one of these last. The other we can guess in a moment, but nothing on earth shall ever induce us to declare his name. Consideration for the paper—the *T-r-b-ne*—of which he is the head, shall keep us silent. We must be charitable to the short-comings of the fraternity as much as possible, and it may be, that after all, it was not brandy and water, but only the excitement of the Chicago nominations that caused the *lapsus*. A famous report is this bit of Carpenter-work, lacking only one essential, which is, that we are not told what becomes of those 14,170 arrested people? Will Mr. Carpenter include that information also in his next report?

The Bard of Avon on the Present Excitement.  
Japanese the Only Ware.

HE *Express* is sadly exercised in the circumstance that a druggist named Wanier, keeping his shop on the corner of Stanton and Lewis streets, gave to a lady red precipitate, a deadly poison, instead of a seidlitz powder, which she had asked for; and that when he was shown the poison, he only said "vel den she can hef an nuder." We cannot see anything to find fault with in this. The druggist certainly behaved with great liberality, and showed that had the

## Shine's Defence.

A curious question came up before the Board of Education on the 16th inst., concerning the removal of nine lady teachers of Protestant proclivities from the Fourth Ward Schools, one of the beheaded being a widow lady, for thirteen years a teacher in that locality. Mr. Farr had the audacity to demand an explanation, whereupon Mr. Shine of the Fourth, arose, and indignantly, though somewhat obscurely, defended the action of his fellow officers.

(Mr. Shine) If the gentleman will visit the Schools he will discover the reason why.

The laconic Luminary undoubtedly referred to the fact that the graceless nine had been in the habit of reading from an improper book (the Bible we believe) to the innocent babes confided to their care.

(Mr. S.) This is not the time nor the place to explain more fully.

The cautious Luminary winked fearfully over his back at the *Express* Reporter, writing by the light of a very dark lantern.

(Mr. S.) And might or might not prevent the dismissed Teachers from obtaining other employment.

The prophetic Luminary foresaw that it might be no hindrance at all.

(Mr. S.) And from the Resolution headed "Resolution for bettering the condition of the Fourth Ward" the gentleman might infer the reason.

Who couldn't! Nine Catholics warranted sound on the goose being appointed to fill the nine vacancies.

Overcome by the brilliant effort of the eloquent Shine, the Board adjourned.

## Odd.

Managers do and say a great many odd things, especially operatio managers. Sometimes they announce, with a great flourish, a new opera, or a new singer; and oddly enough, the new opera or the new singer never is heard of again. Thus, perhaps, a portentous "manifesto," full of good news and bad grammar, points at a very satisfactory change in former arrangements. Oddly enough, the change is all in your eye, and the suffering public gets the "same old thing" *ad nauseam*.

The latest oddity is contained in the following extract from the enterprising Maretzek's late advertisement:

"Tickets to all parts of the House	\$0 50.
Orchestra stalls	1 00."

From this we learn—and very new it is to us—that that particular locality of the Winter Garden in which the "stalls" aforementioned are found, is really no part of the house. So that a man who should "take a stall," and, under the influence of the example set by those wretches "Barbarino" and "Malvolius," should commit any assault on his neighbor, could triumphantly prove an *alibi*, and get clear; for of course he wouldn't be in the house at all, on the testimony of the manager himself. What next?

## Not a sure thing yet.

We were informed by the morning papers, on Tuesday, that Gerritt Smith had emerged from his late insane state of mind. In a letter which G. S. writes to the editor of the New-York *Principia*, however, he states that the New York *Herald* had, during his insanity, been intent upon compassing his death, and adds, in a sentence which reminds us of Stephen H. Branch, in his wildest moments:

No hart ever panted after the water brooks more than did that newspaper after my blood.

Isn't there some mistake about Gerritt's recovery?

## Deportment.

A French paper, in dilating ethnologically upon the subject of the *race Japonaise*, traces it to the *race Malaise*. Our opinion is that the *mal aise* is rather an attribute of the Member of Congress, who, it is to be hoped, will derive a little of the *Japan aise* from his contact with the polished foreigner now sojourning at Washington.

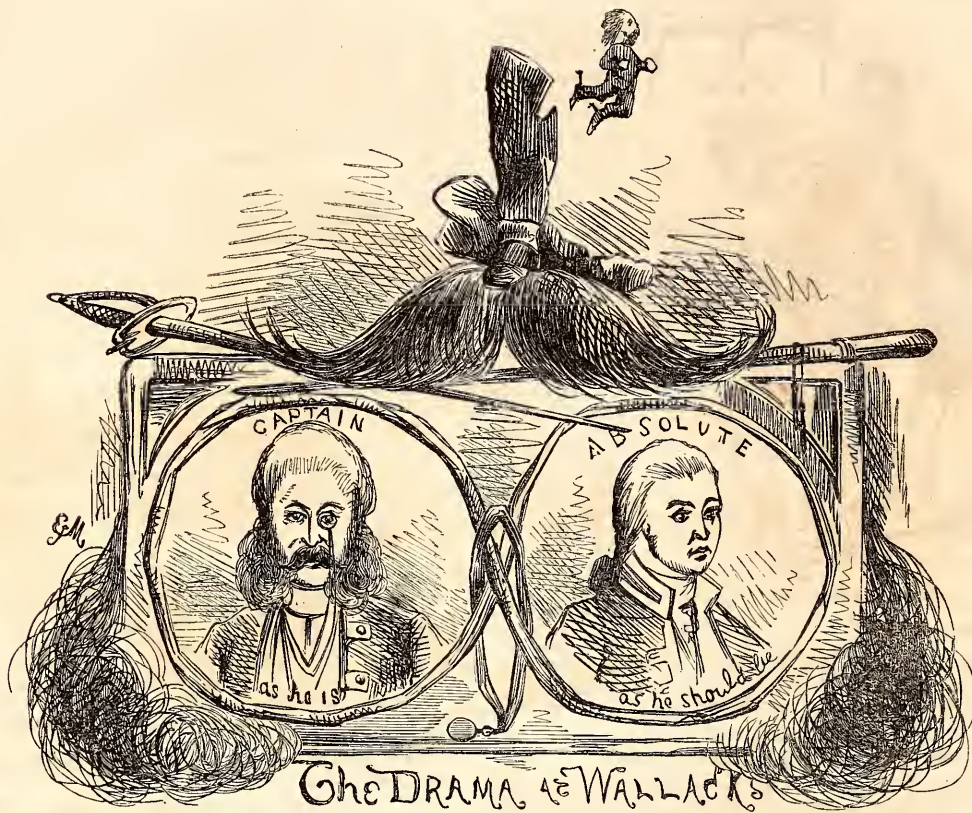
## Changing About.

We all know the old british boast: Britannia rules the wave; but taking into consideration the refusal of the referees to award the Belt to Heenan it must in future read, at least in connection with the P. R., Britannia Waives the Rule.

Remark of Mr. Leland on the Arrival of the Japanese at the Metropolitan.

Shall I not take my Japan-ease in mine inn?

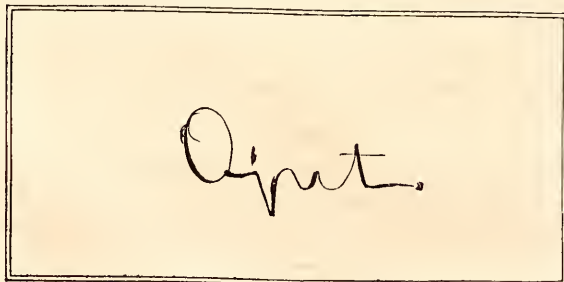




A JAPANESE CURIOSITY.

EDITORS VANITY FAIR:—Gentlemen: permit me to offer you a great curiosity, with the hope that you will find it worthy of a place in the entertaining columns of your valuable journal.

While visiting Washington, recently, I had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of one of the artists of the Japanese Embassy, an intelligent person in silk petticoats, named OJUT. In the course of our intimacy, I showed him a photographic visiting-card, with a likeness of myself upon it. He seemed much pleased, but remarked, "Japanner sabby feree besser makee," which, the interpreter informed me, meant in English, "We do those things much better in Japan." He then presented me with one of his own cards, which bore his name and likeness in a single figure. I enclose it to you, with a view to its reproduction, if you desire, by the manly art of wood-engraving.



By turning this card endways, so that the "t" is held downward, a very perfect likeness of the artist is presented; while in the ordinary position, as given, his name alone is discernible.

With many good wishes, gentlemen, I remain yours very truly.

CALEB CURIO.

Dangerous Reform.

The recent change in ladies' costume is liable to result disastrously for those who wish to keep within the Pale of fashion. What can be kept in a Pail without Hoops?

\$1.000 Reward!

We find the following report among the Police-items of a daily paper:

The Board met at their usual hour yesterday afternoon, and after dismissing officer Sullivan, of the Fourth precinct, from the force, for drinking at a bar in full uniform, adjourned to one o'clock to-day.

In consideration of this sudden attack of virtuous indignation toward bibulous officers, on the part of the Commissioners, VANITY FAIR politely demands the dismissal of the entire force, upon the same charge as that for which the unhappy SULLIVAN suffered.

To this end, a reward of One Thousand Dollars will be paid to any bar-keeper who can swear that he has not served an average of one-hundred glasses of liquor monthly, to policemen "in full uniform."

Half the same amount will also be paid to any man-about-town who can prove that, out of every ten treats offered by him to policemen "in full uniform," more than two have ever been declined. Apply at this office.

You can't come it!

The only things that England has ever been able to import from Japan, have been the little clay gods, proving that in the endeavor to establish a commerce with that country, all her efforts have been Idol.

Literary Intelligence.

It is reported, in reading circles, that the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT will not continue his "Mount Vernon Papers," but that about the time of the Presidential election, in November next, he will get out a new series, entitled "Walking Papers."

What the Dramatic Artist is Expected to do.  
Draw Good Houses.

Exquimaux.  
Genuine Cool-ies.

The Easiest Thing for a Negro to do.  
Keep Dark.



MAY 26, 1860. 1

VANITY FAIR.



LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.



THE GOLDEN AGE





NOTES PER C. A. A. R. R.

P——. VILLAGE ABOUT 95 MILES FROM N. Y. }  
MAY 17. 1860. }

Editors Vanity Fair:—



OR months I have been itching (my paternal great uncle was a Cameron) to do something for VANITY FAIR. But I could not find anything to do. In fact, the peculiarity of our village is that everything in it is either overdone or undone. However, I think I have found a deed to chronicle. I do indeed. There was a dinner here yesterday. Of course there are dinners every day. But this was a DINNER! And such a Dinner! Imagine a feast of Ghouls; skip to an orgie of Vampires; wander thence ("in the mind's eye") to a banquet of authropophagi, and culminate in a festal repast of undertakers! Then, and only then, will you be equal to the task of assisting at the Dinner I am about to speak of! For it was a DINNER of DOCTORS. One—ay!—One hundred Doctors (shades of—but no matter; "language fails to" &c.) One hundred Lancetteers, Bistourians, Scalpellans, Recruiters for the "Plutonian Shore," sat down to revel together. The hall was appropriately decorated with the glittering insignia of their order. Skulls were pleasantly interspersed at intervals, with gay festoons of lint and bright wreaths of chloroform floated as it were above their heads. The table was splendidly set with large bottles filled, containing brilliant many-colored liquids (such as are seen in druggists' windows,) and bouquets of the fragrant poppy, and the odorous assafoetida were plentifully distributed along its length. At exactly seven o'clock the Doctors took their seats. Each was scrupulously attired in a white apron, and blue check overalls. The attendants were carefully selected from the alms-house wards, and with their appropriate uniform and neatly shaved heads, made quite a creditable display.

The first course consisted of *Polage à la calomel*. Fish: stewed Rock, *antimonial wine sauce*. 2d course. Boiled Turkey, *farci à la blue mass*; Boiled Mutton, *rhubarb caper sauce*. Vegetables, *entremets*, &c.; Boneset, snakeroot, henbane, *patès de goose-grease, filet de bœuf aux senna-and-manna*. 3d course. Roast pig, *stuffed with dyspeptic pills*. A—but I cannot really detail the innumerable dishes. Take the foregoing as a specimen, and fill up *quant. suff. ad lib.* There was a delicious salad of *liverwort*, dressed with *cod liver oil*, and at dessert an *omelette au Godfrey's cordial*. There were also bitter almonds, *nux vomica*, and other delicacies, which helped to excite the thirst for the generous wines. These wines were various, and of the choicest flavors. There was wine of *colchicum*, wine of *antimony*, wine of *colyynth*, &c. &c. Every guest dissected his food with a silver-handled *scalpel*; a splendidly chased *trephine* stirred the salad, and an elegant pair of *Liston's forceps* lay by the side of every dish. The President carved with an antique *bistoury*, and had a silver *tourniquet* to rap 'to order' with. The hilarity was immense. The toasts numerous and full of wit. I have only space for two or three, by which you may judge of the whole. The President gave the first.

"The President of the U. S. He has proved himself a skilful bleeder." The Vice P. gave: "Our noble Science. In the midst of death it is in life!" Music: "*Dies iræ*." A distinguished stranger (from Hoboken) gave: "The mothers of America! the ministering angels of our profession: without them, we should have no children to bring up in the way they should go—i.e. to the apothecary shop." Drunk amid cheers and laughter. I would willingly have added more that passed of interest, but the odors from the wreaths, and bouquets, combined with several bumpers of antimonial wine, operated so singularly upon me that my memory became confused, and my—in short, I was forced to leave, just as the music, in response to an eloquent speech of a doctor (from Edinburgh) struck up "*Scots wha' ha wi Wallace bled*."

Yours feebly

FLAXSEED T.

N.B. 66 deaths over the average this week; mostly added yesterday and this morning.

## We, Us, and Company.

In a letter to the *London Times*, the "noble Duke" who were 'not' present at the Prize Fight, signs themselves "*Eglinton and Winton*." This dual necessity of name to contain the entire personality of the Duke, gives one an immense idea of him. What a *men he are* to be sure! This is one of the privileges of aristocracy! In our country, the only individuals who aspire to such noble plurality of cognomen, are certain gentlemen whose professions frequently constrain them to labor at the expense of the State in mansions built for the purpose. And even these vary the form somewhat, writing *alias* instead of *and*. Though they compensate for this departure from strict aristocratic etiquette by the greater number of their appellations. We prefer the '*and*,' however, to the '*alias*.' And we recommend this dual dignity for imitation to our distinguished men. For instance, to a certain eloquent orator and popular writer, we would advise the signature of *Everett and Bonner's Ledger*. To a noted M. C. *Potter and Bowieknife*. To another, *Pryor and Pistols*. To a third, *Lovejoy and Nigger*. To the "scrub-oak" Financier, we think *Law and Gridiron* would sound well. To our venerable President, we would timidly suggest, *Buchanan and Whiskey*, or *Buchanan and Caveat-Emptor*. The Hon. Stephen A. might sign, *Douglas and Squatter*, or *Douglas and Charleston-bolt*. We could go on, fitting dualities to our singular public men with equal grace, for an indefinite length of MSS. But we leave the rest to the "imagination of the readers," merely proving our good faith, by subscribing ourself,

Respectfully,

'GAMMON AND SPINNAGE.'

## An English "Lady."

A recent article in the *London Times*, commenting upon a disgraceful outrage committed in the Grand Mosque, at Cairo, by a party of British tourists—after attributing their blackguardism to the fact of their being all "under the influence of the jolly God," (plainly drunk) adds that "one of the most conspicuous in this scandalous proceeding was an English 'LADY!' Lady! quotha! And we suppose this English 'LADY's' drunken rowdiness and Billingsgate violence in a religious temple, is another specimen of what Mr. Dowling, and other "generous Britons" denominate "*Fair Play*."

If such is the stuff that *ladies* are made of in Hingland, we—we don't wonder they won't give up the belt!—we don't wonder at anything they "do, be, or suffer," in short! And we think Mr. Dallas had better bring his family home, and let us send out Adah Mencken Heenan to represent us, conjointly with her "noble spouse," at the court of St. Jeemes. We mention Mrs. Adah, merely from her connubial relation with the Champion, however, and would by no means insinuate that she would or could compete successfully with the English *LADIES* in the accomplishments above referred to by the *Times*.

## The Mystery Cleared.

Some of the Honorable Do-littles at Washington have been sorely exercised about the rank of the Envoys from Jeddo. Let them read and be comforted. We went in a yacht to see the Ambassadors, while they were knocking about in Chesapeake bay, and we then and there discovered that they were—the whole of them—nothing more than Japanese Waiters!

## Played Out.

Tom Taylor's new piece, "*The Overland Route*," now playing at Wallack's must fail in England. It is a very Fair Play.

Motto for the Opponents of the "Two-Shilling Candidate."  
No Quarter!



THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.  
THE LAST EYE.



A M aware, Madam, that, properly speaking, the Door-button has no 'eye.' But then think, ah! think how many an eye there is, that has—in metaphoric (and æsthetic) parlance—traversed its button-hole! I allude to the key-hole, Madam. The button-hole of the Door-button is undoubtedly—from an æsthetic point of view—the key-hole.

The Door-button is subdivisible into an infinite number of individualities, differing from each other in delicate, æsthetic, shades of sentiment. But my space will only permit me to touch upon a very few—the most broadly prominent, offering the most distinct and striking characteristics. The first of these, you will permit me to call the TANTALUS BUTTON. This singular button changes its position according to the age, sex, and objects, of the person that regards it. To the tender child, it glistens on the pantry door, suggestive of limitless sweets. To the ardent adolescent, it beckons wierdly from the doors of the paternal "Salamander," whispering, "*omnia venalia*." To those afoot, it gleams with basilisk eye, from the door of your charming coupé, Madam. It twinkles magnetically to Alfred, from the portal on the thither side of which Amelia [he thinks] sighs for him, in controversy of the parental taboo. [Between you and I, however, Madam, Amelia is, in fact, laughing "void of care" at the last No. of VANITY FAIR with young Jenks, the artist, at that precise moment.] To the the young, in fine, this button glows like a will-o'-the-wisp, from every door that opens into an untasted, or a forbidden, or an in-any-way-unattainably-seductive Future; while to the old, it glimmers like a night-lamp, from every portal that closes upon a vista of the irreclaimable Past. To the young it is as a spur, goading forward; to the old as a rein, drawing back.

To several distinguished public men of our mutual acquaintance, Madam, it just now corruscates from the Doors of a certain White Mansion in Washington City. Don't you wish they may 'see' it?

The next button, is the PROCRUSTEAN BUTTON. This button agitates and writhes fiercely on the bed-door, I should say—between a debtor and his (or her) creditors. The former being sometimes the victim of this button, it is true; but more frequently the latter.

N. B. This Button is also often found on Editor's Sanctum doors. In this case all parties are victimized, including the button.

The third great subdivision of the Door-button, I have, after much dubitation, surnamed the UNDERTAKER'S or SEXTON'S BUTTON. Don't be alarmed, Madam. This reference to the tomb has nothing of humanity about it. On the contrary, the peculiarity of the Sexton's button is its inhumanity. It frowns from the doors of certain "Moneyed Institutions," Insurance Companies, Savings Banks, and other financial maelstroms, over whose fronts might be written, in parody of Dante's grim bell-motto: *All ye who enter here, leave hope of ever seeing your money again, behind.* The turning of this fatal button pays the funeral rite to the 'last remains' of credulous wallets (No! Madam! not the English Jester.) Pass that button, Madam, unless you can turn it in an official capacity.

Let us look at one more special button, ere we close all our doors, and walk forth into VANITY FAIR. I know of no better name for the button I am about to speak of, than the KALEIDOSCOPE BUTTON. This button has an immense circulation among the doors of the world, and its curiosity consists in the power it possesses of totally changing its appearance, character, use, and general attributes, according to the particular manner in which it is looked at by the person approaching it. I shall probably, Madam, make my meaning more clear, by an example. Take this button, as it shines from the door

of a fashionable church—sanctuary. (I thank you, Madam! No! I am *not*, alas! (?) a member of the "Y. M's. C. A.") This button, to Jones—the business man Jones—is a button of speculation. Every time he enters past this button, it brightens trade. "A strictly honorable, moral, conscientious man, Madam! A devout attendant at the Sanctuary!" To Mrs. and Miss Jones, it is a button of ostentation, vanity, malice. "A lovely silk, Madam; I noticed it at church yesterday." "Horrid Sontags those Smiths had on at the evening service." "Did you notice the Browns' bonnets?" and so forth. You understand, Madam? To Alfred Jones, it is a button of antipathy, unless it chance to be a button of observation, or a button of assignation. Which probably depends on Miss Amelia Smith. To many, this button is a button of terror; to a much larger number, a button of habit; to some, a button of convenience; to others a button of curiosity. To a few, Madam, alas! how few! it is a button of conscience!

It is about time for me to button up this æsthetic subject. If it has seemed dull, reflect, Madam, that bright gilt buttons have gone out of fashion. If it has appeared too expansive, think how popular are the india-rubber buttons. If you have thought portions of it obscure, remember that many excellent buttons are completely covered with dark material. Have you observed a species of semi-transparency in some of my philosophical or æsthetic deductions? Do not forget, Madam, that there are buttons of pearl, and even of glass.

Finally, Madam, should you have detected, here and there, flashes of erratic and irrelevant mirth, consider the buttons of "*Horn*," and be lenient to a poor scribbler who may (mind! I only say *may*!) have applied to Bacchus, now and then, for one, to cheer him in his task.

Your very humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE LAST TRAVELLER.

For the long future let Arrowsmith hide his diminished head, and Munchausen dry up emphatically. There has been another traveller through the savage tribes of Massachusetts, and the wild prairies of Charleston. "One G. Ackroyd"—as the European *Times* of March 24th calls him—has had "the most strange and cruel wrongs" done him.

"In the month of August, 1851, as he was walking in the streets of Cabbottsville, in the State of Massachusetts, (having then resided in America for five years), he was seized by two men, named Wheeler and Churchill, and was by them conveyed to the custom house, placed in chains, and conveyed by rail to Charleston, where he was stripped of all his clothing, knocked down by an officer named Mayhew, who made use of some dreadful threats toward him. He was compelled to work in the slave gang in the execution of Government works, for the long period of seven years, when he was allowed to come away."

The idea of a custom house in Cabbottsville, an interior village, is good: it reminds us of an adventure of our own while in England. There were walking through the streets of Liverpool, a small town in the Strand, a southern county of England, just north of Scotland, when we were forcibly seized by a party of *gens d'armes*, who, without a moment's delay hurried us to Windsor Castle, the largest state prison in the city of London. Here we were confined in an iron cage, without anything to eat or drink, for nearly five years. After superhuman efforts, we escaped by jumping from the wall directly down the Cliffs of Dover into the channel. Can "one Ackroyd" complain of worse treatment than this? And yet we have kept these "most strange and cruel wrongs" locked in heroic secrecy until this moment!

What is his Line?

Mr. Conway, who was collector for the Heenan Testimonial, relates his experience. Mr. C. called upon Janus Gordon Bennett, who was in his private room, but the subscription book was carried in by Mr. Hudson, and returned with the answer that "the thing was not quite in his line." Mr. Conway proposes to call upon him again. We earnestly hope he will, and at the same time venture a word of caution and advice, which is simply, that he should not leave the establishment without finding out what is J. G. B.'s line. If Mr. C. should succeed in unravelling this, he will have solved a riddle that throws that of the Sphinx completely into the shade.

Philological.

The term "Greeks" being so often applied to the Irish, has been the cause of much speculation as to what relation exists between Ireland and Greece. Nothing, however, is plainer, when we consider that the former has always been known as a "Sweet Ile."

Died in the Wool.

Mutton.



## THE REPUBLICAN FIZZLE.



THE Republican Faction have been and went and gone and done it. They have made their nominations, such as they are, and are going to do as best they can, however that may be. In 1854, they did a good deal better. FREMONT was just the candidate to arouse the effervescent enthusiasm of youth, and he did it. The land was overwhelmed with the well-behaved riotousness of sophomoric eloquence and the excitement born of lemon-soda. It was emphatically a children's campaign, and therefore a lively one, for whatever pleases the young is sure to be popular. The party then had an issue to contend for; the boys were all so much in-

terested that they worked for nothing and the run made was quite a good one.

But we have changed all that. ABRAHAM is not JOHN CHARLES. He is not calculated to "amuse and instruct the youthful mind," (as the advertisements of ABBOTT'S story-books say.) On the contrary, he is a characterless candidate, supported by an aimless party. Poor bleeding Kansas has bled herself to death, the Anti-Slavery movement was the only plank left in the platform, and that, the Republicans have labored incessantly to root out. They have done their mightiest to convince the world that they do not harbor one Republican principle in their bosoms. They permitted SHERMAN, their only Republican candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives, to be defeated, last winter. MR. SEWARD, the architect and builder of the whole Republican Faction, has distinctly announced himself less of a Republican than anybody else, and, in a word, the entire effort of the party has been at party suicide.

This Chicago nomination is the biggest move yet made, in the same direction. LINCOLN possesses certain characteristics, which, if there is any power in newspaper fun, will go far toward defeating him.

First. He is known by the tenderly-affectionate soubriquet of "OLD UNCLE ABE"—a good title for the Chief Magistrate of the United States of North America. Further, he is a longitudinal person, with a shambling gait—a physical formation termed "slab-sided," in the Eastern States. Then he delivered a course of "lectures"—stump-speeches in disguise—not long ago, through this region of the country, and charged twenty-five cents admission thereunto. If he ever gets clear of the name of "Two-Shilling Candidate" it will be very singular. He was defeated in a political contest in 1852, by DOUGLAS—a significant fact, should the Little Giant be nominated at Baltimore. He opposed the Mexican War, thereby showing a sort of contempt for the Spirit of '76, the Bird, and other Fourth of July deities. He threatened to "go to the banks of the Ohio, and throw missiles over into Kentucky, to disturb their institutions there." He has a thin, almost nasal voice, and his grammar is not so far above suspicion as Caesar's wife is reported to have been. These are about all the things that are known of him, good, bad, or indifferent, so far as the great voting mass goes.

Quite enough, however, of their kind.

Thus, at present, the Republican Faction seem to be in a fair way to be quietly shelved along with BELL of Tennessee, and EVERETT of the *Ledger*. The lemon-soda enthusiasm can never be aroused by Old Uncle Abe, and unless some better stake than the mere spoils can be found, the Two-Shilling Candidate will have a very slim time of it. We advise him, therefore, to keep his expectations low, his head cool, and his pulse even. Let him continue his electioneering "lectures," by all means, so that if he fails to get into the White House, he will at least have a good pocket-full of twenty-five cent pieces, next November, to console him.

Mr. Everett's Campaign Motto.

"Hang out your Bonnets, &c.!" (Shaks: *Improved*)

## THE DANGERS OF BROADWAY.

BY A PROMENADER.

With a slam, and a smash, and a rattling crash,  
Come the sticks,  
And the bricks,  
Bits of glass, blind, and sash,  
That the laborers rash  
Tumble down all the day  
From the houses now being destroyed in BROADWAY!  
Strange odors and musty,  
The air sharp and dusty,  
With lime and with sand  
That no one can stand,  
Make the street quite impassable,  
The people irascible,  
Till every one cries,  
As he trembling goes.  
With the sight of his eyes  
And the scent of his nose  
Quite stopped—or at least, much diminished—  
"Gracious! when will this city be finished!"

Mr. SMITH builds a store—maybe more—  
In the year '53,  
But, in '58, he  
Finds that that he calls "the old(!) building," a bore—  
A disgrace to the town—  
So of course, it comes down,  
And another, much stronger  
Goes up in its place,  
With a handsomer face,  
To last five years more, or perhaps a year longer.  
Meanwhile, Mr. BROWN  
Pulls down  
His building, near by,  
And the dust that he makes,  
Causes all sorts of aches,  
For, like his "improvements," 'tis all in my eye!

But the dust's not the worst of this ruin accurst;  
'Tis the danger,  
Each stranger  
(And citizen, too,) is always put through  
In walking amid such a hullabaloo.  
E'en a temperance man—  
Let him do all he can—  
Is likely to get (and be well off, at that.)  
An all-fired heavy great brick in his hat!  
Powdered with mortar,  
Sprinkled with water,  
Smoked, soaked,  
Poked, choked,  
Turned into the street,  
By walks incomplete,  
Till the pleasures of BROADWAY are sadly diminished,  
And all say, "O, gracious! when will it be finished!"

## A Proper Name.

The *Express* informs its readers that we have a Bourbon among us, in the person of the Prince De Joinville, who is travelling *incog*, under the name of Francois D'Arc. The name certainly shows great taste in selection, and the longer the Prince keeps dark the less likely is he to be discovered.

## A Chance to Supply a Deficiency.

The "Highland Girl," who exhibited in Broadway last week, is said to be the best Walking Lady in the world. We call the attention of the Management at Wallack's to this fact.

## Have they Stepped Out?

We have heard a great deal about the Fair Women of England from books, poetry, "and sich," but just at present it would please us infinitely more to hear of its Fair Men.

## Æronautic.

Though not managerially announced, we learn from good authority that Miss Ella Zoyara will Go Up 'into' a Balloon every evening this week.

## The Fashion for this Season.

The Spring Skirt.





PROFESSOR.—THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THE GORILLA, OR MAN-MONKEY, THE GREATEST LIVING CURIOSITY IN THE KNOWN WORLD. HE WAS CAPTURED BY A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS ON THE BANKS OF THE SENEGAMBIA WHILE—(stick accompaniment.)

GORILLA (*indignantly*).—JEM BRIGGS, IF YOU PUNCH ME AGAIN WITH THAT STICK, I'LL COME OUT THERE AND LAM YER OUT OF YER BOOTS!

#### GRAND CATASTROPHE EXHIBITION.

The Proprietors of the New York and Hoboken Ferry would respectfully inform the citizens of New York and its antipodes, New Jersey, that, in order to gratify the well-known public taste for thrilling events, startling accidents and horrible catastrophes, they have completed every necessary arrangement for producing, on a scale of unequalled grandeur, the Most Appalling and Abominable

#### CATASTROPHE ENTERTAINMENT

ever witnessed in this country.

Being possessed of unsurpassed facilities for getting up a Mammoth Performance of this description, they feel confident that the following splendid Programme will be carried out to the very letter.

#### ORDER OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Those Magnificent and Almost Entirely Decayed Steamers the Newark, Captain Red Mouth, and the Phoenix, Captain Damnedifhe Kares, will be running as usual some fine day next summer, loaded with Human Beings, Cattle and Women, and, when in the middle of our Noble Hudson, will either

BEAUTIFULLY COLLIDE WITH A SLOOP AND SINK, ON THE SPOT,  
CATCH FIRE AND BURN TO THE WATER'S EDGE  
or else handsomely

BURST THEIR BOILERS AND BLOW THEMSELVES TO THE VERY HIGHEST UP.

Artists of Illustrated Papers, who are always on exact Spots, and other parties desiring to enjoy the Harrowing Spectacle of Fellow-Creatures Fearfully Mangled, Scalded, Burned and Drowned, together with numerous horses, oxen, cows, sheep, dogs and small boys, would do well to be on the look-out for this event.

As the Boats carry no contrivances for saving life, of course all on board will

#### POSITIVELY PERISH,

except the Pilots and Engineers, who will providentially escape.

In order that the community may not be at all debarred from taking part in this Well-Planned Wholesale Murder, the Ferry Owners have fixed the

#### The Coming Regatta.

The great Regatta of the New York Yacht Club comes off in New York Harbor on the 7th of June. By our special reporter we are informed that most thorough arrangements have been made to have it a dashing affair, should the wind blow. As usual, perfect accommodations have been made for the press, the elegant smack Sarah Ann, Captain Josh Brown, having been engaged especially for the reporters. This plan is pursued from the fact that there will be no necessity to put refreshments on board, the Sarah Ann furnishing a superfluity from her cargo, she being the very first of the Little Neck liners. The Club has chartered a steamer for its friends, and the entertainment will cost \$10 per head.

#### Which and What?

The *Express*, speaking on Saturday last of the shad fisheries, makes this extraordinary assertion:—

"Over 1500 men are employed in the business between Hartford and Saybrook. Five thousand were captured on Monday last, and were despatched to the various fish dealers in New York and towns in Connecticut."

If this be true, we most earnestly protest against any such outrage! Five thousand men captured and dispatched to the fish dealers! Why the thing is worse than the reopening of the slave trade.

Official Sketching that would astonish the Japanese.

Free hand Drawing from the Public Treasury.

Not among the Post Office "Returns."  
The return of Fowler.

#### PRICE OF TICKETS AT THREE CENTS

for the whole excursion, *There* (and Back, if possible.)

N. B.—A Coroner's Jury will investigate the matter after the performance, as usual, and will quickly bring in a Verdict of

#### No ONE TO BLAME;

So that nothing is to hinder the Company from fulfilling its present promises to its Patrons and the Public generally.

N. Y. MAY, 18th, 1860.

#### Stunning Pattern of a Senator.

How that stupid fellow, Iverson, of Georgia, got into the Senate of the United States, is one of the mysteries whose price it is to baffle the reflective mind. Think of a Senator of the XXXVith Congress getting up in his place and objecting to the appropriation for the scientific observations of the total eclipse of the sun, on the 18th of July next, on the plea that the measure is an "offshoot of old whiggery!" He said, also, that he couldn't see how the observation "would enable ships to get into port any faster!" Oh, couldn't he? Well-informed man is Iverson, of Georgia! "Uncommon" nice pattern of a Senator he is! How disgusting he must have been to observe that the measure prevailed by a "large majority!"

Where was Iverson brought up?

#### The Coming Man.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors, last week, Mr. Supervisor Conner, offered a resolution that it be referred to the appropriate Committee, to inquire into the necessity of appointing a suitable person to take care of the new City Hall, (the brown stone building in the Park) and to prevent the waste of public property. Adopted.

This is the very man for whom we have been looking so long. Mr. Conner; may we treat that when this "suitable person" is found, that his jurisdiction may be extended even into the old City Hall, with unlimited power.





A CHEERFUL PROPOSITION.

*Fast Man*, in search of a "dorg."—"BUT I WANT A YOUNG DOG—A PUP, IN FACT. NOW I SHOULD SAY THAT THAT FELLOW WAS QUITE FULL GROWN."

"*Dorg*" *Vender*.—"FULL GROWN! WHY HE AIN'T NOTHING MORE'N A BABY. JEST DRAW YOUR HAND THROUGH HIS MOUTH, AND YOU'LL FIND HE'S GOT HIS MILK TEETH YET!"

## OUR STRONG MAN.

Dr. WINDSHIP has written to the *Spirit of the Times*, and given an account of the means he adopted in the acquisition of his muscle. While we are perfectly willing to give the Doctor all the credit he deserves for his physical development, we cannot altogether accord him the position of the strongest man in the world. To this claim Our Strong Contributor puts in his veto in the following form, showing how he has brought himself to his extraordinary muscularity. Hear him:

When I was young, just budding into manhood, I was not strong. I was only two feet in height, and weighed eleven hundred and thirty-two pounds four ounces. Nor yet was I very stout. I frequently found my tailor's and shoemaker's bills too heavy for me, and many times before I was up on my practice, a couple of bottles of wine would be a load. Practice and care has enabled me to overcome much of this, and I feel that I am only doing justice to my fellow man to make public the cause which has led to such happy results.

1st. I breathed an abundance of air, in fact I breathed air all the time.

2d. I have exposed myself to the moon.

3d. I have invariably dined at Delmonico's when I could do so, and elsewhere when I could not.

4th. I have drank less than a quart of spirituous liquor daily, and always gone the "straight" thing.

5th. I have walked up Broadway at least twice a week.

6th. I have confined myself to a dozen cigars per diem, putting in the odd whiffs with a pipe.

7th. I have conformed to the customs of society, dined out whenever I was invited, gone to all the hops, and whatever else was not at variance with my taste.

8th. As punctuation is the thief of time, I have shunned the latter as much as possible, never coming to it if it could be avoided.

9th. I have developed my moustache, and not entirely neglected my whiskers.

10th. I have poisoned myself as little as possible with boarding-

house fare, and have not eaten any thing more indigestible than We'ch rarebits and olives.

11th. I have allowed myself a fair proportion of rest, say twenty hours in twenty-four, with an occasional nap in the afternoon.

12th. I have paid due regard to cleanliness, by washing my face on the 1st and 15th of every month, taking a bath on the 4th of July, and a scraping at Christmas.

13th. I have been particular to wear my clothes, and patronize first class tailors, impressing it upon them to give my well-shaped limbs proper display.

By rigidly following these rules I have increased my height to eighteen feet, fourteen inches, and my weight to a hundred and ten pounds. I am able to carry four bottles, and to bear the burden of a sinecure in the Custom House. I can lift my salary regularly every month, and stand under any quantity of the heavy matter printed in the Sunday papers. I have been enabled to put down an impatient hackman, and to raise a loan on collateral. Having been always sound on the goose, I have no doubt that, if I could obtain the nomination, I could carry my Ward and go into the Assembly.

All this I have achieved in less than ten years.

## Brilliant Idea.

The idea has gone abroad that those eternal Japanese are highly polished; also that American Democracy is not highly polished. This latter will not continue to be the case very long, however, since, according to the daily reports, whenever the No-KAMES appear in public our people rush up and rub hard against them—no doubt with the intention of Taking the Shine Off Them.

## Sporting Item.

Little E. M. of Brooklyn Heights condescends to inform us that, according to his thermometrical observations, the temperature of Union Course, Long Island, is invariably high—Blood Heat. (N. B. Fan yourself now! Ed.)

## Judah in Japan.

The *Tribune*, in an elaborate description of the Japanese, states as follows, with regard to the officers of the lower grades.

"Their coats are all marked with the stamp of the particular prince whom they serve."

From this we infer that there must be a Chatham Street in Yeddo, inhabited by princely individuals in the ready made clothing line, outside whose palatial mansions are hung garments in great variety, ticketed with the fascinating stamps of the noble dealer, which probably set forth in Japanese some such inducements to purchasers as—

"Elegant, only \$5"—"Bong Tong, at a sacrifice"—"Gent's Delight, \$4"—"Tycoon Snipe, superb, \$9."

## Boston Relieved of a Cruel Doubt.

Gen. Cass thinks the Japanese will come to Boston. —The Village Paper.

How very kind of the Japanese, and how very nice for Boston! Rather than not see the Embassy, we suppose Boston would have come on to New York, but for the General's timely opinion on the matter. LELAND could easily quarter the village over the Japanese Apartments.

Keep quiet, little Boston! It shall see the Pretty Prettys bye and bye!

## Supererogatory.

A morning paper takes some pains to inform its readers "How Lincoln Stands at Home," as if every one did not know that, in the exceeding joyousness of his heart, he Stands Drinks.

## An Affair of Honor vs. An Honorable Affair.

We wonder how it is that Mr. JOE. JEFFERSON avoids fighting a duel; not an evening passes that he is not Called Out.



## Information Wanted.

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED, from the Chicago Convention, a gentleman a little past middle age, of prepossessing appearance and polished manners, named WILLIAM H. SEWARD. He held a prominent position before the Convention for some time, but on the 18th ult., suddenly disappeared; since which time, nothing has been heard of him in the political world. It is thought that he has retired to hang up his fiddle, in consequence of not having been able to come up to the scratch; or he may have gone to Rochester to repress a certain "conflict" with which he was familiar, though he formerly considered it "irrepressible." Any information of his political whereabouts will be thankfully received by his heart-broken friends of the Albany Regency. Address THURLOW WEEP, Esq., any time between this and 1864.

Eastern, Northern, and Western papers please copy (and give credit to VANITY FAIR.)

## PUNNING MADE EASY.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

Several years ago, a young man who had heard I was a Punster, came to me to get six new puns to go into company with. I gave him good puns on supper-table, accordion, concentration, 'Will you walk on the porch, spring-fever, and righteousness. The incident suggested to me at the time the want of a General Text Book on the Art, and of late these applications having become a continual annoyance, determined me to publish it, and enable all men to make their own puns, and leave me in quiet. And I trust that in time, we shall speak a picturesque language, in which every word shall be a pun, instead of the silly jargon that every one understands.

Of my ability I need not speak. Those who know me, need no conviction; those who do not, know nothing. If I cannot do it, who can? It was me that made the great pun on *HIEROGLYPHIC*, which no one else knows, and remains unpublished till after my death. I claim thoroughly to understand the mystery, and whoever comprehends my teaching, is thenceforth able to Pun at Sight on any given word. My system enables a man to take up the Dictionary, and pun straight on, without exception, from Aaronical to Zurishaddai.

What is the Pun?—Nine out of ten philosophers I have personally questioned, replied, "A Pun is a play upon words." The tenth who is an inveterate transcendentalist, mistook my question for a conundrum, and is now searching for its answer. That it is a play upon words, has been well ridiculed by another metaphysician, in the following syllogism:—A pun is a play upon words; a fire engine squirting on a sign is a play upon words; therefore, a fire-engine is a pun. To say that the fire-engine is upon the ground, would be a sophistry easily refuted by putting stones under the wheels.

Lexicographers who define the Pun as a quibble, a low species of wit, merely lower themselves below the level of the brute. These men, though capable of drawing general proportions, are ignorant of those little distinctions that make a Dictionary interesting.

Thomas Carlyle defines man as an incarnate word. Every word is a pun, consequently the pun is a man. The word not being given by Carlyle, it cannot be stated as a conundrum.

The Pun may then be correctly defined as a man, a male individual of the human race, of adult years or growth, a moveable piece at chess or draughts.

Entering my studio the other day, I found my pupil, a young man of excellent capacity, standing at the blackboard in a statuesque attitude, analyzing a problem I had given him. From the classic expression of his features, it was evident he was thinking in Greek, a habit which I recommend to all illiterate people, as a great assistance in metaphysical reflection. To it I ascribe that profound obscurity which is the charm of my own productions. Almanzor, said I, looking at the blackboard which was covered with signs, how have you succeeded? The solution, he replied, is unattainable, and re-stated the problem;—What is the difference between an Artist's Best Production, and our secret feelings in relation to the Bearded Woman?—That is not hard, said I smiling, and taking the chalk, thus expressed it:—

## ANALYSIS OF A CONUNDRUM.

Let A stand for the Artist's Best Production.

Let B stand for the Bearded Woman.

Now let EC represent the relation of A to B, and let DF that of B to A.

Let Y represent their difference, and O represent their resemblance.

Then as EC is to A, so is DF to B.

As Y is to A, so is not A to O.

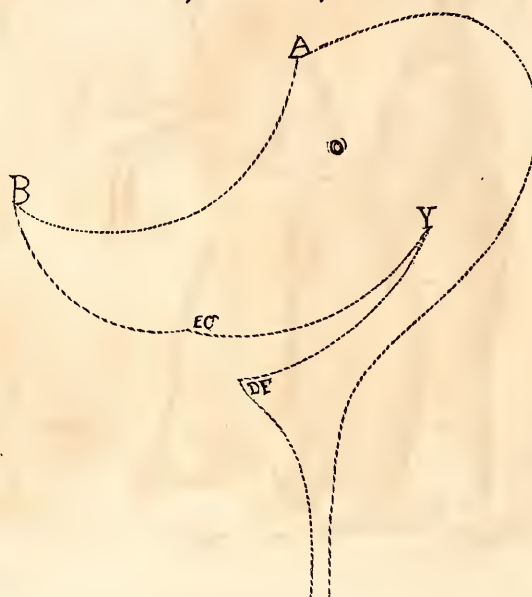
As O is to B, so is B not to Y.

Then let EC—Y = DF, and let DF + O = EC, and the result triumphantly follows:

DF + O — Y = A, and EC — Y = B = A + B = C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, &c.

And the answer is evident. Translated from the symbols it reads: One is a chef d'œuvre, the other is a do shave her.

## Diagram of a Pun



Noticing that my pupil looked solemn I continued, do you not comprehend? Is it not clear as day—or shall I go over the analysis again? No, no, he replied, it is unnecessary. Then, said I, you can have for your next lesson variations on the leading idea, such as, if we do shave her, will it raise her anger, will it erase her beard, will d'œuvre, do for a joke, &c., and dismissing him, I began exercising violently in punning, to get an appetite for dinner.

Animated with enthusiasm, confident of his own powers, and eager to begin, I now see before me the young Punster, searching for a word. Let him beware of precipitate haste, and polysyllables. It is best to begin with some well established, and standard pun of an old master, in which error is impossible. The first pun of which we have authentic record, naturally appeared with the first murder. CAIN, then, is the word the pupil should select, restricting himself for a few weeks, solely to its combinations with *Cane*. He may then take up *Kane*, and afterwards *Can*, in its two meanings of *capable*, and *tin utensil*. After practising these till perfectly familiar with their capacities, he can use them effectively, with *Abel*, *able*, *a bell*, *a bill*, *a ball*, *a bull*, *a bowl*, *a boil*, etc. This is a very popular pun, and universally understood. I make it myself, once a week with great benefit.

If I should be asked the secret of my success, I should reply, Development! Development! Development! Unsatisfied with a simple pun, I systematically develop it into complexity. Given any word, and I invariably pun through all the vowels, and carry it into the diphthongs. For instance, diphthong, dipethong, dapthong, dapethong, depthong, dcepthong, dopthong, dopethong, dupthong, dupethong, downpthong, and doiphthong. These are not puns, *strictly*, but could easily be made such.

Brougham is a good punster, and might be, if he devoted his whole attention to the art, a great one, but ignorance of my great principle, spoils many of his finest opportunities. In his tragedy of Pochahontas, occurs this very subtle example of the highest style of the art:—

"You bloody butcher, you may bet your life." Butcher, and bet your, is brilliant and original. Yet why did he neglect, *badger*, *bade you*, *abate your nuisance*, *Beecher*, *bile chewer o-bituary*, *botcher*, *boot-sure*, etc.? Clearly because he did not fully comprehend this principle of development, which is almost infinite in its results. There is no finer word in the language than Butcher, but *cher ami*, justice is not granted it in the tragedy.

(To be Continued.)

Mere Intangible Spectres.

The Police Inspectors.





## ANOTHER "TWO SHILLING" CANDIDATE.

1st Colored Person.—ABE, IS YESE GWINE TO GUV UP DE WITE WASHIN' PERFESSION, EH!

2d Colored Person.—YES, 'DEED I IS—GWINE TO SPLIT RAILS NOW—BOBBOLITIONISTS MAKE UM PRESIDENT—P'RAPS—YAH! YAH!

Both.—YAH! YAH!

## HENRY versus HORACE!

We trust that we are pacific in our tendencies. We believe in fun, but have no particular taste for fighting. Phrenologically, we suppose that our combativeness may be mildly stated at about one-half of 0, and our mirthfulness at 538. To be sure, when we embarked on our jaunt of jollity, and crusade of cachinnation; when we undertook the reformation of the human race by judicious appeals to the midriff, we provided ourselves not merely with pens, but with a pugilist. It was the error of our youth to suppose that blood would run in rivers down our stairs, and that every bon-mot might result in bloody murder. We, therefore, started with a CHAMPION. We scoffed at expense. Our Man of Might had a fresh dirk for every day in the week, and two fresh ones for the day of publication. He had a revolver for every finger, and might, if he had desired it, have had one for every toe also. The barrels of gunpowder which were put into the cellars of this establishment were really Guy Fauny in number and size; and led to the interference of the police, and to the substitution of a corresponding number of barrels of beer, to which we are obliged to say the Champion did not object. He received his orders in writing, and from the whole Five Hundred we extract the following:

1. Should Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT invade the office, you will shoot him down the moment you catch his eye.

2. Should Mr. HORACE GREELEY enter without his usual smile, offer him one from our private closet, without a moment's delay.

3. Should Mr. HENRY J. RAYMOND appear, gaze sternly upon him, and command him to define his position; and if he does not instantly depart upon receiving this request, send for a policeman, for you may be sure that he "means venom."

4. Should these gentlemen come in together, leave the room, lock the door, and return in one hour to remove the fragments.

We now think that these precautions, involving as they did, immense expense, were totally unnecessary; and our Champion at present officiates as Porter in a second-hand Quaker coat and pacific lamb's wool shirt, his suit of armor, by the kind permission of P. T. BARNUM, Esq., having been disposed of at the recent Great Sale of Odds and Ends at the Museum. We have gone further. We have joined

the Peace Society, and were at once requested to undertake the conversion of the Editors of New York to the first principles of Christianity. But just as we were ready to enter upon our milky mission, the Chicago Convention nominated ABE the ABLE, and did not nominate WILLIAM the WILLING, and the chronic cannonading across Printing-House Square re-commenced with re-doubled roar. "HORACE and HENRY are at it again," said our Bloodthirsty Reporter to us, one morning, significantly. We fell forthwith into a fit of profound pondering, and as the result of our cogitations, the following proposals are offered to the high contending parties:

## PEACE PROPOSALS.

1. Mr. HORACE GREELEY withdraws the expression "little villain;" and in consideration thereof, will be allowed to substitute the expression "great villain," which will be perfectly satisfactory to Mr. RAYMOND.

2. Mr. RAYMOND hereby expresses his regret at the unjustifiable liberty taken by him in calling upon Gov. SEWARD at Auburn, immediately after the Chicago Convention, and will not again call upon Gov. SEWARD without written permission from Mr. GREELEY.

3. Mr. RAYMOND, while adhering to his opinion that the late MONS. CHARLES FOURIER was a liar, a thief, a debauché, and Foe of Virgin Innocence, hereby admits that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, Mr. HORACE GREELEY, is not a liar, a thief, a debauché, and Foe of Virgin Innocence.

4. The Advertising of the Bank Returns, although by the confession of both gentlemen, it is not worth having, shall hereafter be awarded by skying a copper at Albany: Heads, *The Tribune*—Tails, *Times*; each man to furnish his own copper.

5. Each party, as soon after the ratification of this treaty as possible, shall publicly embrace the other at the foot of the Washington Statue in the Park; after which they shall drink together at Tammany Hall, according to the following formula:

BEER (small)	-	-	-	MR. GREELEY.
BRANDY (for heroes)	-	-	-	MR. RAYMOND.

N. B. Mr. GREELEY is to have brandy in the mild form of a smash—should he desire it.

Should these pacific proposals be rejected, why then we come to the dear, delightful duello—then, odds pistols and powder! we call in that mighty man of war, Gen JAMES WATSON WEBB. This, for several reasons, will be a sad alternative; because it must be evident to the reflecting mind that Mr. GREELEY, all unfamiliar with the treacherous and ticklish pistol, may fall by his own hand, early in the action; and that, in any event, he will have small chance against the Hero of the Italian War. At any rate, we think that the meeting should be postponed until after the Presidential Election, because only then can it be determined, although the parties are not upon good terms, whether they have any interest in being upon bad ones. And yet, upon second thought, when we reflect upon the melancholy situation of the readers of the *Tribune* and the *Times*, condemned every evening to peruse the Editorial Sorrows and Personal Pangs of these Deadly Foes, we think the speedier the meeting the better. Only let us be notified in season, of the time and place of the dreadful encounter, that we may be there with one whole battalion of artists, philosophers, reporters and poets. We make all these suggestions in the mildest of moods and in the blandest and most benignant spirit. We are satisfied that something must be done; that we must have War before we can have Peace; and that nothing but gore can allay the Tribulations of the *Tribune* and the Torments of the *Times*. We promise the survivor our sympathy, and the slain a neat obituary notice. Can we do more?

## "Drink Deep, or Taste Not."

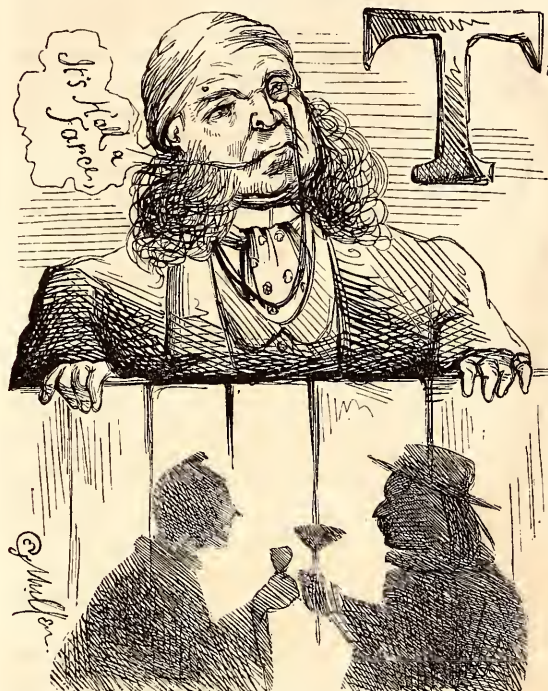
A political friend says that the politicians of this city are very busy, just now, preparing a Rough Draft of the Democratic Platform for the Baltimore Convention. It strikes us that the ones already prepared will make an uncommonly Rough Draught for the public throat to swallow!

## Social Query for Prize-Fighters.

Got any 'Backer?



## SLOW TORTURES FOR THE JAPS.



them down upon a table, and rolling up the cuffs of his coat, deliberately tickle the soles of their feet. Though certainly bad for the ladies, this was rare sport for Monsicur, and it is an ill wind that blows no one good. Now the amiable Jeddonce ought to consider themselves in the position of these unlucky females, and laughingly submit to the tickling operations of our Federal and various Municipal Governments until, from exhaustion, they fetch up in *articulo mortis*.

Thus far, as we said before, they have borne themselves very well, but their hardest rubs have yet to come. The President, the Cabinet, the naval officers, the ladies, the political grubs and the hotel waiters at our National Capital understand the art of Slow Torture tolerably well, but their knowledge is not a circumstance to the fertile imaginations of New-York Aldermen and Councilmen. Bah! A Metropolitan BOOLE can bore a rhinoceros or the Egyptian Sphinx to death in fifteen minutes, and then wax indignant if denied the privilege of holding a festive wake over the remains. No, no! dear Japanners, don't hope to leave the Empire City in any vehicle other than a hearse. Give orders for the style of burial cases you most affect at once; it will save time and lots of trouble.

True, like the well-whipped TOM SAYERS, you may possess extraordinary powers of endurance, and so be able to baffle for a long while, the combined attempts of His Honor and both Boards. We hope, for your sakes, that you will; but even then other mighty dangers will beset you on every side. For instance, your eyes will grow asquint from amazement at the ugliness of the City Fathers, the slovenliness of their costume, their swaggering gait and the enormous halos of vanity which encircle them. You will turn pale at sight of their jaws, which are always on exhibition, their tobacco juice, which is all over, and impudent familiarity which is supreme. Your nostrils will dilate wrathfully, and refuse to perform their functions because of the foul vapors wafted from their presence. And, moreover, look well to your purses, valuables, and wardrobes. Else we would not, nor would any New Yorker, be at all surprised to see Councilman THIS, or Alderman THAT, flaunting through Baxter and Mulberry streets, dressed out "to kill" in the latest Jeddo style, with two or three swords swinging at his side, and a few priceless rings, and other *bijouterie* flashing on his hands, and watch-guard. To the natural question, "Arrah, Terry, where did yez get all yer illigant silk dress?" Alderman THIS, or Councilman THAT, would tip his well-known wink, and reply, "Whist ye spalpeens! 'Twas wan of thim Japanese chaps I tuk dinner wid last night, as made me take the half av his trunk, or he'd hev run me trough and trough with two swords as quick as luk. Devil a lie!"

Probably the sublimest spectacle the Embassy will witness in the city will take place after the first grand dinner and panjandrum at the Metropolitan. This will be nothing more nor less than the total subjugation of their official hosts for a time. Having eaten, drank, smoked, speechified, sung, hurraed, and hiccupped to satiety, every man of them will roll off his chair and under the table, just as quiet, save, perhaps, a snore or so, and as gentle as a lamb.

Unfortunately for the Orientals, this pleasant state of the Fathers cannot last long enough. A few hours at most, and they are ready to try it on again.

We have nothing further to add by way of advice to the Pitiable Bored unless that, in case they get safely through their visit, they invite our civic authorities to go back with them, and put them through a system of Japanning for the rest of their contemptible lives.

Where to get the best Fire Escapes.

From Philadelphia. Her firemen are celebrated for their escape-aids (escapades.)

## BOSTON TO NEW YORK.

Well, my old Knickerbocker friend, how do you find yourself, this pleasant weather? Think there's a smart chance of a thaw, pretty soon? It's hot enough here to melt an iceberg. By the way, it's said that that fine fellow, Dr. HAYES, the Arctic man, is extremely anxious to, in fact, go to extremes, and will be put off with nothing short of the North Pole itself. Now, my boy, I've a proposition. The Doctor is rather short of funds, however flush of enthusiasm, and I'm sure, for one, I don't think worse of him on that account. If you will furnish men, I will give a ship; or, if you prefer, I will provide a ship, if you will man it. Take your choice; I won't be mean. Perhaps, as I am rather more methodical than you, you will allow me to contribute the *ship*, as that is a definite amount, which can be charged to Profit and Loss, and that will be the end of it; whereas, *men* are not so readily ciphered out of one's mind. At my time of life, and considering my countless schemes of philanthropy, to say nothing of my gout, and a touch of the scrofula, I can't add *real anxiety* to my other cares, or even the obligation to keep a few sailors in my mind for two or three years. You are generous by nature, and are less abstract. I'm afraid I have always been too much a creature of mathematics.

Let me hear from you at your leisure.

Your old friend,

BOSTON.

## The P. O. Matter Cancelled.

We have no idea of the value some men set on their whiskers, nor the reluctance with which they establish a pair of spectacles on their rapturous physiognomy, until after reading these remarks upon one who is,

Though lost to sight, to memory Dear.

"His (J. V. F.—R's Esq.) luxuriant black whiskers having been shaved off on Sunday morning, and a pair of gold spectacles completely altering his appearance whenever placed in any situation where those not in his immediate confidence could see him. This necessity of disguise must in itself have proved to a man of his personal pride a terrible almost compensating, punishment."

In homely English, then, this gentleman's loss of hair compensates, almost, for the Governmental loss of \$155,000.

We hope the Government will take good care of the whiskers after this expensive Shave.

## P. M. Peck's reasons for abolishing Beards in his Force.

1. *A Religious Reason.*—No outward distinction of Sects.
2. *A Social Reason.*—To enable them to disguise their employment, leaving one in doubt as to whether they were Male carriers or—otherwise.
3. *A Corrective Reason.*—Ensuring them a good Lathering semi-occasionally.

## Modern Discovery.

We have found out why the songs of Leander, in the 'Invisible Prince,' are so well done; it is because of the *timbre* of Wood's voice.

## One from the Mining Districts.

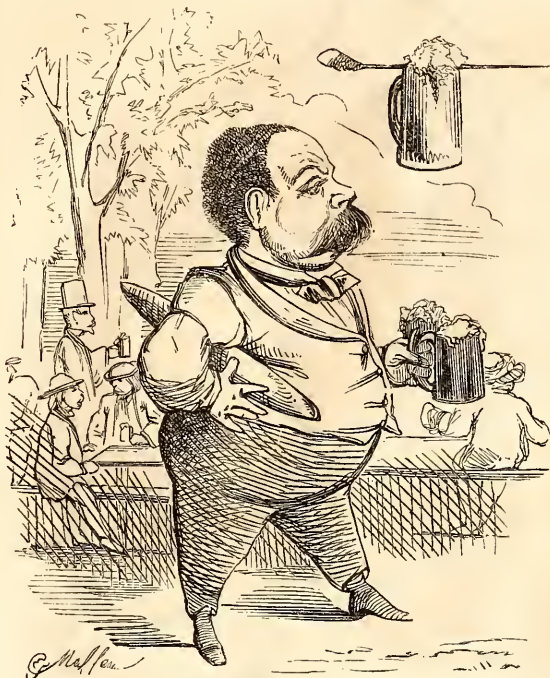
Pennsylvania, always influenced by its Iron interests, is sure to go for Lincoln, simply because he is the "Rail Candidate."

Quotation for the readers of the "Dutch Republic."

"Motley's your only wear."



## THE WAR OF WORDS.



The Columns of the *Times* and *Tribune* now filed in, in close order, and awaited the signal for attack upon one another. A shell, in the shape of a letter from GREELEY, decided the movements of the leaders, who, accordingly, ordered their men to advance without delay. The charges on either side were heavy, and the loss of ink and time very great. The battle then

HE Campaign has at last fairly begun—GREELEY has crossed the frontier, and the Hero of Minnie's Elbows has planted himself in his way.

Two days after the Defeat of SEWARD at Chicago, the first battle between these Republican leaders took place. Both armies have adopted the new style of deadly weapon, so extensively used at Washington—Words. GREELEY openly declares his liking for this dangerous invention; accordingly he has established manufactories and arsenals for the occasion, and the Pen really bids fair to become mightier than the Sword. The GREELEY troops were stationed in Printing-House Square, on the morning of the 23d, when the reverberation of RAYMOND's artillery was heard from the Mohawk. In anticipation of his nearer approach, a scene of bustling preparation ensued in the White Hat and Feather camp. Next day GREELEY responded from the mouths of a hundred Squibs, thickly planted against the enemy's front.

became close and general—a number of volunteers rapidly filling up the openings made in the opposing ranks. At this early hour more particulars cannot be given, but it is feared that GREELEY will not be able to hold out many hours longer. All is noise, carnage and confusion. By the vivid flashes of the guns, GREELEY's White Hat and Coat are distinctly seen, from time to time madly galloping about, ordering and countermanding, as occasion requires.

All hopes of peace are at present out of the question. The amount of heavy Words used is enormous; Walker, Webster, Worcester, and Johnson are nearly exhausted in their attempts to supply the demands of the belligerents. Nothing has been known to equal the present conflict since the terrible days of Babel.

Yet all cry "Fiat justitia ruat cælum."

## Spurgeon's Wit.

Here is the very best *bon mot* of Mr. SPURGEON, made on Monday night last, at a meeting of his supporters in behalf of the new Tabernacle. The list of contributors being read over \* \* a Mr. PIG was called out as having given a guinea. "That," said Mr. SPURGEON, "is a guinea-pig."—*English Paper*.

Mr. Spurgeon had better take care. This prodigal waste of wit will not be tolerated in this country. Before he is aware of it, he may be exposed to two dreadful alternatives either to become Bonnerized, and aid the Wit and Wisdom column of the *Ledger*, or else to undergo the ordeal of being Edited by the Literary Editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, with copious notes. Better stick to your theology, Mr. Spurgeon, unless you have no regard for our finer feelings, which would be outraged in either case.

## A CHAPTER ON WORDS.

By HIM OF THE BUTTONS.

What are Words? Saith Webster: "Articulate and vocal sounds or combinations of such sounds, by custom expressing *certain* ideas." Saith Talleyrand: "Masks whereby to conceal thoughts." Say I: Articulate and vocal combinations of sound, various and mutative according to time, place, and circumstances of pronunciation, and by custom expressing the most *uncertain* and contradictory ideas. And I pronounce my definition more comprehensive than M. de Talleyrand's, and more accurate than gossip Webster's.

Somebody once said (was it Mrs. Grundy?) that "everything depends on position." With regard to the meaning of words, everything (pretty much) depends upon *imposition*. You often don't recognise a word, to-day, that you thought you knew intimately, yesterday. Yesterday it was sweet; to-day it is bitter; yesterday serious; to-day absurd; yesterday clever; to-day stupid; in short, yesterday black; to-day white—and *idem*, through all the other colors.

Mrs. Muffet says: Jenks "is a *nice* young man." Mrs. M. means that he is a good sort of young man to have about a house where there's a marriageable young woman, or an elderly female to take to evening church, or both. Nipps, the 'special,' says that the 'dodger' whom he just caught in the act of picking 'Jenks' pocket, "is a *nice* young man." By which he (N.) means, that the 'dodger' is an audacious young reprobate.

There's a *nice* distinction for you!

Blobber says he'll dine with you, "with all his *heart*." He means with all his bow—digestive apparatus. Miss Blobber says she'll marry you, with all her *heart*." She means with all her—*expectations*. Walking by a "sequestered stream &c.," with Alfred, Amelia exclaims: "isn't this *pleasant*?" by which she means delightful, romantic, &c.

A sudden shower overtakes them. Amelia, dripping and shivering under a tree, exclaims: "well! this is *pleasant*!" By which she means, this is disgusting, &c.

The Rev. Blather Skyte says, "Brother Doolittle is a really *good* man." The Rev. B. S. means that Brother D. subscribes liberally to the fund of the East African Mission, whereto goeth the Rev. B. S., (having nothing to do further, in this privileged land, where every human being is a pure and enlightened Christian, and where moral darkness, wretchedness, and vice, are as words in an unknown tongue) intent to teach the Sampantagochook heathens and

cannibals, the blessings of 'revealed religion,' and 'cold boiled'—mutton.

Bullem says "Doolittle is a *good* man;" meaning simply that he (B.) would take his (D's) 'paper' without hesitation—at a *very slight* discount.

Finally, as a last example—equally felicitous to say the least—of the untrustworthiness of words in "mixed society;" I say: "I *sincerely* hope I have not *bored* you with my *humor*:" meaning, "You must be very stupid if you have not relished this truthful and witty article of mine. You say: "Oh! your *humorous* essay has not *bored* us in the *least*; quite the *contrary*." Whereby you mean: "Your (i.e. my) confounded prosy nonsense is enough to make one swear never to buy another copy of VANITY FAIR!" Don't swear!! and I'll stop instant, and not do so again!

## The See! The See!

It is rumored that the Pope is about to evacuate Rome, with the intention of transferring the Father of all Sees—the Papa-cy—from the eternal city to the everlasting United States. If his Holiness will emigrate, let us suggest to him that the locality known as the Five Points, in this city, would be a rather eligible site than otherwise, for his new Vatican—at least it would be a sight better than none. The conversion of Cow Bay from a diabolical swamp into a Holy See, would indeed be a practical miracle at which few except the editor of the *Herald*, would be likely to cavil—that piratical poetaster, of course, going in for Washington Heights as the cis-atlantic seven hills of the new foundation. Only think, too, of the substitution of the Cardinal Virtues in that dissolute rookery for the seven deadly sins! The Legitimate Spirit for the spurious Bourbon—the Scarlet Hat for the Scarlet Woman. Truly no longer the Five Points, but the Cardinal Points. And then the magnificent fitness of things by the elimination of which the Papal Bull shall at length have found an asylum in Cow Bay! Let the city fathers, too, take into their earnest consideration the benefits derivable by their charge from such a movement. For instance, how much better the total annihilation of the Five Pointers than a puny tax upon city Curs.

## Chronological.

The gentleman who formerly held the place of Superintendent of the Time-Ball on the Custom House, Dropped it yesterday, at noon.





## WANTED—A WHALER.

OLD SAM.—Now, then, young 'un, put it in, or them darned English fellers will have her.

## THE NEW BRUTUS.

The ancient and more or less authentic histories of old time, tell us that the great CÆSAR was done to death, and very badly done at that, in the Roman Capitol, at the base of the statue of POMPEY, by those who had professed to be his warmest friends and backers.

BRUTUS, the rough and unkempt orator, whom CÆSAR had looked upon as his right-hand man, dealt the most fatal and insidious blow of all, with a stylus—the sharp steel point with which writing was performed in those days. Through the wound of this stylus, the mighty CÆSAR's life flowed out—a purple stream of sacrifice to the treacherous friendship of his seeming supporter. Verily, a sad comment upon the sincerity of political loves!

Well, it has remained for this humanitarian and exalted age—for this loving and warm-hearted republic—for this campaign of 1860, to furnish a historical parallel to that fatal scene in the Capitol. Great CÆSAR SEWARD has fallen at the feet of POMPEY LINCOLN's statue, in the Wigwam of Chicago. His erstwhile friends turned upon him with the keen blades of speech and ballot; and BRUTUS GREELEY, the rough and unkempt orator, for fourteen years his right-hand man, inflicted the fatal wound, like his prototype of old, with the sharp and searching steel-pen. It was through this wound that CÆSAR SEWARD's political life ebbed forth.

So, gathering his robes about him, the mighty demagogue went down, to bite the dust upon the Wigwam floor—politically dead beyond resuscitation. There let him rest, but if remorse can find a place in BRUTUS GREELEY's heart, must he not shudder when, in darkness and alone, he hears the echo of those last sad words: "ET TU BRUTE?"

## SUNDAY COMING ON MONDAY.

We have become accustomed to hear a regular standing boast in this country—this glorious, free, and enlightened Republic—to the effect that every man, woman, and child, could get a Common School Education—often very common—and have his or her Religious Liberty respected. From earliest childhood, we have been taught that all creeds and sects were tolerated here, Jesuits, Perfectionists, Hard-Shell Baptists, Spiritualists, Mormons, and Presbyter-

ians; that however eccentric the form of expression might be, all religious holidays could be observed as the observer pleased.

We don't mean the *New York Observer*.

Sunday, the 27th of May, was Whitsunday, called Pfingst-Sontag by the Germans, with whom it is kept as a religious holiday, to commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. The Germans make it a day for communion with nature—with the "groves," which, as one of our most Eminently Respectable poets once said "were God's first Temples."

For lack of more proximate and natural groves, our Teutonic population have generally sought JONES'S Woods on Whitsunday, there to pay homage to in-coming Summer. According to usage so time-honored that it has become part and parcel of the religious holiday, they celebrate it with song, dance, beer-drinking, gymnastics, and other laborious but inoffensive German aids to hilarity.

But now, our lofty magnates—our spotless, immaculate, and incorruptible Albany Village Legislature—who believe so devoutly in freedom of speech, of press, and of belief above all, say that the Teutonic observance of Whitsunday is immoral, and must either be stopped altogether, or postponed till Monday. The Germans submitted, and made a Sabbath of a week-day, to please our legislators from the agricultural districts. Good! To have a pleasant social gathering out of doors, on Sunday, is a misdemeanor. Bribe voters, if you will. Oppress the metropolis with railroads they don't want. Legislate all sorts of absurd enactments down our throats. Cheat, lie, and swindle if you like, but don't sing songs and drink lager-bier under the green trees and blue skies on Sunday! Go to the Rev. JOHN BIBLEBANGER's last, but not to God's first, temple!

Well, let us have the singing birds prohibited from trilling their little songs on the Sabbath for which Man was made, or else—let us wipe out the Albany Village Legislature!

"Something for the Marines."

The Increased Navy Pay.

Easily Recognised.

An Alderman in Disguise.



JUNE 2, 1860.]

VANITY FAIR.



MARK ANTHONY RAYMOND  
CESAR SEWARD.

CASCA BLAIR.  
BRUTUS GREELEY.

“ET TU, GREELEY?”







## THE ELOPEMENT.

## A BALLAD.

## I.

'Tis all of General BYNUM,  
And Miss PHIPPS, of Tennessee,  
(Let CUPID's wreaths entwine 'em!)  
I chant this melody.

## II.

He, brave as any lion  
That GERARD e'er did shoot,  
His luck in love did try on  
At the SPINGLER Institute.

## III.

So stunning was her beauty,  
Her hair, her eyes, her lips,  
He thought it was his duty  
To wed the lovely PHIPPS.

## IV.

The teachers—well, he sold them,  
As sure as you do live—  
He took and went and told them  
She was his relative.

## V.

And so he went to visit  
The maid, who kept it mum—  
As mum as the What Is It,  
At BARNUM's Museum.

## VI.

Until one day the teachers  
Upon the truth did hit;  
And said that BYNUM's features  
Were not like her's a bit!

## VII.

Mrs. ABBOTT—that's the lady  
Who keeps the school up there—  
Began to be afraid he  
Wasn't acting on the square.

## VIII.

So, lest there might upon her  
Some share of blame be thrown,  
She made him swear, on honor,  
He'd let Miss PHIPPS alone.

## IX.

Alas, for frailty human!  
True passion's joy and pain  
Are too strong for man or woman—  
He went straight back again!

## X.

Up to the Institution  
Straightway his steps he bent,  
And without the least confusion  
His card up stairs he sent.

## XI.

When Mrs. ABBOTT read it  
She said 'it was a shame—  
The call did him no credit'—  
But still, down stairs she came.

## XII.

And ere three words were spoken  
Miss PHIPPS appeared likewise.  
(That BYNUM's word was broken  
For her, is no surprise.)

## XIII.

So fair she was, so pretty,  
You couldn't blame him well  
If, such a prize to get, he  
A little fib did tell!

## XIV.

The General took her gently

About the waist, and said,  
Regarding her intently,  
"Art ready, love, to wed?"

## XV.

The maiden turned and faced him,  
And as with a stifled sigh,  
She lovingly embraced him,  
Said faintly "That am I!"

## XVI.

"Then hasten to my carriage!"  
The General quick replied,  
"And in the bonds of marriage  
We'll speedily be tied!"

## XVII.

Then Mrs. ABBOTT, seeking  
To stop such goings-on,  
Seized hold of BYNUM, shrieking  
For DICK, and TOM, and JOHN.

## XVIII.

But some swift movement made he,  
And laid her on the floor—  
Then went to join his lady,  
Who waited at the door.

## XIX.

They tarried not a minute—  
Fairest maid and boldest man,  
As if the deuce was in it,  
Down stairs together ran.

## XX.

Then Mrs. ABBOTT followed,  
Though their speed she couldn't touch;  
"Stop that ruffian!" she hollowed  
—They didn't stop him, much!

## XXI.

The carriage, swiftly sweeping  
Down-townward, like the wind,  
Left Mrs. ABBOTT weeping  
On her doorstep, far behind.

## XXII.

The wedding-rooms were lighted,  
The wedding-ring was bought,  
And so, to be united,  
The ST. NICHOLAS they sought.

## XXIII.

While high hopes wove a garland  
Of the fairest flowers of life,  
The Reverend McFARLAND  
Pronounced them man and wife.

## XXIV.

None happier, in the city  
Can now be found, than they—  
But I notice 'tis a pity  
About poor Mrs. A!

## Tip us your Paddle!

The annexed curious paragraph attracts our attention in an exchange.

"The negro man whom we mentioned in our last as having murdered an old negro woman, in this District, was tried on Wednesday last by a Magistrate's court, and sentenced to receive two hundred paddles and be banished from the State."

What does it mean? Were the paddles intended to typify that it was all O'er with him? Yet that could not be, for he was sentenced to be banished. We marvel much how the extraordinary gifts were presented to the colored person. To place the paddles all in a Row would naturally suggest itself as the most appropriate way. If killing a negro woman obtains for the murderer a presentation of paddles, we wonder what crime in the decalogue would entitle him to a canoe.

Name for a Conductor on a horse Rail Road.

Oscar



## SPORTS OF THE PERIOD.



**A**BOUT the vicinity of last Summer we (the popular American, not the editorial we) solemnly concluded that in certain peculiarly original and startling feats, successfully tried on by us, we could not be beaten. Furthermore, we were of the opinion that we could not beat ourselves. Grand mistake! Fatal miscalculation! It will not do for us, go-a-double-head creatures, to think of

putting up boundaries to our wonderful powers. We shall break them all down in our desperate attempts to reach a still further *ultima thule*—hold! that will not do! We scorn an *ultima thule*—mistaken Greek notion—very well for the Ancients and English, but not at all equal to our capacity as a people.

Well! What did we do last Summer? Or, rather, what did we not do?

Produced a man who could walk on the water, and a couple of tight-rope champions to do one or two very unusual things at Niagara and Rochester. Later there came a Gorilla and a Red-Horned Mortal in the novelty market. A dearth of sensations seemed imminent, when lo! the Zoyara and counterpart What-Is-It emerged from the chrysalides.

This year finds us more irrepressible than ever. De Lave, who ought to have been killed, to fulfil public expectation, still lives, but hopes to do away with himself effectually before long. He announces that he has hired a large portion of New Jersey, including the Passaic River. Here he will stretch a rope from cliff to cliff, and thereon stretch his legs to the delectation of countless eager eyes. The particulars of his performances will surpass anything hitherto attempted in this world—no! the Jerseys. On the other hand, (to preserve the balance of power) the opposition man, Blondin, means to challenge the laws of gravitation to another friendly encounter, quite in the B. B. style. The scene of action is again to be laid at Niagara—so are the reckless Blondin's remains, perhaps, if he leaves any. This time, no cooking-stove arrangement, no drunken orgies, no high-heeled boot absurdities are to take place; nothing but your first-class dare-devil feats. Mounted on shanghai stilts, cigar in mouth, and hands in his pockets, he will turn summersaults, and also the heads of spectators. This will be truly delightful. We can only suggest one improvement in the bills of fare of these dainty gentlemen, and that is to obtain a *full* corps of artists from the various Insane Asylums, and, giving each his cue, go on a starring expedition. Certainly "the more (fools) the merrier."

#### A NAUGHTY DEED DONE BY THE NAUGHTY EDITOR OF V. F.

Not many million years ago we (not the *Good* but the *Naughty* Editor of V. F.) were crossing that arid waste known as The Park—an occurrence, to be sure, quite out of the Common for us. For we hold that the lustre of a man's character is dimmed if he be seen approaching or leaving the City Hall.

Well, it (i.e. the weather) was charged with caloric; the atmosphere had succeeded in being very oppressive; the sandy plain in front of the Hall was as dry and parched as an Alderman's lips; the celebrated statue of Brown (stone) by Thom, representing General Who-Is-It? looked as if the Sun had sucked all the perspiratory fluid out of it, and was on the point of singing its hair and toasting its eyeballs. Truly it was warm. You would not have blamed a dog for disregarding the mandate "KEEP OFF THE GRASS"—IF YOU SEE ANY, if he thought it would be anyways chilly. There were dogs on some dozen or twenty blades of grass, and that is the truth. Small boys and men tried it on also, underneath the lean, con-

sumptive trees. There they lay, spread out like clothes to dry, and dozed and snored to the great delight of swarms of festive flies, fur-coated kitten-erpillars and gymnastic worms. So they did. We could not help seeing all this, and more. In particular the occupant of one carefully selected spot, attracted our notice. It struck us that we had seen or read about, or written about him before. So we had.

We stopped. We whistled, and straightway Small Boy appeared. "Black yer boots, Mister? Shine em up?"

"No! But hold! that's not enough!" we replied. "Hark ye, Small Boy! Do you observe the man fast asleep behind the Statue?"

"I'll bet I does! Vot of 'im?"

"T'is well!" said we. "Here! take these ten American cents—now do as you are told!"

"That's me! Bully for you, Mister! Blowed if I docs'nt!"

"Listen! Draw near and scan his features—see whether he has a single eye!"

We paused until the Boy, returning, said: "Nary a whisker, and only one whoppin big eye."

"Ahem! Small Boy, do you see that little book which he has dropped beside him on the grass?"

"I should'nt wonder if I does!"

"No noise! Go fetch it!"

It was brought. We whistled again, and sped away.

NOTE. This little transaction at first blush, wears the appearance of a petty larceny, but it was not. Being done so near the City Hall, it really sinks into an act of heroic virtue, contrasted with deeds daily perpetrated therein. Besides it was not us, but the S. B. who hooked the book.—(NAUGHTY EDITOR.)

#### THE NAUGHTY EDITOR REPENTS OF THE NAUGHTY DEED AND MAKES AMENDS.

When we had got safely home we read the little book and were astonished. Since then we have grown repentant. We are sorry that we do not know the present address of the little book's owner, so that we might restore it to him. Nobody can tell us where he is, or is going to be. He is here, there and all over, constantly bobbing and bobbing around. We feel very sorry. Probably he is in great need of his book—it is of no use to any one but the owner.

Our conscience leaves us only one course to pursue, and that is to publish its contents, or at least some of them, in hopes that he will see our paper. Of course he can have his book by applying at our office. As a favor, we respectfully beg all our Readers except *him*, not to read the following notes and memoranda, since they are intended for his eye only—(i. e. Single Eye.)

#### DIARY FOR 1860.

*New-York, Jan. 2d.*—Took oath of office for third time. Mean to make some folks "Dance Spanish." Shall discharge Captain LEONARD from attendance at office. Cause, Personal Hatred.

*Jan. 13th.*—Turn out all the Bell Ringers, no matter how old, worthy, or useful.

*Jan. 20th.*—Deposited to my account, Nett Proceeds of offices under my control, \$25,000.

*Jan. 29th.*—Paid rent of Mozart Hall for 3 months, \$1,360 (to be charged to office expenses.)

*Feb. 4th.*—The STRANGER'S BUREAU hangs fire. Remember to cut off —'s head for writing it down in the *Tribune*.

*Feb. 11th.*—Advanced to BILLY M——N \$584, for services to be rendered me by his men at Charleston, April next.

*Feb. 20th.*—Turned out 19 policemen for grumbling about me. Must have "Spotters" to check this dissatisfied feeling.

*March 5th.*—Mean to snub PILLSBURY till he quits.

*March 25th.*—Wise is making a fool of himself and damaging our prospects "Revenge is sweet."

*March 28th.*—Fee for signature to ——— \$450 00.

*April 9th.*—I have just returned from stumping Connecticut. Think I played my points pretty well.

*April 11th.*—Fees for signing 3 bills, \$1164 00.

*April 15th.*—En route for Charleston. 300 delegates with me. Shall make the place hotter for Tammany men than they expect.

*April 20th.*—Bonus for services to Messrs. ——— \$670 00.

*April 23d.*—Foiled, but not defeated. Shall try again at Baltimore. "He who fights and runs away, etc." People seem to take too much interest in my private affairs, must get T—— & B—— to write me up.

*May 2d.*—Made a show by two or three vetoes.

*May 8th, 9th, 10th.*—Confound BOOLE! Those rascals will raise an investigation committee about the whole of us, if they keep on. Fowler seems glum. Covode will make somebody squirm.

*May 13th.*—Proceeds of offices deposited, \$41,330 81.

#### Why is the Pen Mightier than the Sword?

Because it is better adapted for Rulers to use when lighting their Subjects.



## "LO! THE POOR JAPANESE."



HEN that sonorous lament—"Lo! the poor Indian," falls upon the ear, it is apt to convey to the reflective hearer a suggestion of the low moral condition to which the impoverished aborigine in question has been reduced by his contact with Anglo-Saxon civilization. If the State of Nature had never been cut up into stars for the manufacture of United States,

the apparition of a Six Nation Sagamore in patent-leather boots, liquor and spectacles, might have been spared to the sensitive mind whose ever-green recreation is to roll itself in the clover of the Cooper traditions. The power of imparting his peculiar conceptions of iniquity, is one of the specialties by which the American individual has contributed to aggregate his nation into the position of a Great Power. We instructed the Indian: elevated him, literally, and that with bad whiskey. We told him that an aboriginal man was an unclean thing, and he thereupon rubbed himself so hard to get a polish that he has all but rubbed himself out. Respect us for this, O! contemporary Powers, if for this only—that we are a great nation of India Rubber men.

Is it with a prospective view to the East that we have initiated a Japanese legation? When our most cherished conception of the heroic in bronze was demolished by the Indian warrior in patent leather boots, liquor and spectacles, we recognised in the apparition the presage of a fallen man, with a prospect of ourselves comfortably settled down upon the hunting-grounds recently occupied by him. If the Anglo-Saxonified Indian is gone, how much gone—er the Japan man similarly adulterated! The process is going on, favorably. At the White House, lately, when asked by a lady what his favorite color is, BUNGO-NO-KAMU confidently replied "nary red." MORYAMA has written "koktail" all over the walls of the White House, in excellent English. We are waiting to see MOOROOM OKATORO in a black dress coat and satin vest. When that portent looms upon the horizon of our hopes, we shall immediately proceed to invest the considerable sum of money payable to us for this article in real estate at Yeddo.

## A POLITICIENNE.\*

It is not very common for us to be so overwhelmingly kind as to notice a new publication, though that is a good deal more the fault of the books than of ourself. But a little brochure was sent us the other day, "with the compliments of the authoress," that really ought not to pass unnoticed. It is a small volume of political satires of the keenest sort, and were it not for the autograph presentation written on the title-page, we would not have believed it the work of a woman.

The members of that large and influential body, the Fair Sex, rarely have any heart or head for politics. They don't see it, as a general thing. But "JUDITH," the authoress of this collection, evinces a knowledge of the whole governmental machine and its workings, that would do credit to the chief-editor of a daily paper. Indeed, she would make an excellent *journaliste* (something new under the sun, in spite of SOLOMON!) of the slap-dash school.

Her preface is a good specimen of the spirit of bitter good-nature in which this "Loving Satire" is written, and as she has had the good sense to make it short, we will copy it.

"This little book of 'New Nursery Rhymes' is presented by the writer as filling a vacuum in our political and social literature. Childhood has its ballads, manhood its songs and epics, firing the blood like strong wine; but where has there ever yet been a poet of dotage—a singer for that estate of second childhood, which is so much more simple than the first? The writer is especially prompted to undertake the task, since the American people have seen fit to elevate to the seats of power so many of these superannuated children.

"Dear babes—dear in every sense, and particularly in the sense of 'not cheap'—they shall not be without their singer. If the lullaby of the writer can, amid their many cares, sooth them into some few hours of quiet slumber, then, indeed, will her task have been performed. Let her labors afford to them that sweet repose which they can never hope from innocence alone. Let them retire to the chime of her verse, into that delicious private life which now awaits them."

And amen! There is a fresh crispness about this almost worthy the pens of some of Our Young Men, and the same tone pervades all the annotations, critical and explanatory, with which the book is interlarded, ostensibly by another writer, but evidently by JUDITH herself.

The work is divided into two parts: Part I, "Especially devoted to the President and his Cabinet," and Part II, "Miscellaneous Ballads and Popular Ditties;" all terribly anti-Administration and terribly libellous, exposing the brilliant and picturesque condition of corruption into which our blessed government has fallen, and giving many hard slaps in various directions.

We fancy that JUDITH is a Republican in her own politics, she seems so glad to decapitate the HOLOFERNES of the Administration, but she has had the good taste to avoid making her work unpopular by openly intruding the creed of the Republican Faction in its pages. In conclusion, we cannot do better than to copy a brief squib, which will convey a very clear idea of the ingenious, strong, and severe, though inelegant style of the New Nursery Rhymes. It may be premised that the Hon. JACOB THOMPSON, Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, Attorney-General of the United States, and the Hon. LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State, are the gentlemen thus lightly mentioned:

## RIDDLE.

From Jake take three; from Black take two;  
From Cass a hundred take;  
What sort of animal will you  
With the remainder make?

(From Jake take the three last letters; from Black, the two first; from Cass the Roman numeral C; and in the remainder of the letters, the ears of the questionable animal will begin to stick out.)

## SYLLABLES OF A DISCOURSE,

Preached by Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, May 16th, 1860.

TREES.—Apple-trees, peach-trees, cherry-trees, pear-trees, forests. BIRDS.—Fowls of the air, weather-sparrows, robins, blue-birds, yellow birds, geese, bobolinks.

FLOWERS.—Silent lessons in pink, or peach-blossoms, silent lessons in white, or pear-blossoms, silent lessons "in both colors," or apple-blossoms, dandelions.

NEGROES.—One.

FISHES.—None.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL.—Dark cool rocks, broad fields, shades, wood-lands.

DIFFERENT POSITIONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.—1. "All day long thinking sometimes birds, sometimes Bible, sometimes flowers, sometimes Savior" and "finding it difficult to tell when the transition is, from one to the other."

2. H. W. B. sitting and looking at the meadows.

3. H. W. B. at the West with a hard-up congregation.

4. H. W. B. in the country, in town, on a tour, "wandering from one thing to another" "in straitened circumstances," in "a humble berth."

5. H. W. B. "coming down from the country where his family are stopping."

6. H. W. B. hearing "a bobolink singing a wild sarcastic decant."

7. H. W. B. thinking "preaching dry work."

8. His congregation thinking the same thing.

REPETITION OF THE GENERAL PRONOUN "I" DURING THIS DISCOURSE.—One hundred and seventeen.

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH AN ANGEL.—One.

WHAT THE ANGEL SAID.—"Henry, I am sent to tell thee, &c."

COLOR OF THE ANGEL.—White.

## Vice Versa.

Under the ancient Jewish dispensation, if a man had certain domestic difficulties, he could Put Away his wife. Now-a-days, under the same circumstances, he can Put Away from her!

## Standing Joke.

Passenger Railway Conductor asking a man to 'take a seat' when there are ten full-grown hoops in the car.

\*NEW NURSERY RHYMES FOR POLITICAL BABES. A LOVING SATIRE. By JUDITH. N. Y. J. L. MAGURN, 1860.





## OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

*Frederick.*—"PRAY DON'T BE SO WARM ABOUT IT, SIR—IT'S ONLY THE *style Japonaise*, EVERYBODY DOES IT."

*Old Gunnybags.*—"STEEL JAPANESE, INDEED! YOU EXTRAVAGANT PUPPY! I'VE PAID FOR YOUR COATS AND YOUR HATS LONG ENOUGH, SIR, MERCY KNOWS, BUT HANG ME IF I FOOT ANY BILLS FOR SILK PETTICOATS."

## AN OASIS.

It is not very often that we have an opportunity to commend the actions of any of our city authorities, for the somewhat satisfactory reason that our city authorities very rarely perform any commendable actions. Once in a long while, however, we find such a chance, and are only too happy to improve it.

Thus, we congratulate His Honor, Mayor Wood, upon his course in recently presenting the Common Council with a piece of his mind, in the shape of a letter of veto, the style of which we rather like. We copy it with a hope that His Honor will "do so some more."

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, May 21, 1860.

To the Hon. the Board of Councilmen:

GENTLEMEN; I return herewith the resolution proposing to print five thousand copies of the report of the Special Committee appointed in 1858 to make arrangements for the celebration of the Atlantic Cable.

If that report possessed any merit, which is doubtful, it is quite certain that no public interest can attach to it at this time. That celebration—the event which created it—the attending circumstances and performances upon the occasion—have passed away and have no longer any public value.

But, however meritorious, the charter intervenes to prevent the publishing of the report, except by contract under and upon sealed bids and after publicly advertising ten days. This restriction of the charter is imperative and must control. It presents an inseparable barrier to the adoption of this resolution. I therefore return it without approval.

FERNANDO WOOD.

The unblushing impudence—we might say the unblushing Cheek—of the Common Council, in passing such a resolution, is a little startling, coming even from such a notoriously corrupt body. But, in spite of the bare-facedness of the speculation, these gentlemen of the civic bay-wreath claim that the Mayor's veto came too late, not having been presented until after the ten days legally allowed for the sending of a veto. They claim, therefore, that their hash is already cooked, and that the Dear Public must pay, whether or no, for five thousand copies of a report descriptive of one of the most humiliating farces ever juggled upon the nation—the great

## Please Don't!

By the E-dicts of the Hon. John A. of the same name, we learn that changes have been made in the New York Post Office "that will materially reduce the income of some of the clerks." As the salaries of 'some of the clerks' are already sufficiently small, we recommend that these retrenchments be carefully considered before any action is taken, lest the P. O. men should, in the desperation of poverty, embrace other callings, and some of the most reckless of them become, perhaps—horrible contingency!—Counter-Jumpers!

## We Wonder.

The *Herald's* Washington correspondent describing an interview he had with the gentle Japs., reported the Head of the Nation to have said of the Embassadors, "They can't understand me, at all." Couldn't the Covode Committee have helped them a little?

## A Horrible Suspicion.

The 'Local' irritation of a country exchange, speaking of the members of a certain Brass Band, says that he knows "its members to be high-toned gentlemen." Do you think he meant a joke?

## Jest adapted to the Infant Mind.

The Juveniles of this city have reason to be thankful for the defalcation of Fowler, since our Post Office is now changed into Dix's Land.

## The Last Actress to Lumber up the Stage

Mrs. John Wood.

## Motto for Wood Cutters.

Hew and Cry.

## Much-Ado-About-Nothing of the 1st of September, 1858.

Since this is the game of the grave and reverend seignior who sit in the City Hall, we may shortly expect a resolution providing for the publication of a full report of the great Moon Hoax; or for five thousand copies of a pamphlet upon the celebrated Fiji Mermaid. If these should come, in due course, let Mayor Wood take care to have his veto ready in time to nip them in the bud. Meanwhile, he may win many good opinions by looking sharp after the nice little budget of fat and facetious resolutions, still pending before the Common Council.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

LETTER FROM "BEETHOVEN" TO WM. H. FRY.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1860.

Dear Sir:—Can you inform a sincere lover of the art you so ably represent, why none of the great composers have written one-handed music for the piano? I, myself, am a very fine one-handed player, and greatly feel the want of compositions suited to my capacities. There is no doubt, but that almost every melody written for the piano, is spoiled by the accompaniment, which interrupts its flow, and distracts the attention. What the ear wants is unity. If nature had intended man to play with two hands, would she not have made them both right ones? Only by long practice can the performer learn to finger with his left, and even then, he continually makes mistakes. It is possible, however, that Mozart, Handel, or others, may have written music intended for one hand only, in which case please let me know their names, and how much they come to.

I should prefer them to be sacred music, which I find much easier to play, than the flippant waltzes which are so popular. The unlimited use of grace notes, and fast little crotchets, must lead to confusion. With Dr. Johnson, I wish such pieces were "not only difficult, but, sir, impossible." But in sacred music, the notes are generally long, and I have time while playing one note, to try and find the next.

Respectfully,

"BEETHOVEN."

To Wm. H. Fry, Esq.





THE EMINENTLY SILENT AND CAUTIOUS MANNER IN WHICH MARSHAL RYNDERS PROCEEDED TO ARREST FOWLER.

#### Side-Splitting Humors of the Rail-Splitters.

In a report of the Republican Ratification meeting at Washington, last month, we discover that—

"Mr. ALDRICH, of Minnesota, made a very humorous speech, pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, and saying that he could not work with his coat on. He pledged the Northwest for LINCOLN, having mauled rails with him in Illinois. He intended to support him with all his power. They were going to send him to the White House on the fourth of March next, and that Old Skeesicks there had better get ready to clear out." (Cheers and laughter.)

The accomplished Mr. ALDRICH is indeed the man for the Republican Money—Two Shillings, we believe. Aside from the evidence it gave of his good breeding, the fact of his "pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves" proves that he considers the Chicago Jordan "a hard road to travel." If, indeed, the Northwest did at any time "maul rails" with "Honest old Abe," it would not be surprising if it continued to stand by him.

President OLD SKEESICKS will doubtless feel flattered by the timely notice given him to quit when his month is up, and change Quarters with him of Split-Rail Notoriety. Oh! oh! ALDRICH! what a funny man you are, to be sure! SKEESICKS! ha! ha! Two SHILLINGS! ha! ha! he! he!

#### PITY THE POOR POLICE.

Inspector FOULKE got his back up, and by so doing got his name up. Inspector FOULKE is literally the topic of the Week. Singular to say, Inspector FOULKE's men, when called upon at Willetts' Point, were not found wanting. There they were armed to the teeth—a club and brace of revolvers apiece. Why? Because bloody work was before them; because they were to shoot, maim, and kill, if possible, anybody and everybody whom they chanced to meet—in obedience to the fearfully profane mandates of the habitually profane FOLKE. Yes! but they were going to suppress a brutal prize fight and arrest disturbers of the Long Island peace.

Oh! they were, were they! All very nice! And that is the way to do it, too, isn't it? The law of course expects that policemen will club, knock down and all but kill not only the participants in, but also the necessary hangers-on to a row or disturbance, of any kind. This is a part of an M. P.'s duty—isn't it? Suppose you see a crowd collected in Broadway; you, with a laudable desire to know what's going on, stop. Very well! You are straining your eyes and standing on tip-toe to gain a peep at the seditionist, when pop! up from somewhere starts a policeman or may be policemen on the half-dozen shell. Piff! paff! clump! bang! Szwip! you go down. You are kicked, battered, bruised and lamed. You cry for mercy, but in vain. You beg for your life, it's no go! You only wish that they would drag you off to the Station House at once: not they. They are quelling a disturbance. Other bystanders share a like fate with you. The lucky ones run and by so doing become targets for sundry revolvers. This is how the majesty of the law is vindicated. What right have you to complain? What business had you to become a mere looker-on! Go to! do you think we poor tax-payers keep 1,200 policemen, year in and year out, drilling with clubs and pistols, going on target excursions and aping military companies, for nothing at all? Nonsense! They must have some opportunities for displaying their prowess and efficiency. Who cares for your brokenbones and sore head? nor they. You are not worthy of arrest, but you are a good subject for broken-skull practice. So hold your peace. No more complaints about FOLKE and his raid at Willetts Point. Besides you might have been a brute yourself; you might have been a rowdy; the inference is that you were—else how could a fight occur so near you! Say?

#### Change Wanted.

Too the gentilmen whot had a hand Intoo It Surs itt semes how as iff ude made a meestak in nomynatin mister hamLynn along weth the 2/ candyDate.

Burds of a fether flocs Together, yu No & figgurs wunt ly So Its ese cein i 0 too hev bin putt on To that ticket Insted of Himm

ime redde fur the chaenje,

Ures And So ¼,

The 4 ct. man.

Was she really a female?

A moral newspaper, printed in the country, announces the "Arrest of a Female Confidence Woman!"

"Peasant Clay."

(Probably) Terra Cotter.

A Laughing Stock.

The Company now at Laura Keane's.



A TROTTING-MATCH.  
OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."



WENT to see PATCHEN and ETHAN ALLEN do their second trot on Union Course for \$1,000 a side, last week. I was going up Broadway, when I overtook BILLY.

"What are you at, to-day!" said he.

"I'm at nothing," said I.

"Come go to the trot," said he.

"I'm blessed if I don't," said I.

So we went.

CHARLEY joined us, and we took the cars of the Long Island Railroad, for Union Course. There was no end of a long train, crowded a great deal too full for anything like comfort, with not a female person in the whole crowd. All men. Mostly sporting-men, with dyed moustaches, kid gloves, concealed weapons, and pearl-colored pantaloons. Some fighters. Short, stocky fellows, with small, hard, round heads, close-cropped hair, and very little shirt-collar visible. Not nice persons to invite to tea in the bosom of your family. I didn't invite any of them to tea in the bosom of my family. Then there were many nondescript individuals, bearing no evidence of belonging to any particular class. Thin men, with light eyes, who looked as if they might be afraid of horses, and whose costume consisted principally of a linen duster, trousers a good deal too short for them, and a large quid of tobacco in the right cheek.

I don't like the Long Island Railroad. I am not particularly timid, but I confess that the tunnel in Atlantic street is one too many for me. It is awfully dark in there, and the smoke of the engine is so confined that it enters the cars and makes itself painfully familiar with a fellow's eyes and nose. The seats were all full, so I stood up, near the end of the car, and smoked vigorously, to keep my courage up. Thick blackness surrounded me. A hot and pungently sulphurous smoke encompassed me. I could hear dull voices buzzing around me, mingled with the clank-rattle-and-crash of the train. I could see nothing but the lights of cigars here and there, glowing fitfully, red and feverish as the "love-glances from unlovely eyes," spoken of by the late Mr. KEATS, and then disappearing under their ashes, like so many unsuccessful phoenixes. It was dreadful. I am not familiar with the scenery of the infernal regions, but if it is any worse than that,

"I want to be an angel!"

As we went up the grade, very slowly—for the train was heavy and the engine insufficient—I noticed that the windows of the houses were full of heads. The race-train is evidently a popular spectacle with the Brooklynites, a fact which surprised me, for I had thought that they did nothing in that city but go to church. I found, however, that a great many pretty girls live in Atlantic street, and like to look at race-trains. Likewise, a great many homely ones, who ditto to ditto at ditto. When we reached the level part of the road, we steamed up like a tea-kettle, left the girls behind us, whisked past some nice country-seats that I shall buy when my ships come from sea, and so on to the Union Course.

The Union is Preserved by a high board fence, all around it, with a little door where they sell tickets, on the side where the train stops. Awful crowd about that little door. Only one little door to ever so many people. CHARLEY was a thin man, however, and he contrived to insinuate himself in through the crowd, to procure the ke-ards. When he came out, he looked like a gentleman who had inadvertently tampered with the affections of a rolling-mill, and had gone through its embrace. He had the imprint of a light-weight jockey all the way up his left side. What was better, he had three tickets; but the crowd was so dense that we didn't hurry to get in, so we amused ourselves by watching a measly-looking

gentleman, arrayed in a white hat and pimples, who had a small board before him, on which he was playing Spanish monté—that cheerful but profitless little feat, done with three cards, chucked back and forth till none of them are in any particular place. This speculator had a "pal," elaborately gotten up to resemble a countryman, who won and lost in a very plausible way, to induce others to try it, but business seemed dull.

When the crowd thinned, we entered the enclosure, and sought the stand opposite the judges' place. I don't see why the proprietors of Union Course can't provide something—if only a rough bench—for a fellow to sit down on, when he pays a dollar for his admission. My friends NIXON, STEWART, LAURA KEENE, WALLACK, and the rest, gave me a cushioned seat, a floor, a roof, gas-light, play-bills, and music, for half the money. But the racing folks don't seem to care anything for my comfort. For my dollar, they only give me some steps to stand up on, if I like. If I don't, I can stand on the ground, and be d— is comforted!

At the foot of these steps, very properly called a "Stand," were several young gentlemen, seated at tables covered with oilcloth, painted with squares and numbers, some marked "blank." On one of these, a stool-pigeon was winning rapidly. He threw dice, and the table-keeper added up the number thrown with surprising celerity,—“Six 'n' three's nine, 'n' two's 'leven, 'n' eight's nineteen; nineteen wins!” Whereupon sharp No. 2, who was pretending to play, gathered up his half-dollars in an excited and hilarious manner, and a gentleman from the flowery vales of Orange and Herkimer went a quarter on it. “Two 'n' two's four 'n' six's ten 'n' three's thirteen. Thirteen's a blank!” cried the proprietor. The rustic's face was a blank, too, as he saw his quarter disappear.

When this became monotonous, we went into a little bar, under the stand, that had “JOHN C. HEENAN” over the door, and drank some very flat ale, made still flatter by having ice in it. As we emerged, feeling like swill-fed cows, we observed an excessively shiny horse, attached to a little rattle-trap made of small sticks and large wheels. On this sat a stout man in his shirtsleeves, driving leisurely to and fro. They didn't give us any bill of the show, but by listening to the talk, we learned that this was ETHAN ALLEN—not the man, but the horse. I wish I was as handsome as ETHAN. All sinew and nerve, and as graceful as the ZOYARA. After a brief look at him, BILLY felt a little inclined to bet on him, but I had no desire to risk my very small change. PATCHEN now appeared also, looking, if possible, a little better than ETHAN, and both were driven up and down, half-an-hour, to warm them up.

Some fat old buffers who had a nice, airy, roomy cupola all to themselves, with seats in it (how I wished I was a fat old buffer!) then struck a bell for the third time, and the nags came down together at what the boys rather inelegantly call a “rip-staving” gait. The judge shouted “Go!” but it was no go—they didn't start even—so they went back, and getting the word properly, went off like a couple of dark bay locomotives. ETHAN broke badly, just after the start, and lost ground by it, but still contrived to hold his own pretty well. Before I had time to turn twice around, they came thundering down the home-stretch so fast that nothing but the white shirtsleeves of ALLEN's driver were visible. Just at the score, I saw that he was nearly a length behind. BILLY didn't feel so much inclined to bet on him, as formerly. The crowd cheered and applauded as if each individual therein was sole proprietor of PATCHEN; the judge displayed a black-board with the figures 2.27 1-4 thereon, and everybody went to liquor.

The next heat was pretty much the same, but the time was 2.26—considered rather a big thing in sporting circles. During its performance, a little episode occurred that was eminently calculated to amuse and instruct at the same time, like PETER PARLEY's travels, or WORCESTER's Illustrated Dictionary.

The space inside the track is devoted to vehicles, and around the judges' stand were gathered several carriages containing female persons, dressed like ladies, only a good deal more so. These crinolinities were enjoying themselves greatly with hampers of lunch, and mysterious black bottles with tin foil on their corks, and were the centres of attraction to several small clusters of the masculine persuasion. In one carriage, a red-faced, bald-pated man, of more than middle age, but with a suspiciously raven beard, had made himself quite at home, when a young fellow, who had been standing on the wheel, got into a quarrel with him, and tried to eradicate him from his position. Old gentleman wouldn't be eradicated. High words and Low words. Scuffle. Young gentleman choked Old gentleman. Old gentleman struck Young gentleman. Crowd, now swelled to several hundred, became uproarious. Grand confusion and general mêlée in the carriage. Bonnets smashed. Dresses torn. Bottles broken. Prospects of a splendid row, but unfortunately, somebody originated a new fight in the crowd, and the point of attraction being removed, the carriage drove off, bearing away the Old gentleman, minus his hat and shirt-buttons, but consoled by two damsels in green dresses. As all eyes were occupied



with the second fight, and with the horses, just coming in on the home stretch

They all exclaimed, "let the old gentleman go!"

The fighting was soon over, without anybody having been seriously killed, and the people again gathered about the stands to see the third heat. BILLY thought that ETHAN would be permitted to win this, but I, knowing nothing about it, shook my head sagaciously, and said "no." The "sequel demonstrated," as Mr. PRYOR would say, and PATCHEN came off victorious again, in 2.31. The crowd dispersed, and by waiting for the third train, we were lucky enough to get seats. I took a great—though by no means lively—pleasure in sleeping all the way to South Ferry, and decided that it was pretty good fun to see a trotting-match; but I advise you not to go, unless you want to get very tired. At least, such is the opinion of

### The Undersigned.

#### A CHANCE FOR CAPITALISTS.

At last, it seems as if we poor metropolitan citizens, the worst bullied, badgered and baited people in the world, were about to be enabled to travel about our own city with some degree of comfort. The want of facility we now suffer, for going from any one given point to another, is dreadfully perfect. The stupid great lumbering, thundering humbug of an omnibus, and dirty extortion-trap of a hackney-coach, have held undisputed sway for years and years, but now we have reason to hope that their

—reign is almost over,

and that the Commissioners of the Central Park have merited the blessing of whole generations of city travellers.

In order to provide for the proper and comfortable enjoyment of that pleasure-ground of Magnificent Distances the Commissioners have ordered the construction of Cabs, thus described in the contracts:—

"The floor to stand not more than twelve inches above the road, the interior adapted to contain not less than two or more than four persons, and to be provided with a cover which may be opened or closed in front at the option of those within, and with an outside seat for the driver. To be neat, strong, and convenient; each to be drawn by one horse."

These, when on service, are to be subject to the following rules:

"The horses to be sound, without vice; drivers to be men of good moral character, and required to be sober and courteous to all persons when on the Park; to be dismissed when reported for fault or want of skill and attention to their duties, by the Superintendent of the Park; the vehicles and harnesses to be kept neat and in good repair; the drivers to be neatly dressed, and to wear a badge and number; the horses to appear well groomed whenever on the Park."

What a paradisaical state of things for a man who has been accustomed to the unclean crowd and strap-suspension of the horse-cars; the dirty straw and gymnastic fare-paying of the omnibusses, and the brutal extortion of the hack-drivers! It is easy to foresee that when we have once tasted the fascinations of the Cab, we shall never be satisfied to have their sphere confined to the Park, but will insist upon their adoption for general use throughout the city.

If the owners of omnibus and hack lines weresmart—which they are not, apparently—they would seize upon the idea immediately, and invest their money in Cabs, instead of building more of the machines of torture they now use; thus getting the start of an opposition that is sure to arise. Why should we be longer bored by the crowded car, the odious omnibus, and the hated hack, when more money might be made out of the convenient and commodious Cab? We honestly believe that the Age of Cabs would begin to-morrow, were not our vehicular speculators troubled with heads of Cabb-age!

#### Strange.

That FOWLER could have embezzled when OLD BUCK had such a HOLZ over him.

#### DYING TO BE MARTYRED.

Now, THADDEUS, my boy, what is the matter with you? Arn't you sufficiently unfortunate? Don't the members of Congress invent any new persecutions? Is there no chance of their sending round a basket and a carving-knife, with a polite request that you will favor them with your hallowed head? Or won't they ask you to step up stairs and take a final drop? Won't they? Fie upon them! Shame! This is really too bad—after all you went and did to earn it! Isn't it provoking? Oh! if you were only in Virginia! How nice it would be! No dilly-dallying there! No chilly indifference to a man's wishes! All is fuss and feathers! Regular JOHN BROWN style. Oh! it is a great pity you are not there, instead of pining away in the Washington Bastille. How delighted Governor WISE would be to Raise your Spirits—have you more than one, though? There you would, for once, have Full Swing! Cheer up, THADDEUS! A good time is coming! By-the-bye, do you know what a funny question WENDELL PHILLIPS asked a meeting at Cooper Union the other day?

This was it:

"Must THADDEUS HYATT die?"

"Must THADDEUS HYATT die?"

"Then forty thousand New York Boys

"Shall know the reason why!"

Why, of course you must die, THADDEUS; every man must. There is no such thing as disappointing the Sexton. If the forty thousand inquisitive New York boys will know *why*, why most likely it is because you want to—have got to—cannot help yourself and will die.

Oh! your time will come yet, my boy! You were cut out for a martyr. Don't worry and fret. JOHN BROWN did for the coming Presidential Election, and very likely they are only saving you over for the next.

But seriously, THADDEUS, you remind me of the Irishman asking if "ony gintleman 'll hev' the perliteness to tread on the tail o' me coat, to oblige me?" You want to fight, and you can't; you want to become a martyr, and you can't; you want to make a fool of yourself, and you do.

Yours,

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Hospitable Shores sighed for by the Japanese.  
The Lee-lands



#### DISTINCTION

BOBBS.—Well, NOBBS, how do you like the Play?

NOBBS.—Aha—a how do you suppose a fillah can look at the Play when a't the opewa glasses in the house are on him?



## OUR RURAL POLICE REPORT.



cow in the field beyond. With regard to the oaths, we were less fortunate. One of them, flashing by like nothing we know of, singed the ribbon clean off our hat and reduced it to ashes. Glancing from thence upon the dead cow, it took the skin off it with rather more than twice the facility of a lightning express taxidermist, and hung it on the fence to dry. Seeing this, we also thought it better for us to "dry up," which we did, sitting upon the fence.

From physiognomies, alone, we could now hope to gather our facts. Men of a mild type came straggling along the road. Men who evidently had suffered much in the cause of righteousness—especially as to the orbicular muscle around the eyelids, the epidermis of which, in many of them was discolored. We were now convinced that a Methodist Conference was the order of the morning, and that the police had been placed there to prevent the interference of Episcopal clergymen and other obnoxious characters.

Presently, our convictions endured a reverse. The mild type of man with the suffering eyes, and in many instances the abridged nose, had passed noiselessly away, exchanging smiles of intelligence with the police as it vanished. To this type succeeded several of an inferior character, as was evident from their being unknown to and, in general, knocked down

HE following condensed account of a fierce engagement between the police of Brooklyn and a miscellaneous party of persons, representing the community in general, is compiled from the notes of our ubiquitous reporter, who was on the spot and elsewhere, with a view to the matter in hand, and all things appertaining to it and otherwise.

At early dawn on the morning of Saturday, 2d June, it was evident that something was going on, somewhere. The road to Willett's Point, a delightful rustic locality, some dozen miles from Brooklyn, was lined by Inspector FOULK with a heavy squad of armed police. Approaching the left wing of the squad, which rested upon a red barn, we mildly asked for such general information as might enable us to compile a head line for our report. The left wing of the squad replied by opening fire upon us from six revolvers, and a cursor attached to the force. The bullets, wildly discharged, flew harmlessly past us, and killed a

and kicked by the police. A few lines from the *Tribune* reporter will give a slight idea of the scene:

"A man with a water-bucket in his hand, who was walking away as fast as he could, was followed by an officer who struck him from behind a violent blow in the back of the head with his club, stretching him on the ground; having done which, the officer left him, without taking him into custody, or seeming to desire to do so. A countryman, who was driving along the road which ran near, was struck while in his wagon by a policeman, and his head laid open to the skull. This work went on till the ground was cleared."

As a number of other rural looking men, none of whom were carrying water-buckets or riding in wagons, were now promiscuously pitched into and trampled under foot by the police, we were puzzled with regard to the character of the offence committed—but were inclined to think that it must be agriculture.

Ah! no, we see it all now. Adown the road there comes a person of the undoubted pugilistic type—there is a fight going on, somewhere, the police have been planted here to stop it, and this is one of the "roughs" who has inadvertently fallen among them; as he meditates escape. Look at him—is he not of the true "sporting man" stripe to a dot? Head bald where his hat has come off it—straight-collared, long frock coat of a rusty black—trowsers shorter in proportion and with more rust to the black—hard, white cravat, which has no apparent connection with any part of his person or clothing—spectacles—thick, brown shoes—thick, brown book, probably for the registry of his bets and other immoralities. Hardened miscreant! he smiles, and forgets to curse, while three lusty constables fire into and floor and dance upon him. He is doubtless where he ought to be, now, in some criminal cage of Brooklyn. As for the good men—the men with suffering eyes and noses generally abridged, it was pleasure for us to see so many of them on the following blessed Sabbath day, sunning themselves by corners in Broome-street, or picking their teeth with large knives, on the steps of the most respectable-looking hotels.

Republican Delicacy of the Season.  
Rail Birds.

## "FOUND DROWNED."

In certain places, where the tides of our bays and rivers are obstructed—be it by blackened and worn-eaten piers, under which floats the rubbish of long accumulation—a soft and podgy mass; or be it by tangled sedge and water-weeds, slimily dangling among green, scummy net-stakes by the shore—there lie certain dark bodies, ghastly in the moonlight and loathsome in the sun.

Bodies with shreds of garments clinging to them; with hair floating upon the surface of the waves; with white, soaked limbs and faces, half visible through the translucent water; bodies of men, of women, and of children.

In every newspaper, every morning, we read the words "FOUND DROWNED" at the head of paragraphs. A freshet, or a wind, disturbing the rubbish of the piers and shores, permits these poor remnants of humanity to drift out into the stream, where they are seen by boatmen and taken to land to lie unrecognized in the Dead-House for a few days, and then to be interred in Potter's Field.

And every newspaper, every morning, contains advertisements of persons who have "Mysteriously Disappeared;" men, women, and children—the strength, the sweetness, or the hope of homes, somewhere in city or in country. They go out from their thresholds in the morning for business or for enjoyment, and never come back again. Rewards may be offered, but no one claims them. Information may be advertised, but no one furnishes it. In truth, no one seems to care anything about it.

Meanwhile, the stars look down silently upon the dark, distorted mass that lies among the weedy net-stakes, and the great Babylon city goes on as ever, with its roar of wheels and clatter of feet—the whirl and hum of its machinery—the smoke of its thousand chimneys,

blackening the sky; each man seeking only to follow his own beaten path, and caring nothing for what befalls his neighbor.

The horrid tales that might be told by the long, silent docks of the city, and the wide, dreary flats of the country, no one knows. The fearful episodes of crime that lie between the announcements of "Mysteriously Disappeared," and "Found Drowned" in the morning papers remain all unrevealed. The dead crash of the bludgeon and the stifled cry of the victim sound alike unheard on the air of night.

But can nothing be done to lessen this terrible mortality, that seems almost an epidemic? Must these occurrences be every-day affairs, to increase with the growth of the metropolis? Have we really then no guardians, no protectors to penetrate these mysteries and prevent their constant recurrence? Or shall we always go on thus, with ineffectual coroners and ignorant juries, who can only decide that a corpse is dead, and that death was caused by "some means to the jury unknown?" Will our useless detective police-force, too, always be satisfied with such verdicts, and let the matter rest there?

The coroner is satisfied with his fees; the officer with his salary, and the authorities with their reports; but who shall satisfy those that sit by darkened firesides, weeping wearily, and waiting for the coming of dear ones who will never come—whose bodies drift slowly, submerged and weed-entangled, down the river to the sea, with only a chance even of being "Found Drowned?"

Republican Stump Requisites.

A big FIELD, a little NOYES, and get NYE if possible.



A GENEROUS FELLOW.

We have just received an epistle from that powerful tragedian, David Garrick Gazer Esq., which we think cannot be better treated than published entire. Mr. Gazer is an actor of immense talent, having frequently been compared, by his friends, to Forrest, Macready, Talma and Neafie, but from an innate modesty, as his letter will show, has heretofore kept rather in the back-ground. We trust that his appeal to the press for a fair show will be answered :

GENTLEMEN :—It may be barely possible that in the multitudinous duties connected with that mighty engine, the press, my cognomen and fame may have escaped your notice. May I therefore suggest that I am the same professional gentleman whose name, through several triumphant seasons, has adorned the bills, when there was any, of the Little Ressepolis Varieties. At this establishment I was engaged for general utility, and flatter myself that I did it, whenever I had a chance. I have also had the honor of doing second walking gentleman, and third old man, at The Tincium Dramatic Temple, though a perpetual and instinctive whispering at my heart taught me, gentlemen, that some unseen attempts were continually made by unseen enemies to crush my greatest efforts. At last, gentlemen, I have risen superior to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and having drawn a prize of exactly \$5000, less discount twelve and a half per cent, in the Havana lottery, for which I was fortunate enough to receive an eighth ticket in payment of arrears of salary, No. 2247, I have determined to make my talent apparent to the world. To this end, gentlemen, I have taken the commodious house No. 2813 Twenty-Second Avenue, which I have fitted up in a suitable manner, and have laid in a stock of wines, liquors and pleasant edibles to match, for the express purpose of convincing the dramatic critics of the press, that I am the greatest living actor. To achieve this, I shall endeavor to make my *cuisine* perfect, and my selections of fluids unimpeachable, to say nothing of always keeping on hand a neat assortment of trifles, such as gold-headed canes, watch guards, seal rings with mottos inscribed, gold pencils and various useful and ornamental articles of a presentable style. I have provided myself with an entirely new and original play in five acts, pronounced by able critics the masterpiece of the age, and for which I presented the author the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars. In this I shall make my first appearance in this city, after making the acquaintance of the critics, which appearance will, as I know, be hailed by the public as a new dawning of the Drama. May I ask, gentlemen, that you will mention this little fact, as well as my above address, to your friends of the press, begging them not to await especial introductions, and allow me to remain, gentlemen, Your Obedient Servant,

DAVID GARRICK GAZZER.

HOW THE TRIBUNE REPORTER GOT INTO A GOOD  
THING.

There is a vulgar expression—and such an one VANITY FAIR is, as VANITY FAIR trusts, altogether too fastidious, to use—there is an expression—*vulgariter* “cutting it fat”—which in the varnished vernacular of the reporters may be rendered “excising it pinguously”—and that is just what the jolly young gentleman who represents the *Tribune* in the sacred presence of The Great Japanese Plenipotentiaries has been doing. We call the attention of Mr. HORACE GREELEY to the out-and-out Bacchanalian way in which the *Tribune* has been going on—taking something with MOROCCA OKATORO, smiling with ISHEKAWA KAINGKISHE, crooking his elbow with YORIDA SAGOSIEMON, imbibing modest quenches with TATAESI ONAJISERO, and moistening his clay with JOSIGERO, SINJERO and SCOJERO who are reported by him to be “three exceedingly merry men.” To say nothing of the tobacco he smoked with the whole dissipated tribe, Mr. GREELEY; and the opium which he chewed with them, Mr. GREELEY; and the still more deadly tea which he swallowed with them, Mr. GREELEY; and “the Sirooko” which he would take, though it made him feel very unwell, Mr. GREELEY! That young man, O. HORATIUS, will return to you, if he returns at all, in a physical condition frightful to anticipate. He will have no Stomach. No Head. No Lungs. No Alimentary Canal. No Morals. No Love for the Colored Race. He will eat with chop-sticks. He will wear a Tail. He will be the Ornament of the Office, but in the nobler quality of “Our Own,” he will be ruined. See what he has already done, if we may trust his description of “A Day at WILLARD’S.”

*Imprimis*, he smoked !

Secondly, he drank tea!!

Thirdly, he swallowed "Sirooko," after which he talked Japanese with the velocity of "a dem'd native!!!"

Fourthly, he drank "Saki," which is Japanese for A Gin Cocktail, Mr. GREELEY!!!!

We can easily imagine the effect of these hideous excesses upon the stomach, the head, and the legs of that infatuated youth. We

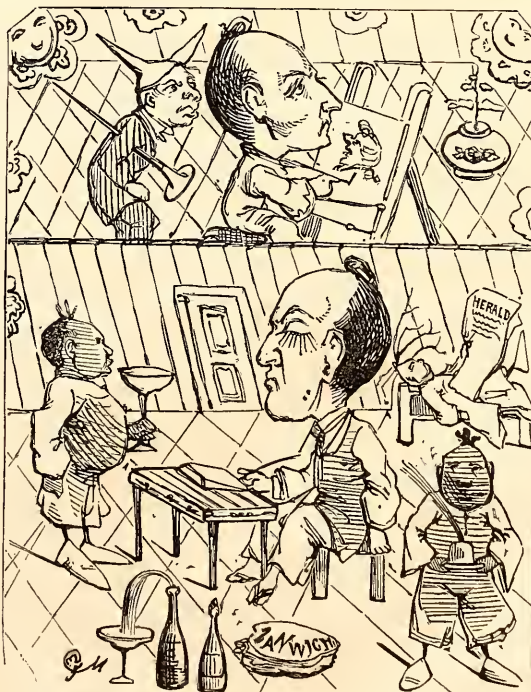
cannot be too grateful when we learn that he did not borrow of the obliging Moroora Okatoro, Esq., a Sword of the Country; and then run A Muck through Pennsylvania Avenue, slaughtering Senators, ripping up Representatives, stabbing Secretaries, making fearful havoc wherever he staggered. That is what he would have done, if his taste for blood had been at all equal to his taste for tea. As it was, he found a harmless vent in inkshed. He began, with consummate and unapproachable elegance, to write of "the charms of Eastern grace and delicacy, of refinements artless and unsullied, of placid courtesy that knows no perturbation." That is what a gentle "snifter" of "Saki" did for "Our Own."

VANITY FAIR sees how it is. VANITY FAIR will hereafter furnish unlimited Saki and Sirooko to its contributors. The Den will be fitted up as a Divan. Tea always on the table. Japanese tobacco of our own importation, at discretion. The Sirooko kettle always on the hob. The Saki bottle always hospitably uncorked. Our Boy will hereafter be called and known as ISHEKAWA KAINGKISHE, or for shortness, ISH. The decorations will be rigorously appropriate. Javelins, Helmets, Brass Swords, Fans. O, VANITY FAIR can do it, when VANITY FAIR tries. "The purple brilliancy of our robes of state" will be the wonder of Nassau street; and when we lean back, *a la Japonaise*, the present reader had very much better believe that "an ample armchair will engulf our slender form." Our "rich trowsers" will "expand like folds of feminine raiment." Our feet will be "neatly sandaled." Our "robes of light blue crape will float and swell like the thin smoke that surrounds them." "Lo our belt"—the champion's, if we can get it—will "repose the short sword of dignity" which will "prove the wearer's noble rank." Every morning will be devoted to the exenteration of rival editors. Every evening will be devoted to the Saki bottle. In due season VANITY FAIR will be printed on Japanese type, and illustrated by Japanese artists.

For not to conceal it any longer we have engaged

YOSIDA SAGOSAIEMEN

the amateur Japanese Artist. We have paid him in advance in Spanish dollars, and when we paid him, to use the beautiful language of the *Tribune* "a smile irradiated his fine features." He has already finished his first work. It is



THE VANITY FAIR DIVAN AS IT WILL BE.

**Important Correction.**

We are authorized to peremptorily deny the report that Honest Old ABE will charge two-shillings apiece to all persons desiring to vote for him in November next.

Fit accompaniment to Sea Biscuit.

### Port Wine.





FRIGHTFUL APPEARANCE PRESENTED BY MASTER GUS WHO IS WHILING AWAY A TERM OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN THE LIBRARY, AND IMPROVING REMINISCENCES OF THE CIRCUS BY THE PERFORMANCE OF SUNDRY "MUSCULAR WONDERS."

#### LETTER FROM A JOLLY DOG.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:

I am a Jolly Dog. You, who are all the time occupied with human affairs, may not sympathize very deeply with me, but human affairs are nothing to the glorified and ecstatic state in which I now find myself.

I am not the "Dog of an Indian Dye" recently advertised by one of the sensation-story papers; I am a smart little black-and-tan terrier, of good birth and education, and always my "Bark-is willin'," as a great novelist once wrote. Not being Indian, however, I will not write on my Bark, but on the cause of my present jollity.

Heretofore, I have always had a horror of June. I am aware that June is the month of roses, but it is the month of thorns also, to me and to my kind, for then is an edict issued against our "lives, liberty, and pursuit of happiness." Some of us have been so unfortunate as to be attacked by that awful disease, the hydrophobia, during the summer, and therefore numbers of us—all, in fact, who were found without muzzles—were ruthlessly taken to the Pound, and after being kept a day, for recognition and rescue which rarely came, were drowned without mercy by the odious man who, in obedience to POOR RICHARD'S maxim, "takes care of the Pounds."

Think of it! The street-boys used to kidnap us (they never caught this Kid Napping, though!) and get fifty cents a head for us—us, who never got fifty cents ahead in all our lives—and hundreds, aye, thousands of us were made to suffer a death, the very thought of which ought to make any sensible dog hate water forever. Now, as *hydro* means water, and *phobia* hate, don't you think it was unphilosophical to drown a fellow's friends and relatives to keep him from hydrophobia? I do. I believe it was a weak invention of a homoeopathic enemy, who followed the principle—or want of principle—that "like cures like!"

But this year, my dear V. F., you must congratulate me. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, as a friend of mine, a French Spaniel, used to say. This summer, the authorities pay only twenty-five cents a head for dogs delivered at the Pound (queer, isn't it, this buying dogs by the Pound?) and none are taken from boys. *Gloria in excelsis!* Am I not happy? Surely, no well-bred dog, of respecta-

ble connections, will ever risk being caught by the men employed for that purpose; and as for the superfluous population, the common, vulgar brutes, of no value either for use or ornament, I think they had much best be suppressed.

In this way, the Pound becomes a good institution, encouraging the keeping of good dogs only, and thinning out the worthless breeds. Don't you think it would be a good thing if a Pound and drowning-tank could be inaugurated for the whelps, curs, and puppies of the genus *homo*, that abound in New York? It ought to be done at once—though it might be rather expensive, for I have heard of as much as two hundred dollars being paid for a common Alderman. Perhaps the old system formerly pursued with other dogs—that of knocking them on the head anywhere, in the street, or wherever found—might be cheaper and more efficacious.

With this expression and these suggestions, I remain yours, from tip to tip,

A JOLLY DOG.

#### Is it Possible!

We have the best authority for stating that the Hon. A. SCHELL *did not* take drinks with any prominent friend of Mr. Douglas at the late Douglas meeting at the Cooper Institute. Though we are not aware that Mr. SCHELL is a Maine Law man we have good reason for the belief that he is not in the habit of taking drinks. —*Tribune*.

We feel ourselves called upon to announce that H. G. did not eat cucumbers with any prominent friend of Mr. RAYMOND, at dinner the other day. Though we are aware that H. G. is a Vegetarian, we have good reason for the belief that he is not in the habit of eating cucumbers.

#### Personal Intelligence.

The Two-Shilling Candidate is now in Illinois. Where he will next Take Up his Quarters is unknown.

The Long and Short of the Presidential Canvass.  
LINCOLN and DOUGLAS.



JUNE 9, 1860.]

VANITY FAIR.



SHAKY.

DARING TRANSIT ON THE PERILOUS RAIL,

Mr. Abraham Blondin De Lave Lincoln.







## THE GREAT CHRISTENING.

When great events want to occur, it is needless to say that they invariably select Boston as the proper place to occur in. The Athenian city has recently been exercised in that way by the occurrence of a Great Christening. It was that of a splendid ship. She has been successfully built and launched, and her devout Athenian owner has christened her the "EDWARD EVERETT."

The modern Athenian, like the tutor in "*Tom Jones*," believes, with rigid persistency, in the eternal fitness of things. We admire him for it. It is a beautiful faith; it is the instinct of harmony; and it is most delightfully exhibited in the philosophy of the Great Christening.

Full particulars are furnished by the Boston *Courier*, which, as everybody knows, is the chosen organ and confidential minister of great events. On this occasion the organ is indeed oracular. Rising with the magnificence of the theme, and glowing with the consciousness of superior information, the pompous minister exploits his plethoric note-book and sketches us that ship, from stem to stern, from sky-pole to scupper-hole, with an accuracy and an extent of detail which fills the mind with amazement, and is quite well calculated to fill the hair with straws.

[N. B.—It may not be generally known that straws in the hair indicate Lunacy. Vide SHAKESPEARE'S *Lear*, and note the condition of EDGAR. Also, think of the SEWARD men at Chicago.]

But we have read the report of the *Courier* with a very deep and fervent interest. Not that we prefer statistics to strawberries, or measurements to marmalade, but because it so pleasantly exhibits that instinct of harmony for which—as already intimated—we so much admire the Athenian.

That this "most magnificent ship of her class" aptly and admirably represents "the distinguished gentleman whose name she bears," no one can doubt for an instant, after reading this report of her cause and her qualifications. So thorough, indeed, and so remarkable is the correspondence of virtues and graces in the ship and person, that we are impelled to set forth the parallel, if only to illustrate the modern Athenian's fine appreciation of the fitness of things.

## THE SHIP:

(According to the *Courier*.)

"She is remarkable, not only for the faultless beauty of her model, but for the strength of her hull and the elegance of her cabin accommodations."

"She is not a clipper in sharpness of ends or rise of floor."

"She swells into the convex along the wales, and the bow spreads and flares."

"Her cut-water rakes boldly forward, and terminates in an easy, graceful spring, which

## "THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN:"

(As *in Life*.)

Mr. EVERETT'S strength of hull is not currently supposed to be enormous. Indeed he is generally thought to be weak in the back. But the faultless beauty of his model, and the elegance of his cabin accommodations, are universally admitted, in Boston.

Here the correspondence is admirably precise. Directness of purpose in a man may very well be considered the counterpart of "sharpness of ends" in a ship. Now it is clear that the ship hasn't any "sharpness of ends;" and certainly no one ever suspected "the distinguished gentleman" of any "directness of purpose." The late THEODORE PARKER, once said a good thing about E. E., namely that the "highest instinct in his nature is the instinct of decorum." As to "rise of floor," no man who stands on the Baltimore Platform can properly be said to have that.

The phrase "swelling into the convex" is very felicitous. It is not an inapt descriptive of the "distinguished gentleman's" oratory. Especially it is felicitous when applied to his *wails*. As everybody knows, E. E. is great on wails. Indeed it is quite impossible for any man of distinction to die, in these days, without occasioning "the distinguished gentleman" to "swell into the convex." Perhaps it would not be too much to say that he "*spreads and flares*."

Here there is a slight discrepancy. The distinguished gentleman's *cut-water* does not

throws an air of lightness over the parent bow."

"She does not appear heavy aft."

"Her run is long and clean."

"Her swell and sheer appear in perfect harmony with her general outline."

"Outside she is flush to the planksheer moulding."

"The hull above water is black, and inside she is painted cream-color."

"A full figure of the distinguished gentleman whose name she bears, ornaments the bow and is placed to correspond with the fore-rake."

"She has open air-strakes in the hold, and in the between-decks which reveal all her frame and the substance of her ceilings."

"She has a patent steering apparatus."

"Her windlass is worthy of particular notice. In heaving up or paying out, the windlass, by the use of powerful brakes, is always under complete control. For power, strength, and compactness it is considered one of the best windlasses now in use."

But we have pursued the parallel far enough. The Athenian instinct of harmony is sufficiently illustrated. All lands know it, and recognise it. And now the good Ship "Edward Everett" shall be a testimony even to "the vasty deep" that "the fitness of things" is well and truly appreciated in the staid old province of Boston. Gloria in excelsis! in terra! in mare! We wish her fair weather. She is bound to the Old World. May she be forever favored with those blessings which, with the great name of EDWARD EVERETT, she can not do otherwise than covet and rejoice in, smooth water and plain sailing!

"rake boldly forward." On the contrary it is, like everything else about him, quite classical. We object to the word "rake." It is like a sinner at a prayer-meeting.

Here is another discrepancy. "The distinguished gentleman" often does.

Here the correspondence is only partial. E. E.'s run has been long enough certainly; and very long when he has to do any running away; but its cleanliness is a bit doubtful. However, as the run to Salt River is immediately before "the distinguished gentleman," the correspondence will, undoubtedly, be made good very soon. For, truly, that "run" cannot well be otherwise than "long and clean."

A perfect resemblance! The distinguished gentleman's "swell" is something enormous; while his "sheer" is admitted to be one of the biggest things of the kind extant in the present age. How sad it is that the faculty of *sheering* away from obstacles wont always bring a man to the sweet haven of Presidential security!

It is almost superfluous to suggest that "the distinguished gentleman" has never been otherwise than *flush* all his lifetime, not to "planksheer moulding" indeed, but chiefly in consequence of it.

Here the reader cannot fail to notice a curious inversion. For in the case of "the distinguished gentleman," the cream-color is very thick on the *outside*, and on the *inside* is a charming mixture of cream-color and black.

Here the admiring Athenian has made two very grave mistakes. In the first place, the figure of the Honorable EDWARD EVERETT should never be made to "correspond with the *fore-rake*." It is a reflection on the orator's respectability, which is of the most "purple and fine linen" order. In the next place, we suggest, with all deference, that the only appropriate figure-head for a ship called the "EDWARD EVERETT," is a statue of BONNER, with multitudinous *Ledgers* for drapery.

An evident and beautiful analogy, which requires no comment.

So has he.

*Echo*. "It is considered one of the best windlasses now in use!"





## A FORGET-ME-NOT.

HIGH BORN YOUTH.—*Sir, did you strike me intentionally?*

PERSON OF LOW ESTATE.—(coldly) *Well I did.*

HIGH BORN YOUTH.—(indignant and mysterious) *Then, sir, I will remember you—should I live a thousand years—sir, I'LL remember you!*

## A WORD TO THE WEATHER.

For the information of those who have not yet heard the latest piece of news, we beg to say that it has been agreed upon by the leaders of the ton to make Wednesday and Saturday the fashionable days for the drive in the Central Park.—*Times*.

Decidedly a happy thing to know. Henceforth everybody will be capable of distinguishing Who-Is-Who from Who-Isn't-Who—the Arn't-We-Somes? from the We-Arn't-Muches. How very charming! Wednesday and Saturday sacred to the Ton; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday given over to Messrs. Tom, Dick and HARRY, their wives, children, kinsfolk and acquaintance. To develop the idea still further, Wednesday and Saturday are to be meeting days for Champions of the Heavy Weights, and the lesser days for the Champions of the Feather Weights. This positively snacks of the essence of ecstatic refinement. Shades of PERHAM, BEAT BRUMMEL and COUNT D'ORSAY rest easy! Gentility refuses to inhale the vulgar breeze of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday! Gentility expects the Weather (that enigma to vulgar minds) to do her duty on the appointed days. She will please take notice that, until permission to the contrary be given, it will not do for her to blow, fog, sprinkle, shower, pour, thunder, or lighten on these two consecrated days of every week—seized, appropriated and owned by our Aristocracy. It must be distinctly understood that she is to play no tricks whatever on these occasions; no What-Is-It? styles of cloud will be allowed overhead; no vile winds, from the direction of Boston, are to interfere with previous arrangements; in fine, no weather on the Half-Shell will, for a single moment, be tolerated on Ton Days.

The Ton know their rights, and will stand by them. Vulgar days are, of course, as heretofore, subject to Dame Weather's whims and freaks. Not to seem too hard, let us reason a little on the question. For an instant, suppose an East wind should blow, a fog should arise, or a chilly rain set in, how perfectly frightful it would be! Would it not? Just think of the horses! (Worth \$1,000.) Just think of JOHN THOMAS's livery! (Cost \$63.) Just think of the carriage! (Freshly painted and varnished for \$210.) Just think of MRS. KNEW-SHE-WOULD-BE-A-LADY, who is so delicate! And of her poor innocent little dears, who look as if a passing butterfly would dash

## A very proper distinction.

During the TRAIN and HOUSTON scene in Congress last week

"Mr. KERR, (dem) of S. C., said the word "member" was a parliamentary term. The word "gentleman" does not occur in the Manual. He remembered that Mr. CALHOUN said when he was presiding officer, he never recognised any one except as a member,"

For obvious reasons.

"I see by the Churl that so gracefully Smokes."

"The Madrid Journals state that the Queen had ordered 50,000 cigars to be distributed among the troops on their arrival in the Capital."

If her Royal Highness desired the fifty thousand to keep up the shooting-match with her enemies, she could not have done a wiser thing: the old proverb tells us "There is no Smoke without Fire."

## An Evident Error.

The *Herald* the other day contained the information that CLARK MILLS had an order from the Government for a colossal bronze statue of Liberty, to be placed in the Capitol dome. We can't, for the life of us, see why the item was printed under the head of "The Fine Arts."

## "Honor to whom Honor."

We have been requested to state that Mr. EVERETT, of Boston, writer of the "Mount Vernon Papers," and candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is the author of the famous saying "Such is Life," so often unjustly credited to Mr. TUPPER, of London, England.

## The Train that would not Back Down..

The one that HOUSTON (Ala.) had to deal with.

life out of them! Oh! dear! it is absolutely appalling! If it should happen! If she or they were to die! Or if the horses were to get the heavens, or if J. T.'s suit should be spoiled, or if the new paint and varnish were completely ruined! what could be done? What would that nasty Weather have to say for herself? The wretch! The brute! Ugh! Get out! The idea is revolting! Just as though BON TON kept a wife and children, and JOHN THOMAS, and horses and a carriage for the weather to fool with! Whew! High doings—indeed! Does not BON TON generously leave the Weather five days out of seven to do whatever she pleases in? Pity, if with all his money, he cannot take an airing when he likes, without being set upon by a fickle-minded old hussey like her! If you will blow, if you will rain, if you will storm, why try it on common folks and poor people, and let well dressed nabobs alone! Take advice before it is too late; if you do not, you will be sorry for it. That is all!

## The Rails Good for Something after all.

The BROOKLYN COLORED MENS' REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION, last week,—

"Resolved. That a Committee of Five be appointed to prepare a suitable banner, bearing the portraits and names of the aforesaid candidates, to be suspended in front of the Headquarters of this Association; also to prepare a suitable chest-nut tree to bear the same, out of which tree ABRAHAM LINCOLN, when elected, may be able to split rails sufficient to fence in the White House in Washington; also the Custom House and Post Office of New York for the purpose of protecting the public treasury from further predatory incursions of democratic office-holders."

This is truly a noble idea. If we thought the Two Shilling Candidate would agree to act upon this matter, as set forth in the above resolution, we do not know but that we should be tempted to throw the influence of our vote in his favor.

## Very Natural.

Since the affair at Willett's Point we have noticed that the "fancy" of this city are of a more retiring disposition than formerly: they don't, somehow, like to appear before Foulks so much as they did.



## GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

DEAR V. F.—Were you ever in Germantown? Germantown is in Philadelphia, according to the Conglomeration Act. According to GUNTER, it is about eleven thousand nine hundred and seventy yards distant from the city. Germantowners say that Philadelphia is in Germantown. Take your choice! Germantown is a remarkable place; and inhabited by remarkable people. I judge the latter from their remarks, of which I propose to give you a few specimens, caught *en passant*. I also propose to touch upon the marvels of the place itself. Let us begin with the latter. The construction of Germantown is peculiar. The peculiarity consists in the fact of its being all up-hill in every direction from any point to any other point. And ditto back again. Also, in its being, like the infant game of "tit, tat, to," "all in a row." Likewise, in resembling Eternity, *i. e.* having neither beginning nor end. Especially, no end! WASHINGTON once dwelt ubiquitous in Germantown. He resided in any house you please between CHEW's mansion and so-forth. In fact, he rather spread himself in Germantown. Owing to the "contingencies of war." The contingencies culminated in a desperate conflict for a stone wall on the CUEW estate. Which resulted in the Britons being obliged to fork over the rocks. It is certain they could not chew. In Germantown, also, there have deceased a number of the "oldest family servants of General WASHINGTON, during the past ten or fifteen years. Every one was "the oldest"; every one carried the General round when a boy. Every one tended his favorite war horse. Etcetera—every one! And, probably, there are "a few more left of the same sort."

There are other marvels in Germantown. Of which one is socks! Socks are a staple of Germantown. Socks are a fruit—socks are a vegetable—socks are an ornament—socks are a necessity thereof. In short, Germantown may be called the incarnation of sock-dology! In this suburban hamlet, socks seem to sprout spontaneously from every department of nature. Blue socks with white toes, hang pendant from tree-boughs, spring, blossom-like, from shrubbery;



A GERMANTOWN ORCHARD.

grow (or seem to grow) luxuriantly upon garden beds; cling, like lichen, to fences and house-sides; stand in martial rows along porticos; lie in architectural figures—figures of fact and figures of fancy—in halls, under arbors, against door posts. The Universal Actual is pervaded, filled, choked, as it were, in Germantown, with socks! The Germantown bread-and-meat is socks. Its art, science, and literature are socks. Its religion is socks. Its daily discourse and nightly vision is of socks with blue legs and white toes. And unremittingly the voice of the shuttle and loom is heard in the land! I think Germantown philosophy must be decidedly soc(k)-ratic.

Proximately I will write you further of the Wits and Wonders of Germantown.

Rurally yours,

HANS VON PUCK.

Orthodox Paradox.

Moveable Fast.

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"FRIENDSHIP IS BUT A NAME!"

Editors of *Vanity Fair*—

IRRESPECTIVE SIRS:—Your talented Natural Historian has shone upon his subject with a Fresnel Light—so to speak—of analytical illumination. But there is one animal that he has omitted. And, I fear, that he will continue to omit; unconscious (blissful ignorance!) perhaps, of the existence of this animal—or, at least, of its peculiar titles to notice. Will he—and you—permit me to supply the hiatus? Thanks! The animal I allude to is popularly called—THE FRIEND.

The Friend is of exceeding antiquity. In the ages of "Fabled Heathenness," we find the creature, surrounded with the halo of poetic exaggeration common to that transcendental period, variously known as PATROCLUS, Friend of ACHILLES; NISUS, Friend of Euryalus; PYTHIAS, Friend of Damon; &c. Later, this animal appears in the Bardic era of SHAKESPEARE, as MERCUTIO, Friend of Romeo, &c. Still mythic and unreliable, however, as to classification, or real traits of individuality: still visionary, impossible, deceptive; glorified by the exuberant fancy of the poet. In fact, even down to the present day, there is no accurate, analytic portraiture of THE FRIEND; the real live animal, as he is, and does, and makes others suffer, in the actual world. Let me then, devote myself to his immolation! THE FRIEND is of the *genus* Parasite; (class Biped.) He is found attached to the weaknesses, or vices of other bipeds, from whom he has the power to abstract various comforts, conveniences, protections, &c., while apparently rendering these services to those upon whom he has fastened. He possesses a peculiar charm, '*ohi*,' '*feisch*,' or what you will, by means of which he is enabled to delude the judgments of his victims into the belief that he is a creature of inestimable value, and thus, can take the most outrageous liberties with their feelings, persons, and property, on the mere strength of his name of Friend. There is one remarkable peculiarity in this Parasite, or Friend. It is this: Two of these creatures never are found together. Of two bipeds, only one is the Friend of the other, although this Friend, to serve his purpose, always loudly proclaims the other as equally *his* Friend. And such is the spell of his name, that every biped longs to *have* a Friend, though no one is, *really* desirous to *be* the Friend of another. One may be said to be active, and the other passive, invariably.

There are many curious little traits about the Friend. Suppose one of these creatures has adapted himself to you: He immediately becomes possessed of many singular privileges, by the power of his '*fetisch*.' He makes promises for you because "he is your Friend." He forfeits his engagements with you; a "Friendly liberty." He uses your horse, servant, clothes, razors, anything, when you want them yourself; "he knew he needn't ask permission of his Friend." He invites people to dine with you when you are just rejoicing at being alone; he remembers that you have 'a little of that very fine sherry left,' and brings it from the cellar himself, (you have put it away to give a sick kinsman, of course) for his—your—guests; "no ceremony between Friends, eh! JACK?" He takes you out when you want to stay in, and keeps you at home when you want to go out; "oh! just to oblige your Friend, now, old fellow!"

He sings when you are sad, and mopes when you are merry; "you don't mind me—your old Friend, you know." He makes your tailor, hatter, boot-maker, anybody—put you off to hurry up *his* work!—"ah! he grumble; pooh! we're the best Friends in the world! I'll make it all right with *him*!"

And finally, not without example is it, that he robs you of your mistress, and makes you his first groomsmen at the wedding, by adjuring, cajoling, imploring, and *subterfuging* in endless ways—all in the "SACRED NAME OF FRIENDSHIP."

And if you die, and "remember him in your will;" (as you are tolerably sure to do) he mourns sincerely for you—until he has succeeded in establishing himself as another biped's best FRIEND.

I have said!

Yours conclusively,

THE MAN WHO HAS 'CUT' HIS FRIEND.

Very Dead.

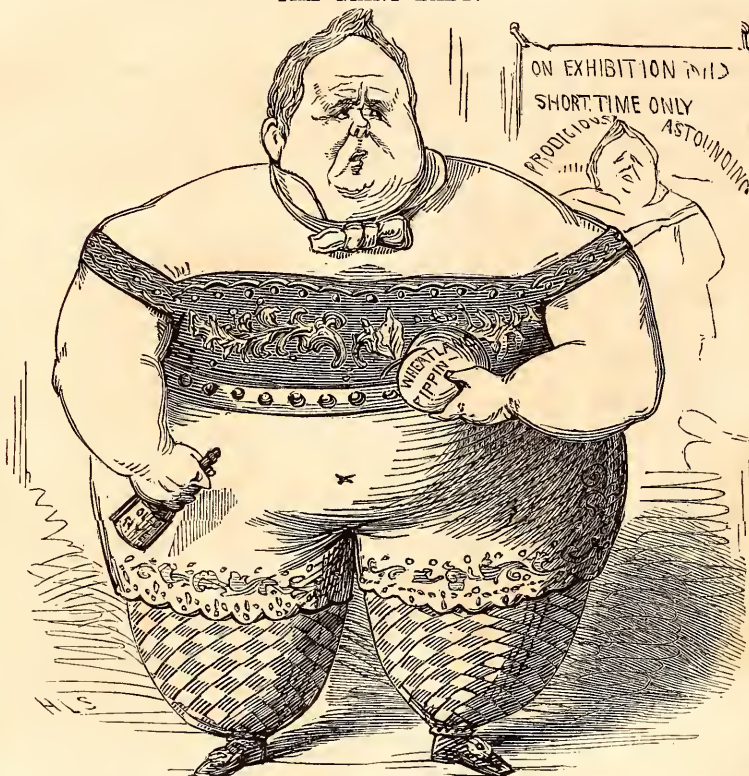
Deadness is such a common attribute, that a vast number of similes are in vogue to express it. Thus we hear of things being "dead as a nit;" "dead as a door-nail;" "dead as JULIUS CÆSAR;" "dead as herrings," etc. But we propose the substitution of a new term for all these old ones. The acme of deadness has never been reached till now, and we suggest that the popular expression, henceforth, shall be "dead as the Union and Constitution Nomination."

The proper place for Justice.

As far above Aldermanic dealings as the dome will permit.



## THE GIANT BABY.



J. B. AS AN INFANT. FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF P. T. BARNUM, ESQ.

VANTILE BUCK, the infant giant of Washington, now exhibiting at the White House, is the most astonishing human curiosity ever introduced to the public, being only seven hundred years old, and measuring a quarter of a mile around the chest. He is cheerful, though not inclined to gamesome hilarity, and has nothing repulsive in his appearance, notwithstanding his ponderous corpulence, unrivalled, as yet, by any opposition Fat Boy in the world.

The story that Buck accumulated his fat by feeding on the sly, from the public trough, is indignantly denied by Mr. BENNETT, one of his principal exhibitors, but the question, "then how in thunder did he get so fat?" remains unanswered. He will remain on exhibition until the fourth of March, 1861, when he will be withdrawn from public life forever. He has been the victim of great persecution, and a bard once wrote the following apology for him:

Who looks upon this wonderful monstrosity—  
This piece of plump and playful ponderosity—  
Should bear within his heart no animosity.

Remember that he once possessed ability,  
And, for his size, evinces much humility,  
So treat our baby J. B. with civility.

Even this manly and tender expression was not respected; another bard, inimical to the Giant Baby, imitated it in a base parody, beginning:

This fossil infant of remote antiquity  
Whose course and glance are marked by strange obliquity,  
Is up to every possible iniquity!

This libellous and improper assault was repelled by the first bard, who composed an ode containing the celebrated couplet:

Immortal Infant, come and take my hat;  
You'll vanquish all your foes in spite of fat!

—a rhyme that created much excitement at the time, on account of the last word being supposed, by some, to have originally been written "fate." Buck, however, has not vanquished all his foes as yet, though he certainly seems able enough to crush them, if he should ever come down on them.

The public must beware of opposition Giant Babies, who try to palm themselves off for the Original, but who do not constitute, as he does, a fine amusing and instructive moral spectacle. It is intended, we believe, to exhibit the Little Giant of Illinois, when Buck is withdrawn, but we doubt if the L. G. will make half as much of an exhibition of himself as the present incumbent.

Republican Motto for the White House.

After Tupper.

An ABE in the House is a well-spring of pleasure.

## The Hanlon of the Arena of Journalism.

No one would ever believe, without ocular demonstration, the astounding acrobatic feats of the "chiel who takes notes," (and gives change) on the corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets. His transformations would, indeed, be incredible, did they not furnish in themselves, perpetually renewed precedents. We all remember his early affection and subsequent treatment of the renowned Tumbling and Juggling Luminary, (now so near extinction) at the White House.

We remember how, standing on his head, he long endeavoured to put out that luminary by clapping on an extinguisher; and how with incomparable grace, he turned a double somersault and was clasped to the luminary's breast.

Giving due weight to these reminiscences, as well as J. G. B. credit for his historical affinities for truth and candor, we should not be surprised to find him in the long run ever lying in Abraham's bosom.

## A "Ten" Strike.

We must confess that we can't quite see the use of taking a horse to England for the purpose of having him come in Eleventh, as the American horse UMPIRE did at the late Derby Races. If this sort of thing continues, we fear that Mr. TEN BROECK will become Mr. DEAD BROECK very speedily.

## In Extremis.

Mr. EDWARD EVERETT has, we see, formally accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Union Party for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. EVERETT has been for a long time out of the field of active politics; by this it would appear that he wishes to Get his Hand In. He will find, though, before the campaign is over, that he has Put his Foot In It.

## The Speech of the Hereafter.

Now that Mr. SEWARD has been so cavalierly set out in the cold by the GREELEY tribe, at Chicago, no sane speech-maker will ever make use of the well-worn phrase, "the ingratitude of Republics," when he has a so much more forcible expression at hand as the "ingratitude of Republicans."

## A Case of Real Distress.

The cruelty of the Black Republicans calls for the establishment of a Political Humane Society in our midst. Unable to carry their candidate into the White House by the regular means, they are determined to Ride him in on a Rail.

## A Something Settled Madness.

The Physicians attached to the Embassy tell us that there are no idiots in Japan. By way of a change, if the Japs are desirous of any, we can recommend Mr. THADDEUS HYATT, at present of Washington Jail.

## Easily Explained.

One reason why the Eastern Embassy take such an interest in the ladies at Washington, is the unfortunate one of their having no females in Japan, all its inhabitants being Japan(h)ese!

## A Small piece of Business.

We are pained to observe the small size of the Scales held by the neglected figure on the City Hall Dome. Every one is aware that a much heavier Balance is due to Justice in that locality.





## THE POLITICAL INVALID.

S. A. Douglas.—DO YOU THINK I'M A VERY SICK MAN, DOCTOR?

Doctor Jonathan.—YES, STEPHEN; THE CHARLESTON AIR DISAGREED WITH YOU DECIDEDLY, AND I'M VERY MUCH AFRAID THAT THAT OF BALTIMORE WONT BE MUCH BETTER.

Matters which it will be well for the Embassy to understand.

If BOOLE walks behind SIMME BOOJSEN, NO-KAMI and slaps him on the back, saying, "How are you, old boy! How goes it! Fine day! Let's go out to liquor," this means, in Japanese, "Illustrious SIMME BOOJSEN, I thank Heaven that I am allowed to congratulate your excellency this beautiful morning. I earnestly hope that your excellency is in good health and that your excellency's repose last night was of the sweetest. Will your excellency do me the distinguished honor to join me in a glass of wine to our better acquaintance?"

Should another Alderman unfold a foil of Solace, and, after helping his jaws to an overdue allowance, make a lunge at MOORAJAKI-AMAGE, NO-KAMI, saying "Have a chaw, Chinnee!" this would signify that he condescended to place the distinguished NO-KAMI upon an equal footing with himself, and that he (the N. K.) was welcome to use his soothing fine cut.

Again, if Councilman BLANK steps up to OGGOORI BOONGO, NO-KAMI and with touching brogue says, "Bedad! but its yerself that's a fine gentleman, so ye are! Sure an' the ould woman says as how she'd be proud as a paycock to hev a look at onc of yaze. S'pose ye jist stepround to Mott-st. wid me fur half a minute and show yerself to the ould erayter and the childen! They'll be mighty glad to see ye, notwithstanding its half nager ye are."

This betokens a very friendly and hospitable feeling on the part of the Councilmen and is equivalent to cards of invitation to soirée or déjeuner in Jeddo. The NO-KAMI must positively accept at once, or the consequences will be frightful.

"Something new in Summer Under Garments."

A cool body.

## THE SWEEPERS.

## A NOCTURNE.

## I.

On Broadway, at the dead of night,  
I heard a sound and saw a sight  
That filled my very soul with fright.

## II.

A rumbling thunder, long and loud,  
Proceeding from an inky cloud,  
That wrapped all Broadway like a shroud.

## III.

Where Tenth-street's gas-lamps dimly shone  
The foetid pall swept slowly on—  
A plague like that of Babylon.

## IV.

The choking cloud encompassed me—  
I could not hear, I could not see—  
To breathe was acrid misery!

## V.

'Twas sharp and stinging dust that rose  
Upon the Summer nights' repose,  
To fill my eyes and ears and nose.

## VI.

I wandered down the veiled street,  
Not knowing which way to retreat  
From that asphyxial winding-sheet.

## VII.

A fellow-sufferer struggled by;  
"What is this dust, good Sir?" gasped I,  
With parching gullet, clogged and dry.

## VIII.

With accent of ironic spleen,

"It is," he said, "the new machine  
For keeping Broadway neat and clean!"

## IX.

Next morn I found my linen soiled,  
And—though to brush them long I toiled—  
My best black garments nearly spoiled.

## X.

Since then I've often seen that cloud,  
Have heard that rumbling thunder loud,  
And been enfolded in that shroud.

## XI.

I wish the City Fathers were  
Compelled each night to breathe the air  
Of Broadway when these sweeps are there!

## XII.

There is a better kind, I hear,  
That keeps the dust from rising clear;  
When will it on our streets appear?

## XIII.

Till then, all those who walk at night  
Must have their clothing ruined quite,  
And lose their voices and their sight!

## Much Ado About Nothing.

We hear great talk among the dilletanti and Connoisseurs of that C note which Musiani raises from his chest. We fail to see anything wonderful in it. We could put our finger upon a certain banker in Wall-street who never aspired above the dignity of doing "Hail Columbia" or "My Mary Ann," and yet he has entire ability to Raise a pile of C Notes from his Chest, at one and the same time.

DEATHS HAND IN HIS GAME OF BLUFF THIS SUMMER—A Full with Yellow Jacks at the head.



## JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

We have announced in various numbers of this paper, that we did not intend to be behind the age in anything. In accordance with this announcement, as our notice had been attracted to the fact that our cotemporaries are giving, from time to time, sketches of the manners and customs of the Japanese, we determined to do the same. To this end we last week dispatched our special correspondent to Japan, with orders to take up his permanent residence at Hako-dadi. The result is, that this week we publish the first of his letters, which will be found intensely interesting.

JAPAN, June 11th, 1860.

As it may not be out of the way to make the first of my letters a detail of the customs of this strange people, I have been at peculiar pains to inform myself.

The people of Japan are divided into two distinct sorts, the men and women. The first are very different from the last, and are generally supposed to be of a different sex. There are quite a number of children in Japan, also many young girls, who, when they get old enough, generally get married, or remain single. When the time arrives for a Japanese lady to enter upon a matrimonial state, she prepares herself for this interesting event by cutting off both her legs and arms at the first joint, and tying up her ears with blue ribbons. Her next care from this moment is to always walk with her toes turned out, and to wear nothing on her fingers but diamond rings. Her hair, which she continues to wear in long curls down her neck, is clipped off close to her head, and her eyeballs are stained with a decoction of *rhodamanthus terpsichorus*, giving a delicate pea green hue.

The food of the Japanese is very peculiar, and is entirely regulated by their appetite. With a strange facility, which can only be accounted for by the fact that they are hungry, they will eat two or three times each day. A Japanese gentleman has been known to eat roast pork and other poultry, all at the same meal. They are very fond of Hippopotamus, a large bird, frequently caught in the rivers of that country. They never eat vegetables, but as a substitute use potatoes, cabbage and turnips, all except the last, which they never have, and the first which they intend to import.



Though the Japanese eat very often, sometimes even twice a day, still they are very abstemious as to quantity. I never knew a Japanese to eat more than seventy-five pounds of solid food at a single meal, unless it was on some particular occasion.

In their clothes, I have noticed only Japan wear, but no lack-o'-red. One good sized tea board is a full dress suit for a whole family, only one member going out at a time. This ornamental

costume hangs in front, the excessively polite manner of the wearer never allowing him to turn his back on any one. They wear boots very skilfully manufactured from ossified gingerbread, but unlike the people of other countries, the Japanese puts his boots upon his hands, and elevates his feet in the air. This remarkable custom, as a matter of course, compels a number of singular positions, among which that of sitting down is most noticeable. When a Japanese wishes to seat himself, he commences by wrapping each of his legs several times around his neck, finally tucking his feet behind his ears. This accomplished, he turns a back summersault, putting his head under his left arm, and his hands in his mouth. In this state of relaxation he takes his seat, using the top of his head as the part to come in contact with the seat, instead of following the more dignified mode of Americans.

Among the many odd customs of this odd people, I may as well mention their language, which they speak fluently, without any broken accent. It is a simple dialect made up of four thousand, two hundred letters. I learned it last evening, and to show that there is nothing in it, I send a specimen. One of the principal words in use, is—*Rabanabadabaringchingchawatchimboy*, this being only one syllable, and standing in the same relation as the American word "tod." It is hardly worth my while to offer any more illustrations to show that the language is like everything else belonging to this simple people.

One more thing only I must mention, which is, the skilfulness of the Japanese in jugglery and magic. I was present yesterday at an exhibition of this, when the performer tore up a copy of the New York Herald, throwing the fragments into the fire, from which in a moment he drew forth three black crows with their wings badly scorched, and a toad spitting vehemently. After this, the Magician took a bottle holding about a pint and a half of *Saki*, the wine of the country, and after showing the spectators that the bottle was full, of which fact there could not be the slightest doubt, he bent back his head, placed the mouth of the bottle to his own, held it in that position for about three minutes, drew one long breath, and handed the bottle to the audience empty, the contents had vanished. The applause that followed this was terrific.

There are a thousand things equally wonderful in this wonderful land, which I must reserve for future letters. For the present farewell.

AUGUSTUS WALTER FITZ CLARENCE.

## Vanity Fair's "Four Year Olds."

The extent to which the "four year old" idea shoots in *Harper* and the *Knickerbocker*, is prodigious! Such precocious wit and wisdom never before illumined the horizon of the pinafore period. We should think a race of "four-year-old" phenomena, infant MUNCHAUSENS, JOE MILLERS, FENELONS, STERNES, &c., had been made to order, expressly for the use of *Harper* and the *Knickerbocker*. But we are not willing to submit to this monopoly. We have engaged a small but select corps of "four-year-old" contributors for VANITY FAIR. And we think our little jokers at least equal (we are modest in saying only equal) in brilliancy, originality, and authenticity, to those of any publication in this or any other country. Let the reader judge, however, by the following, from our first "four-year-old."

Our blue-eyed "four-year old," yesterday was observed to steal into the boot-closet, whence he presently emerged with a bottle of Japanese Polish. Sitting down with a large copy-book before him, he extracted the cork from the bottle, and forthwith commenced tracing hieroglyphs on the pages of his book with the sponge dipped in Polish. Looking over his shoulder we perceived that he was evidently attempting to draw the letter E many times repeated. "What are you doing Georgy?" asked we. "Making Japanese (ees), papa," replied our "four-year-old," with an arch smile. What think you of this, gentle Reader?

## A Lusus Naturæ.

"I've been a-fishing," WILL declared,  
"And TOM, I only wish  
You had been there, if you had cared  
To see a Drunken Fish!"

"A drunken fish?" the other cried,  
With wonder in his face;  
"What kind was it?" "Why," WILL replied,  
"A dreadfully Tight Pla(i)ce!"

## Democratic Definition of Republicanism.

Rant and Rail.

## A Blowing Adder.

BARNUM'S Lightning Calculator.



## THE FOURTH WARD SCHOOLS.



ble and enlightened priesthood to consign every person who does not agree with them to eternal damnation; with no better education than that afforded by listening to treasonable bombast at rebel meetings, or attending religious service performed in a language of which they are ignorant, these vulgar, narrow-minded audacious fellows find their way to this country with little or no money, and brass as hard as that of Corinth; when either by aid of keeping a grog-shop, or turning emigrant-runner, or through some other equally honorable employment they amass a certain sum of money, and become authorities in the land. The bog-trotter is lost in the swaggering colonel of a pea-green regiment, and "PEGGY the crathur" now appears as Mrs. O'TOOLE in all the splendor of impossible brocades and ridicu-

H E Pope is rampant. Not content with kicking up a tremendous row in Italy and Sicily, and pitching his harmless old excommunications at the heads of European sovereigns, he pulls the strings of his puppets in this country, and the bigoted fantoccini instantly commence their old tricks. The Fourth Ward Schools is the field which they have this time chosen for their operations. The Trustees of these Fourth Ward Schools are, it seems, for the most part Irishmen. Irishmen, too, of that class which while profiting by the liberality of this country, reserves to itself the right of being as illiberal as possible. We make no doubt but that these same Celtic trustees are of the kind who in general conversation, style the Englishman "a base, brutal, and bloody Saxon," and look up to the Archbishop of Tuam as the incarnation of all the cardinal virtues. Nurtured in a fetid hot-bed of bigotry; taught by an amia-

lous bonnets. The colonel, however, does not content himself with military glory. He must shove his great dirty hand into public affairs. With a natural proclivity to muck, he seeks and finds an entry into the ranks of the city corporation. He becomes influential in public institutions, and legislates for enlightened Americans. Of the admirable manner in which the family of O'TOOLLES perform their duties we have ample evidence in the subject at present under consideration. The papal pestilence has broken out with uncommon violence in the Fourth Ward, and threatens, if not speedily checked, to spread into neighboring districts. The Trustees of the schools in that district have been running a muck among such of the teachers as did not believe in the winking virgin and the bottled blood of JANUARIUS. A man named DOHERTY—isn't the name suggestive of "Repale" and "potaties?"—has made himself particularly active in disposing of all those young women whose religious views did not coincide with his own, and sooner than let the innocent pupils suffer for the want of enlightened tuition, he disinterestedly appoints his own niece to one of the vacant posts. The other Trustees have been acting in a similar manner, and a number of respectable, well-educated young women, have been cast out of a fairly earned employment to suit the purposes of a set of bullying, ignorant bigots. What a pity that the days of the Inquisition have gone by! What festive times this DOHERTY and his gang would have had at the auto da fe and the tortures! The poor recusant teachers would have had something more than their salaries stopped, and the vicious old man at Rome, would have smacked his lips over the report of the proceedings. But the Pontiff's teeth are pulled, thanks to Heaven and GARABALDI, and it remains for us Americans to decide whether we shall not muzzle his myrmidons until they become orderly and respectful.

## LIFE OF LINCOLN (ABRAHAM) THE CHICAGO NOMINEE.

COMPILED FROM THE MOST RELIABLE AUTHORITIES.

Hearing that a biography of the Republican Candidate for the Presidency was in preparation, we resolved to forestal this tardy volume, by a brief, clear, full, succinct, comprehensive, detailed outline of Mr. LINCOLN's career, from his birth up to an indefinite period of his existence, including his last will and testament, dying confession, and tragic end, with many other pleasing incidents of his checkered life. To th's end, we employed a young gentleman of the V. F. corps, who already bids fair to rival the profound and versatile SYLVANUS EVERETT of the 'Ledger,' in his brilliant originality, and intelligent zeal for searching hidden lore; and after visiting the treasuries of art, science and literature entombed in the cloisters of the western flatboats, explored the monuments mouldering along the fence-lines of Illinois, interrogated the almanacs, examined the mileage-accounts at Washington, looked through all REYNOLDS', COOPER'S, DUMAS', COBB'S, and LIPPARD'S works, and analytically studied WORCESTER'S (Best) Quarto Dictionary—after all this labor, we say, our Biographer has compiled the following eminently satisfactory (to himself) and remarkable History of the Incorruptible Nominee of the Republican Party. To Wit:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the eldest of three brothers, respectively called ISAAC and JACOB, and was, with them, though not at the same time, born on the left bank of the Nile, B. C. 3001. Of his early life little is known, though it is believed he once made himself precociously famous by attempting to dam up the waters of his native river with bull-rushes. At the age of eighteen, ABRAHAM built a flatboat, and gathering his family round him, bade them a tender adieu, and started, well provisioned with "old wheat" (mummy-wheat, probably) and "fixins," to discover a wider field for his genius. After a tedious voyage sailing down the Nile to the Ganges, up the Ganges to the Danube, down the Danube to the Burrampooter, and down the Burrampooter to the Mississippi, he arrived "much overcome" (the "old wheat" having given out at this moment) in the State of Illinois, A. D. 1860, just in time to receive the nomin-

ation of the Republicans for President of the United States of America. During his adventurous voyage, he encountered many strange vicissitudes of fortune, some of which are not unworthy a passing notice. He was, for instance, in the early period of his voyage, hotly pursued, and frequently nearly overtaken by "FARO," of whom he was in fact, a sort of slave. As he advanced, however, he gradually left this foe behind, and finally lost sight of him entirely. He also spent an indefinite time in the wilderness (but which wilderness, I have been unable to ascertain with certainty) where he subsisted wholly on scenna-and-manna, and a very uncomfortable manner of life he found it. He was more than once furiously assaulted with a "poker" by rival flatboatmen, and at other times with an "old sledge," both favorite weapons of that class. But he managed to retort successfully with "roeks," with which he was particularly familiar, having split them frequently, as well as rails, while in the wilderness in search of water, to soften his "old wheat." At one period of his trip, he was sorely worsted in a combat with a Little Giant, who liked to have finished his career by an untimely "blow." But he skilfully retreated behind a "stump," and left the field to his antagonist. He likewise suffered somewhat from an endemic disease common to certain parts of the U. S. called the Tariff, and is even to this day subject to its attacks, now and then. But the worst malady he has ever had to contend with is the Abolition Mania. This virulent plague has unfortunately taken root in his system, and will it is thought, eventually hurry him to a political grave. In person, ABRAHAM is a tallish, shortish, medium-sized sort of man. Not dark, nor yet light. Not very thin, nor very fat. Neither very ugly, nor very handsome. In short, a kind of a sort of a tolerably-looking-like-other-men-more-or-less species of man. Perhaps rather more than less. Age mediæval. In conclusion, I would say that he is lamented by a wide circle of friends, among whom his admirable qualities were highly appreciated, and was then and there executed according to law made and provided, etc.

"Light lie the turf above thee,  
Friend of my early days, &c."

My melancholy task is ended!

V. F. BIOGRAPHER.



## THE NEW WORLD.



THE new *World* dis out to-day, with the full knowledge and approval of its mamma.

We don't mean the Western Continent. That was trotted out by COLUMBUS, an ancient buffer who "went into the country" years ago. "'Tis not too late to seek a newer World," and the general public is therefore invited to figure as a modern ULYSSES, and voyage up immediately to No. 35 Park Row.

For the new *World* is nothing less than a newspaper, "an independent morning newspaper"—a virtuous and respectable newspaper—a newspaper in regard to which every promise is made which the most unbounded liberality could support, or the most tireless energy fulfil.

We had the benefit of the Prospectus in the daily papers last Saturday. We read it with diligence, with wonder, with admiration, and with a pipe of Caporal. Shall we not say a good word for our Mother Earth? The *World* is a big thing—at least in the Prospectus.

Various features of that charming and longitudinal document inspired us with awe. The *World* is to be Daily, Weekly, and Semi-Weekly. Think of that! A *World* every day, a *World* once a week, a *World* twice a week, in point of fact, for aught we know, a "*World* without end"—all for a penny! Verily, we said, "the *World* is our Oyster, which we with knife will open." Then again the *World* is to have the "latest intelligence from Every Quarter of the Globe." To be sure, as the Prospectus says, "this intelligence is furnished, in some good measure at least, by newspapers already established and ably conducted." But that's no reason why the *World* shouldn't exploit its four quarters if it wants to. Still further, which is very refreshing to know, "the *World* has originated in the widely prevalent feeling that the time has come for living Christianity to assert itself in secular journalism more positively than it has yet done." In other words, we said, this is to be a new *World* "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Well, that is good, but it's scarcely kind to COL. WEBB. Isn't the *Courier and Enquirer* as nice as anything can be? Hasn't it got lots of "vital Christianity," we should like to know? And then there's the *Tribune*!! Only think what an imputation the *World* must implicitly cast upon the righteous and yellow-haired GREELEY. Well; perhaps he deserves it. But we had thought he long ago put away the vanities of this world. He won't wear good clothes, certainly, and he always said he wasn't an office-seeker. And besides, there's BENNETT. Who says he isn't pious? Look at the Religious Intelligence in the *Herald* every Sunday! Why, even the Theatrical department of that paper is devotional! As to the *Times*, doesn't everybody know that its editor is a member of good standing in an Evangelical Church? Never mind. Possibly the *World* is right in its imputation. It usually is about most things in the long run.

On further consideration it appears that the new *World* is possessed of peculiar merits and advantages, which to the world, hitherto, have been comparatively unknown. "Its capital has been supplied by members of various religious denominations." Thus "the root of all evil" groweth beautifully in holy ground. "The name it bears will be its true index." Thus it will become—like the *Home Journal*—"a map of busy life, its fluctuations and its vast concerns." And this, notwithstanding it "will rigorously exclude everything unfit to be read in a pure household." What a world it will be, and what an orbit of circulation it will have! "Its correspondence will come from residents of the highest intelligence and entirely responsible characters." Refreshing thought—that, at least, there will be a responsible correspondent—and not in the Pickwickian sense, either—who is a resident somewhere and actually pays taxes. Already we imagine the valorous Baron as he skurrieth after the responsible resident, and already we seem to hear the resonant echoes of Hoboken, clamorous under the morning sky. It will have "fullness of marine and commercial intelligence." This of course, must be good for the Marines, unto whom doubtless it will forever be an authority and a guide. "It will faithfully expose infidelity

and immorality, wherever lurking in the current publications of the day." Noble crusade! Easy indeed, considering that infidelity and immorality never lurk but always lie patent. Thankless too, considering the ways of this world: But none the less valiant and praiseworthy. How will the *Recorder* hide its diminished head, and the mammoth *Independent* pale its ineffectual fires! In Politics also the *World* will become a rebuke—even to the comprehensive *Washington Globe*, and the venerable *Boston Courier*. "In politics it will afford early and full information." Consider its all-seeing eye. Consider its visual scope. Why even the "single eye" of POLYPHEMUS WOOD isn't to be mentioned in the same day with it. "It will listen to no threats against the Union." Deafness of Patriotism! Alas, that for love of country, the *World* should lose its ears! Will there be no more threats, we should like to know; and will the heathen cease to rage? Probably not! But the *World* will not hear. "It will avoid bitterness. . . . It will be courteous and genial. . . . It will be free from everything offensive to a pure taste." Evidently it is a world of verdant meadows, in which the young lambs shall gambol, and Pharisees of the period shall frisk about lovingly together. We hail it, therefore, with mingled feelings of admiration and awe. Nor is our enthusiasm anyway abated when we come to know that "for all of the issues, cash in advance must invariably be paid." Never mind the cash. Long live the *World*! In point of fact, long may it wave! We have it on good authority that "All the *World's* a stage," and the best we can wish for it is a clear road and a good driver.

"Roll on, thou beauteous orb!"

## Another Claim.

We publish Mr. McShane's letter, though we hardly know what it is at all about. The nearest guess that we can make is, that the gentleman has read in the daily papers of the meeting of the Commissioners appointed to estimate the damages consequent upon the burning of the Quarantine property in 1858:

Up Town, in the month of Juin Eatin hunder an sixty.

Jints,

Pursuving by the nusepapers that ye air sittling the clams of thim chaps that were afther bein down att Staten Island, foreninst the hospittle whin it was achitentially burned on purpus, i make bould to request a sittlemint also, i hive had mighty bad luck gntlemin. On the fourth day of Siptimber of last year, i was burned out of me nate little plaice on fifty second street, and was most kilt intirely wid the hate and coold. My wife bridget lost her best goond and shawl and me boy mike lost his dog, yer honors. Since which time your riverences i hav hed bad panes in me teeth and me hai kim out be the roots. After wich the pig dide, the chriture did and divil a wun av me has bin able to do a stroke av wurk, but hav had to opin a shup to sill growseres with a sup of sunn thin to the by's when they askes fur it dye see yer wer ships, and so wid yer holy majestys pairmises i wud be afther askin from yez sunn thin be way of remewnerashun. here's me bill yer hollinesses.

Commisshunners for the clams at

Quarry auntine to terence mac shanc dr.

for burnin up bridgets goond and bist shawl—goood tin and six shawl twlve shillins—total sivin dollars an fifty cints, mikes dog, fourteen shillin cash down, wich maikes thirteen dollars, in goold, for meself, to pay for the panes in me teeth,—six dollars and the hair off me hed. five dollars an cheap at that. wich all toold is foorty four dollars an aty too cints, with me pleses pay dis rite off

Terince macshane—

ass quick ass possible, an the pig sivin dollars more, and dount forget it gntlemin an yees can hillep it.

## An Independent Obituary.

MR. BEECHER's newspaper—that free, gentle, generous journal—published last week a notice of the death of THEODORE PARKER, which must be pleasant to his afflicted flock, which, only a few days ago, thronged the Music Hall in Boston to hear one of Henry's harmonious harangues. *The Independent's* elegy may be condensed into a few bitter tears, as follows:

1. THEO. PARKER believed not as we believe, and therefore he was - - - - - Nobody.
2. He taught not as we teach, and therefore converted - Nobody.
3. He preached not as we preach, and therefore benefitted Nobody.
4. His sheep were not our sheep, and therefore were - Nobody.

We suppose that Mr. BEECHER hardly expects to survive *The New York Observer*, and he may judge by the above what a beautiful tribute he will receive from that sweet sheet when he is called from this world of trout and toleration—both of which are, we believe, his professed weaknesses.



## HERE AND THERE.



useful for political purposes. This man I will call REILEY. Later in the evening, this sportive and elegant person, in company with some of his fraternity of vice, is standing at the corner of Howard-street and Broadway. An inoffensive citizen passes. The dashing REILEY insults him. The citizen remonstrates; whereupon the elegant and overpowering REILEY draws a pistol and shoots the citizen through the forehead—happily without fatal results. For this bagatelle, wonderful to relate, the magnificent and oriental REILEY is arrested and imprisoned. His trial came off last week.

He was in no pucker about it—not he! wasn't he the handsome REILEY? Had he not a whole regiment of gamblers and shoulder-hitters at his back? Was not the Court-room filled with the elite of the board of the green cloth? Wasn't Justice "coppered" to lose? REILEY, I am given to understand, was elegant and *insouciant*. I have no doubt but that (so sure was he of acquittal) his congratulatory dinner had been already ordered at FLORENCE's; that the wine was in ice, and the *purée* on the fire. Nor do I blame REILEY for this sanguine view of affairs. A petition for a merciful consideration of the young dandy's case, signed by a number of prominent citizens and state officials, was presented to Judge RHADAMANTHUS RUSSELL. Amongst these names I see that of the President of the Board of Councilmen, MR. WILLIAM MINER, ISAIAH RYNDERS, &c., &c. Every one of them endorsing a black-guard and desperado of the lowest description. Every one of them pronouncing him to be a peaceful and well-conducted character, when they knew him to be a low gambler, a swindler, and a fellow who only wanted opportunity to become an assassin.

Thank God that Judge RUSSELL rose to the occasion. Jubilate that he found the nerve and courage to sentence this young scoundrel to the States Prison for two years in the face of that threatening crowd of gamblers, shoulder-hitters, and politicians. I fling my cap high in the air for RUSSELL. Vive Le RUSSELL! Go ahead RHADAMANTHUS! Do you want any assistance? I am at your disposal. I can lay my finger on two dozen such fellows as REILEY, each of whom is a festering sore on the city. I hope you will cauterise them, Judge. If VANITY FAIR caustic is of any service to you, you shall have any amount of it in such a cause. You have done well. You will perhaps lose your election, but you will be remembered and honored by all good citizens, and your name will descend to posterity in the Pantheon of VANITY FAIR.

✂ TOMMY is about to arrive. That vivacious and handsome young gentleman of inquisitive and amative temperament will, in a couple of days from this date, be distributed all over the corridors of the Metropolitan hotel, drinking JERRY's celebrated Japanese punch, flirting with the lady boarders, or beset with long-haired and long-bearded reporters, who stenographically register his wild statements and make inventories of the poor little fellow's clothes.

What would the Japanese Embassy be without TOMMY? A painted pageant. A melancholy assemblage of lacquered idols. An association of ambassadorial hermits. But TOMMY vivifies the inanimate splendor. He is the electric spark that vitalizes that cold diplomatic body. He is a sort of auroral light that plays over, and warms the frozen dignity of the princes.

I would not give the white check of a broken Faro bank to see the secluded SOMME BOOJSEN NO KAMI, or even the mystical Namoura. But I want to see TOMMY. Every body wants to see TOMMY. He is one of the boys. Fifth avenue is on the qui-vive about him. Crinoline palpitates with anticipation. He is the one subject of conversation of Madam CANCAN's school, and the young ladies there have already had deadly quarrels about the young Japanese beau. I confess I envy TOMMY his New York destiny. I have a vision

of him dying of seraphic suffocation under mountains of tarletane, tulle and point lace. I behold him riddled with glances from Minie eyes. I see his naive, handsome face glowing with bewilderment and pleasure as the lovely Dryads of Madison square rush upon him in hordes, and bear him away struggling in their midst, as the beautiful Hyllas was snatched by the amorous nymphs of the Scamander, and wafted down to their sea-green grottos.

Even the male juveniles are raving about TOMMY. My cousin NED, whom you may remember my having mentioned before, is in a state of great excitement. NED is fully under the impression that TOMMY is a little boy about his own age, and that he was specially imported from Japan to be his playfellow. NED has confidentially informed me that he is going to make him a present of his best top, besides a splendid collection of agate marbles. I have no doubt, from what I have heard of TOMMY's vivacious habits, that when NED calls on him they will have a game of Taw in the Ring together. Our youngster counts on it as certain.

✂ Apropos of the Japanese, I see by the papers that the sights with which our legislators delight them, are of the most singular nature. A professor in Jefferson College, Philadelphia, took them the other day to see a performance of the operation of lithotomy. It is probable that Alderman Boole will improve upon this hint and treat the Princes to a carefully selected programme of horrors. I beg to suggest a few items. For instance, the Alderman with little or no difficulty and a small expense could get up a frightful stabbing affray in the First Ward, with a first floor commanding the scene reserved for the Embassy. When the display of the various fire engines comes off, what more simple than to throw in a real fire in a tenement house with terrible loss of life. I am sure the Ambassadors would enjoy it largely. Then there are the remains of the murdered woman found near the Jersey City Ferry which would prove an interesting spectacle to foreigners. They are, I believe, in a highly satisfactory state of decomposition. The whole to conclude with a grand hanging festival at the city prison, on which occasion all the prisoners now under sentence of death might be launched into eternity to the great satisfaction and enlightenment of our guests. Let Mr. Boole think upon it.

## A "Happy Dispatch."

Our nearest friends have never known us to object to GUINNESS' Stout, but we could not, in spite of all our efforts, acquire a taste for the Stout GUINNESS, who has—we find by the *Herald* of Sunday last—just left these shores. The REV. H. GRATTON, we believe, made a very good thing out of this country, pecuniarily, but even if he did not, we are very glad to hear that he is Well Off.

## Deed worthy of Record.

We never knew whether PROF. WISE was a liberal man in money matters or not, and we are therefore glad to learn that on a recent aeronautic excursion, he Came Down Handsomely.

## All on account of Judge Russell.

We advise visitors at Sing Sing to be very careful just now what they say to the prison officials, for those functionaries will Get REILEY very soon.





# VANITY FAIR WELCOMES THE EMBASSY ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES.

We feel called upon this week to perform an honorable and pleasing duty, to stand sponsor for the ladies of New-York, who, through us, offer a smiling welcome to our illustrious Japanese guests.

We hope our position will be distinctly understood—we are the organ of the Fair Daughters of Manhattan, only. It would be an unpleasant thing to become responsible for the acts of an unruly city government, and should such an offer even be made us, we would wrap ourselves in a mantle of dignity, and peremptorily decline the honor.

But the esteem we have for our Metropolitan Belles, our acquaintance with their noble qualities, their amiability, their generous hospitality, united with a natural frankness and modesty of disposition, enables us to assure the Ambassadors that the homely but expressive greeting, "Glad to see you!" will be fully verified during their sojourn with us. MR. TATEISH ONOJERO (TOMMY) will doubtless feel flattered on finding that his celebrity will have gained him the position of a long expected friend, rather than that of a young gentleman appearing for the first time among us. From Washington Heights to East Broadway, TOMMY is already a household word, and we have no doubt that, with pardonable vanity, thousands of young misses have lately undergone a thorough course of training for the purpose of developing a high order of good-looks, winning ways, graceful carriage, and irresistible smiles, against his advent.

We have reason to know that he has looked forward to his visit with anxious expectation; nevertheless he will be agreeably surprised on discovering himself such a Lion among so many Lambs.

We can only add a hope that the municipal authorities will keep themselves and their projected fêtes as much in the back-ground as possible, and make room for the ladies, who are alone capable of receiving and entertaining our distinguished visitors in a manner at once creditable to New-York and gratifying to them.

## Query.

Is'nt it possible, that, though one swallow does not make a summer, one May make a Spring?

What the Republicans depend on for Success.  
Rail-tery.

## Clerical Bonhomie.

The White Choker is not commonly considered one of the insignia of jollity. Lively people are apt to shun the men of the pulpit. It is therefore a great thing to meet or hear of a preaching gentleman who is not above a laugh, a joke, or even a frolic; who in short "takes the sense" of old Solomon's remark that "there is a time for everything." It seems that the reverend CORBITT is such an individual. Tired with ceaseless labor, and standing on the deck of the steamer which is bearing him to a haven of temporary ease, he hears one of his late affectionate flock bawl out, from the shore, "How long are you going to be away?"

Does he clasp his hands, look heavenward, and say, "God only knows?" Not a bit of it. Going into a broad grin, the jolly CORBITT roars in reply,

"Till I come back!"

The report says "this occasioned much laughter, with remarks of "that's CORBITT, exactly!" How significant! How glad we are to know that that *was* CORBITT, exactly! We don't insist that a minister shall always be *original* in his jokes, so long as he isn't intimidated by the rather general notion that he shouldn't make 'em at all. CORBITT, we'll be bound, is none the less a Christian because he is a man of sense. When he returns we shall try and get him to write for VANITY FAIR. We believe he could beat the once celebrated DR. TYNG, with one hand tied behind.

## Query.

If, at seventeen, the eldest son of VICTORIA REGINA is PRINCE OF WALES, what will he be when Full Groan?

Ten Broeck's (\$60,000) Motto.

After Napoleon III.

L'Umpire, cela paie!

What do you think of This?

What does a man fear after having his nose pulled?  
Answer next (t) week.

Something the Japanese can't see through.  
The Spectacles the Aldermen will make of themselves.



JUNE 16, 1860. 1

VANITY FAIR.



“GLAD TO SEE YOU!”







## PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(Continued.)

Oh! Divine Art of Punning! Those minor sciences and small atoms of philosophy, which relate only to transitory things, what a crowing and cackling is made over them by the unlearned! Geology, Cricket, Metaphysics, Chess, what are these to the secret chemistry, by which the hidden souls of words are called from their shells, as the Dryad is charmed from her tree? To the initiated the Pun is the primal mystery, the invisible centre, and pineal gland of thought, the suggestive impulse of poetry, the analysis of language, the fountain of humor, the electricity of tongues, the circle of all analogies, and original of all wit. How often have we, celestial punsters, lying on the green grass, by the blue river and under the blue sky, punned and punned till the word we flushed in English, was bagged at last in Latin. Metamorphoses unknown to Ovid, and by DANTE unimagined, our enchanted lips controlled; in the fiery furnaces of our thought lead was alchemized to gold. We chased words as butterflies; upon a single word, we rang a thousand changes; it flew from lip to lip, winged with flame, and colored as the Chameleon; our puns were as the Indian God one body, and a hundred faces, and all of them a-laughing. The stream of fantasy knew no shallow, and like the Pontic sea, ne'er felt retiring ebb, but kept due on to the Propuntic. Oh! Divine Art!—But whither am I carried?—Forgive me this passionate burst, into which I was hurried by the impetuosity of my feelings.

I am requested to state the origin of the Pun. Its co-existence with spoken language may be safely asserted. Fossil puns doubtless exist, though owing to the degradation of Geology, they have not been found. It is shameful that an occupation which might be so useful, should be wasted upon stones. The gigantic and colossal puns made in the cumbrous language of the Megatherium must have left their traces on the rocks and mountains of their era. Who can doubt that the tremendous internal chasms of the earth, are the effects of stupendous and subterranean puns. Similar convulsions are now felt in the human breast. Or if this be too bold an hypothesis to them may we attribute the boulders. A striking proof of this assumption is found in the fact that, after uttering the last sentence, I felt the ground tremble under my feet.

It is almost useless to speak of the appearance of the Pun, when we remember that in this age German scepticism has actually denied its existence! "It is impossible," says STRAUSS, "that a pun can be; otherwise, I would perceive it, for I am omniscient. I care not two straws for contradiction." What absurdity! "Puns and Ghosts," remarks FIGURE, are superstitions only believed by the vulgar; I am not vulgar; therefore, I do not believe them." But what can we expect of an Atheist?—"I will not deny," says another fool, "that Puns may be made" (now look at that!—what other refutation do we need?) in the future, but I am certain they do not exist in the present; for I have spent my whole life in trying to make one, but without success; and although so-called puns have been pointed out to me, I have not been able to see them." It was not then for want of P's. For myself, I am not surprised that the Pun could not germinate in the German, for it is a diabolical language that nobody understands.

How different in India! That is a land worth something, where the dialect of an entire province is called the Punjaubee, and all the wise men are called Pundits; *i. e.* Punsayers.

Upon the publication of my first great chapter, I met with much opposition from my friends, who either from ignorance or envy, deny my genius, and ridicule my system. "Why continue such absurdities," they say, "you are only laughed at for your trouble. The immoral tendencies of the pun are universally known, and unless it enforces some moral principle, or serves manufactures or commerce, it is below the notice of the brute. In fact," they triumphantly continue, "did you ever hear a hog make a Pun, or a dog ask a conundrum?" But they do not see that the dog has not the capacity, that it is punning that distinguishes the man from the hog. I go in for the pure pun, the whole pun, and nothing but the pun. Its immorality I deny; a good punster cannot be a bad man, of which I am a living proof.

I admit, however, that punning carried to excess, may produce evil. There is nothing more exhausting; it is even worse than boxing, or sitting up at night to read TERROR. The spasmodical, violent style, so popular at present, unless reformed, must injure our natural health. TOX HOOP punned himself into a consumption, and says that he "spat more puns and blood than any living man." I would restrict the allowance of a punster in good health to eighty or ninety a day, certainly not more than a hundred. I frequently make six or seven hundred before dinner, but then everybody has not my constitution.

There is another abuse of the art, to which I must reluctantly object, and that is the habit some physicians have of punning in their

prescriptions. The practice is productive of poisoning. Still, if the physician has a really good pun, I could not conscientiously advise him to suppress it.

There is no doubt that this malicious opposition to the pun, is the work of disappointed amateurs. As a consequence, great minds that might have been glorious examples, are prejudiced in favor of poetry, manufactures, or science. There is BUCHANAN, whose real talent lay in mixing up words, yet who actually allowed himself to be President! As a punster he might have been great; as a President, what is he?

To the young I say, and I say it impressively, your only hope is in beginning, when your mind is fresh. Do not trifle with your duty, and postpone this important matter till perhaps too late. Your career may be cut short, before you have made a single pun. There was IMMANUEL KANT, the great German, who wasted eighty years upon metaphysics; in his dying hours he suffered the greatest agony. A weeping friend, seeing how badly he looked, asked him if he could speak. He answered No, and appeared delirious. Can you tell your name? said the weeping friend. Rolling his eyes, he replied, I KANT, and fell back insensible. There's a warning for you! Though it is true he recanted in his last moments, are you sure you will have the same opportunity? You may be blown up in a steamboat, and how then can you Come Down with your conundrum? Few men, alas! have the courage, and presence of mind, to pun successfully on their death-beds.

## "BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL GARDEN."

Grass that may be trespassed upon, and a river that was dammed long ago; (begging Madam's pardon) with real water, are the chief attractions of Fairmount Park, in the distant city of Philadelphia. There, in the sweet summer evenings, brass bands will play, though NEAL, the great Councilman, did fear that music would attract a "mixed crowd," and that the Muse would lead to a Muss. There also, literature is blended with foliage, in the shape of the following sublime

## CAUTION!

All persons are forbidden molesting the  
Birds climbing and mutilating the trees  
injuring the flowers and bathing in the  
River, under a penalty of Five Dollars.

"It must have been Jove's tree, that bore such fruit." Any Bird capable of such conduct ought to come to New-York, and get a situation on the Police. He must certainly be on a lark, raven mad, or robin the "roughs" of their immemorial privileges. Consistently the indulgent Park Committee should provide the Birds with towels and soap when they bathe, and assist their climbing propensities with ladders.

## RECIPE FOR SUMMER "TONIC."

R:

Spiritus Vini Otardi,  $\mathcal{Z}^i$   
Spiritus Vini Jamaici,  $\mathcal{F}^{\text{ss}}$   
Sugarum Whitum,  $\mathcal{q}^{\text{s}}$   
Icibus Finis, "  
Mintibusque, "  
Sliceum Pineapplei,  
Strawberrii.

Shakistis violenter. Suckite dulciter cum strawum.

## Too Zealous, by Half!

Police-Inspector FOULKE, FOLKE, FOULK, or FOLK, or whatever his name may be, is getting altogether too irrepressible, and ought to be snubbed very severely by somebody. Having made an ass of himself—and a bull-dog likewise—at the Willett's Point prize-fight, he is trying to defend his brutal course by the most inane and absurd means. Last week, he "had up" four officers for disobeying his orders on the interesting occasion just named, but it appeared that the men had legal leave of absence, and were out for a holiday when FOULKE, FOLKE, FOULK, or FOLK met them. Even then they were willing to serve, but while they were breakfasting, he left them, without giving any explicit orders at all. The first of May—moving day—is past and forgotten, but really, Messrs. Commissioners, don't you think there is still time for one more Removal—that of FOULKE, FOLKE, FOULK or FOLK, from office?





MR. FOGGELL (*who is in love*) HAVING INADVERTENTLY TAKEN UP A SHOW UMBRELLA INSTEAD OF HIS OWN, WHILE SHOPPING, BECOMES—WELL, YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!

#### METROPOLITAN AMUSEMENTS.

At the (present) Park Theatre there is being performed a play of unusual interest, though to thin houses. We admit our tardiness in allowing it to reach this stage (not necessarily a pun) of its successful run without a critical notice, but are consoled by the reflection that every good thing (such, for example, as an article from us) is better late than never. But to our task.

The lessee of this establishment seems to have relied solely on the merits of his company and pieces for success, instead of adopting the stupendous poster and monotonous newspaper style of advertising, so popular up-town; he has not so much as informed the public that his house is open at all. Very few people, therefore, know of its vast resources and the completeness with which every drama is mounted; this renders our duty as critic doubly pleasing, by affording us an opportunity for calling public attention to the quality of the light which this modest gentleman hides under a bushel.

Were we called upon to compose a hand-bill for the piece last brought out here, our ideas of it would be expressed somewhat as follows:—

#### IMMENSE ATTRACTION!

NINETY-FOURTH PERFORMANCE OF THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL AND STRICTLY

ORIGINAL TRAGIC FARCE ENTITLED

**BOOL!!!**

OR THE

FOOL OF THE PERIOD.

Got up expressly for this establishment, unadapted, and intended solely for the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bool, the Fool of the Period, Alderman Blank.  
Villain of the Piece, A certain Half Blind High Functionary  
of New-York.

Lesser Villains, who hire out by the job, 9 Rum-shop Keepers.  
Victim of Misplaced Confidence, Miss Taxpayer.

Emigrant Runners, Horse Jockeys,  
Peter Funks, Loafers, Gamblers, Steerers, } Competent Actors.  
and Shoulder Hitters,

Railroad Engineer, Mr. Lex.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

Manager, Any One and Every One.

Prompter, The Gentleman in Black.

Scene Shifter, Various Circumstances.

Treasurer, Brooches Pockets.

The most remarkable feature of Boole is that it is as yet unwritten;

every actor seems from the start to know his cue perfectly. The plot and sub-plots are admirably worked out, and the spectator's interest never flags. To analyse it after the established manner of theatrical notices is out of the question, since it bears, in reality, but little resemblance to SHAKESPEARE'S, BOURCICAULT'S, PLANCHE'S, TOM TAYLOR'S, COYNE'S, BROUGHAM'S, or WELL-KNOWN-LITERARY-GENTLEMAN-OF-THIS-CITY'S productions.

The dialogue is sparkling, the wit laughable. The characters are well apportioned, the scenery good, and the dresses appropriate, to say the least. The curtain rises on the interior of a well-furnished apartment in the City Hall. A dozen or two of Aldermen are scattered around; some occupying three or four chairs apiece, others elevating their feet upon window sills, and all lounging about in free and easy style. Two or three have relieved themselves of their coats, a half-dozen are busy talking and smoking. The action of the play turns upon the fact that BOOL (who enters in a state of intoxication) and his companions are anxious to obtain possession of a vast amount of property belonging to a truly honorable young lady, named TAXPAYER. This is the reason of their meeting. The difficulty which they have to surmount is not, however, so much her ability to defend her rights as for them to overcome, or rather get ahead of, the VILLAIN who is more powerful than they, and equally covetous. Being part and parcel of his retinue, they cannot, of course, stir a step without his knowledge. They are consequently always scheming how to bamboozle him first, and then seize the unsuspecting maiden's treasures.

Under the circumstances it will not do for them to allow the VILLAIN to suspect what they are at, else he might turn the tide of success against them, and in his own favor.

The VILLAIN, after awhile, overdoes matters, and finds himself brought up standing before the young lady herself, in the very act of carrying off her gold and silver. His terror, protestations of innocence and attempts to throw the blame upon the shoulders of BOOL and his friends afford a rich scene and develop some fine acting. The timid modesty of TAXPAYER, coupled with her conscientious desire to do right, and her absolute refusal to allow her guards to seize the rascal as he deserves, are in high contrast with his cringing, cowardly attitudes and speeches.

At this juncture BOOL (ever anxious to make a greater fool of himself than he is) volunteers to become the lady's champion and defender. She, supremely disgusted with his bestiality, and to save herself from his importunities, tells him to act as he pleases, and he accordingly does so. Flushed with his apparent success, he at once sets about revenging himself upon the discomfited VILLAIN, and proceeds also to lay out a long programme of riotous enjoyment for himself and companions. He busies himself with plans for entertaining the friends of Miss TAXPAYER, especially an English Prince and several Japanese Embassadors, who happen to be visiting the country. His idea is, of course, to do this in her name, styling himself her protector, and leaving her to pay the cost. The success of his game soon becomes evident, for, rather than subject herself to the pain of being held up before the world as an object of ridicule and a dupe of BOOL, she quietly parts with thousands of dollars when the bills are presented.

One step leads to another, until finally she awakens to a sense of her unenviable position. BOOL, after having exhausted her resources, seizes and casts her into the Eldridge-street jail for the rest of her life.

In the meantime the VILLAIN has regained his equanimity, and laid a deep plot for robbing BOOL in turn, who, as soon as he found how easily TAXPAYER yielded to his first demands, became bolder and openly filled his own and friends' pockets from her coffers.

The VILLAIN's tactics are not so easily seen through as were BOOL's, but enough transpires to render the downfall of the latter imperative. He dies by his own hand. His successful rival is deeply affected by this catastrophe, and sheds tears over the body. The triumph of rascality being now complete, of course the VILLAIN finds himself lagging "superfluous on the stage," and so orders down the drop.

There are many inconsistencies and false positions noticeable in the piece, but on the whole, the lesson it inculcates is good. No one can really regret TAXPAYER'S fate, when, by a little more sturdy decision of character, she could have averted it. Her punishment is undoubtedly just.

The part of BOOL is unusual in tragic works, but could not be easily omitted in this case.

The RAILROAD ENGINEER turns out to be a mere myth whom the VILLAIN introduces for the purpose of frightening BOOL. Taking it all in all it is, as we said, a clever production and will doubtless have a splendid run. It will be repeated to-night.

#### Sentiment by an Old Salt.

"Some folks likes the riggin' of the REBECCA, and some folks likes her 'commodations, but for my part, I likes the Hull of her!"



## GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.



whatsisname, of the citizens of Germantown is such, that they as religiously pay the respectable watchman of the monument his toll as if it were a commonplace toll-gate, and he a vulgar gateman. Being placed (as nearly as the uncertain longitude of Germantown would permit) about the centre of the town, there is a frightfully continuous ebb and flow of remunerative travel through it all day, every day. There is, however, no ebb in the guardian's receipts. All flow! Let me present a single example of the felicitous effect of this monument, in a personal experience, by which you can "imagine the rest."

I started in a wagon from one quarter mile below the monument, to go to a store just sixty-seven feet above it. At the monument the respectable guardian remarked "two cents." I replied censibly, in silence. Returned from store, sixty-seven feet, to monument, bound downward. Guardian made same remark. I answered similarly. Drove on a hundred yards. Recollected I had forgotten something in store sixty-seven feet above monument. Turned back. Bowed very politely to guardian as I was passing through monument, up. Guardian exclaimed "Two cents!" Ascented again! Recovered obliterated article, turned down again. Looked with meek inquiry at Guardian as I neared the monument for fourth time. Guardian smiled (he *did!* by Helioabalus!) and naively accosted me with "Two cents!" I confess I was fairly incensed at this. But I am not a Germantowner. And what is more, I don't want to be! The conversation in Germantown

HERE are other marvels besides *socks* in Germantown. There are so many, in fact, that I shall dispense with their enunciation at present. It would be too much glory for Germantown. I might suffer the consequences of fame as their chronicler. But I must not pass them all unnoticed. A word must be said of the TOLL-GATE. The TOLL-GATE is a monument, erected upon the principal (and only) street of Germantown, in commemoration of the fact that it *i. e.* the street was once a turnpike. (Once, I say, because I am not acquainted with the "oldest inhabitant.") Now, it, *i. e.* the street is a passenger railway. A respectable man is appointed guardian of this monumental Toll-Gate. It is an admirable fac-simile of a real toll-gate. And, to keep up the illusion (pleasing fancy, eh!) the respectable custode scrupulously demands toll from every vehicular passenger (except the railway p's.) The patriotism, *esprit du corps*, or

is—"not to put too fine a point on it"—peculiar. I mean, the topics of conversation. I do not think, however, that their peculiarity consists in their brilliancy, nor in their originality, nor in their display of thought, or wit, or sentiment. Especially among the *bourgeois*. Judge: I walked up the street of Germantown, yesterday. Various *bourgeois* were sitting in proprietary dignity on their steps, engaged in familiar chat with neighboring *bourgeois*. I caught fragments of their discourse as I passed along. And the first remark I overheard was from a large, rotund *bourgeois* to a lean wiry *bourgeois*. And this was the remark: "Yes! I've got—lemmese—five of 'em; five screw-drivers; two I carry in my pocket, and three I don't; haw! haw!" And the lean and wiry *bourgeois* responded, "And three you don't! he! he!" I passed on, until I came within earshot of colloquy number two. This was between a small, hatchet-faced *bourgeois*, and a dark, saturnine brigandish-looking *bourgeois*, holding a paling fence between them. Said the brigand: "Jake, le'ss swap knives unsight-unseen." And the hatchet-faced replied: "By hokey!" His feelings were too many for him, probably, for he choked at "hokey," and I passed on. But this will do for to-day. So consider me passed on, till further!

HANS VON PUCK.

## Telegraphic.

Senator DAVIS objects to the clause in the Army Appropriation bill, providing for the creation of a telegraphic signal officer with the rank and pay of a major of Cavalry. We presume he does it on the ground that officers should not be Signalized at the expense of government.

## "A Rat! A Rat!"

A song, sung in a burlesque at Nixon's, proposes that, if our Japanese guests are partial to the Rat as an esculent, they should be taken up to Bellevue therefor. This would indeed be Hospital-ity!

## Summer Motto.

"Tempus Fugit"—Fly-time.

## Modesty Immense.

We love modesty, especially if it be coupled with type and paper. In this light we reprint this delicious morsel from the *Evening Post*, and charge nothing for the advertisement.

The *Evening Post* means to do all the good it can during the coming Presidential canvass. It means to elect LINCOLN and HAMLIN if it can. It means to turn out the present most corrupt of administrations, and install an honest administration in its place. For that purpose it desires a larger circulation even than it has, and therefore will be issued at the cheapest rates.

In the first place we congratulate society upon the intentions of the *Post*, "to do all the good it can during the coming Presidential canvass." Could not the *Post* hurry up the good time coming, and commence its angelic mission before the breaking out of the Presidential Campaign? How delicately is that reservation put in, "if it can." Why "if," oh, *Post*? Why not be positive and give as much comfort to the hearts of LINCOLN and HAMLIN, as you strike terror into the breast of "the present most corrupt of administrations." Has not the fiat gone forth that you will hurl down "his Majesty the Emperor of the United States" and his wretched advisers, "and install an honest administration in its place." But ah! there is but one step from the sublime to the pecunious, and yet how gently is the proposition put! "For that purpose it desires a larger circulation even than it has (shouldn't wonder) and therefore will be issued at the cheapest rates."

Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion.

## "Spells" of Weather.

Wether: Whether: Wuthur (celtic) &c.

## Tommy.

Fie! TOMMY! Be still! You little Japanese Cupid! What will your folks say of you when you go home? What will that little fairy-like Jeddones in Ker-Chew street say, when she hears of your capers in America? Won't she box your ears when she sees you again? Eh? Won't she pout her pretty lips and look cross and be sulky, and tell you she knew how it would be if you once got amongst those bold Yankee girls? Won't she scold you, and say she will have nothing more to do with you and bounce out of the room to indulge in a real jolly cry by herself? Ah! TOMMY! TOMMY! Be careful! Don't your conscience trouble you when a thought of her arises? Poor thing! Far away in Nippon, singing and sighing by turns, wishing you would come back to her, wondering how you could ever have left her. Wondering if you have forgotten her. Wondering whether you will fall in love with a foreigner. Wondering what you are doing this minute. Wondering what the nice presents will be that you promised to bring her. Yes, poor thing! Why didn't you bring her with you? Wasn't it cruel of you to venture so far, and for so long, away from her? You know you like to flirt, TOMMY. You get wild about "Pletty ladee"—you do; You like to kiss "Pletty ladee"—you do; You smile and smirk and bow and scrape to "Pletty ladee"—you do. You know "Pletty ladee" likes you; take care! Be true to dear little FAR-AWAY. "Pletty ladee" won't be half so true to you as your own little FAR-AWAY. So, TOMMY, be a good boy; don't flirt with the girls; don't act like fast Young American boys; don't shame the No KAMIS, so that they will have to send for the Happy Despatch. No! Be a model little Heathen! Do, for the sake of sweet FAR-AWAY, your own dear little Heathen, in Ker-Chew street, Jeddo! Do! Won't you? Try!





A SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.

*Policeman.*—You young rascal, if I catch you turning somersaults on the grass again, I'll—

*Light and airy Youth.*—BA—A—H! WHO PISONED THEM SWANS?

## THE SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

## I.

Ungrateful people! From my old Hanse town  
I came to enhance the beauties of your Park,  
"Some" was I in the Hanse. My handsome down,  
White as the snow, was there a thing of mark,  
And on the gown of burgher patriarch  
Was valued too, at many a mark and crown;  
Yet after all I've crossed the briny ocean  
To perish by a nasty Yankee potion.

## II.

The summer sun slopes down the noonday sky;  
The blue policeman slopes away to drink.  
Convulsed and solitary, in anguish, I  
Sing my last song upon the lakelet's brink.  
That song whose cadences unearthly sink  
Into the heart of him who wanders by,  
And leaves a sorrow in its core of fire  
Like the weird utterance of the Æolian lyre.

## III.

Is this the boasted hospitable shore  
That takes the alien to its giant breast;  
Offers the migratory bird its store,  
And greets the wood-cock to its summer nest?  
Is this the land that says it has expressed  
A freedom that the world ne'er knew before?  
I knew not—did not know—before I came  
That Liberty and arsenic were the same.

## IV.

Oh! peaceful Hamburg with thy peaceful lakes!  
Oh! honest burly burghers of the town!  
Oh! festive sugar-plums and fruity cakes  
By rosy-fingered children deftly thrown!  
Far from those joys I make my dying moan;  
A fiery thirst my esophagus bakes,

## How V. F. Proposes to Do It.

If the business community will hold its peace for one moment, and listen to a few suggestions from us, we shall feel greatly obliged. We want this wrangling about sites for public buildings stopped. We consider ourself capable of locating them all advantageously and satisfactorily. For instance, we would build the new Post Office on Sandy Hook, the new City Hall on Washington Heights, the Custom House in the Central Park, the Exchange on Corlear's Hook, and a Court House or Hall of Justice on the Battery. The Quarantine would also look well in the old Park.

This would render everything handy for everybody. Should you wish to mail a letter, all you would have to do would be to jump into an omnibus, ride to a steamboat and sail down to the Hook; this would prove very pleasant, especially in rough weather. Washington Heights is not only "the Paradise of America" (*Herald*) but also a centre of legal business, so that it is obviously a desirable spot for the City Hall. The Central Park fronting, as it does, the entrance to our Harbor, is a capital site for the new Custom House; ships might anchor within fifty feet of its portico. The Exchange must be easily accessible to merchants, and for this reason the well-known Hook, or perhaps, the Dry Dock would be appropriate. As the chief fault found with our court accommodations is a lack of ventilation, the Battery at once strikes us as being a locality possessing pure air. It would be found especially suited to the uses of the Marine Court, for lots of sea-room could be procured. The Quarantine would be an ornament to the Park and out of the way of all rioters, so we think it would be as well to erect it there at once.

A Lease for which there seems no law.  
The Metropolitan Po-lice.

Along each feather thrills the deadly shiver,  
And darkly fades each rock and tree and river.

## V.

Oh! that my song could mount upon the wind  
And thrilling over intervening seas,  
Give warning to those mates I left behind  
Not to forsake the happy land of cheese.  
Oh! plumed relations, stay at home in case,  
Beware these shores inclement and unkind,  
For if the Central Park you e'er set eyes on  
You'll die like Dinah of a cup of pison.

## Rather a Long Stretch.

May is generally considered an excellent month for advertising. There are whole blocks of houses to let or to sell; the spring trade is just at its height; travel is brisk, and, in a word, the daily papers are full of advertisements of all sorts. Naturally enough, then, their proprietors desire to extend the busy period as long as possible, but we do not think that anybody has a right to tamper with the received divisions of time, in the manner adopted by the *Herald* of June 7th. In order to prolong the May advertising, that paper had the rashness to extend the month in the following style, which, we trust, will be condemned by all right-minded and conservative people:—

Despatches from COL. F. W. LANDER, superintendent of the United State overland wagon road, were received at the Interior Department to-day. He left San Francisco on the 46th of May.

The Forty-Sixth of May indeed! No no, MR. BENNETT, you must not take the season into your own hands in this way, or we shall be having it May until the middle of September. If you ins't upon lengthening out the busy months, at least have the delicacy to consult with the Associated Press, and leave room for the Fourth of July to come before Christmas!

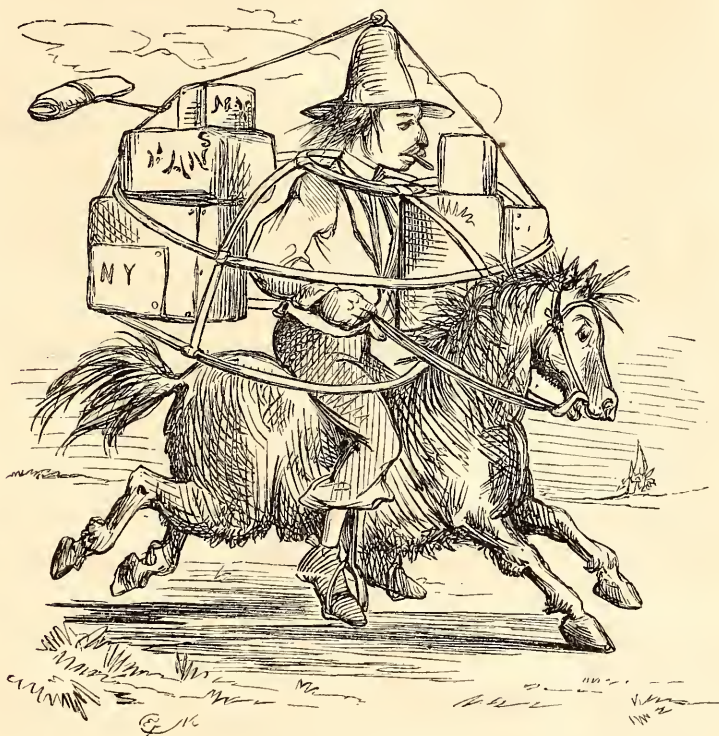
## The Construction of the "American Drama."

Constructive Larceny.



## HOW THEY DO IT.

Many of our readers must have been puzzled by the notices which are displayed, from time to time, in the windows of certain variety shops in Broadway, setting forth such announcements as—"Large assortment of Japanese fans, just arrived by Pony Express!"—"Look out for Panama Hats, expected hourly by Pony Express!" Probably not more than one in ten of our lady friends, by whom Japanese fans and other knick-knacks are now looked upon as absolutely *en règle*, have ever given away as much as one small thought to the poor pony of the plains by which these dry goods are hurried across the desert to be laid at their pretty little feet. Honor to whom honor is due; and we hasten to inform them that the contrivance to which they owe the earliest of their cherished Japanese *chiffons*, in advance of the regular packets, is the offspring of the brain of an inspired and otherwise remarkable Counter-jumper, whose name, we have the pleasure of stating, is SMITHERWICK. It is simply an ingenious adaptation of the "Columbian collapsing rib skirt," the upper hoop of which rests upon the shoulders of the express rider, while upon the lower peripheries are piled band-boxes, bales of goodies, cases of unutterable delights in vegetable-work, and *rouleaux* of tender things enveloped in rice paper. Strings, passed through a ring on the crown of a stiff hat worn by the rider, keep all tight and secure. Through the activity of our ubiquitous artist, we are enabled to present our readers with a sketch of Mr. SMITHERWICK'S invention several weeks in advance of the heavy illustrated Press.



THE PONY EXPRESS.

## A WORD TO REPORTERS.

Ye men of "Local" quills fall into many carelessnesses of expression in their paragraphs. There is one, which we meet with constantly—so constantly that we should think the journals all kept the phrase "set up" for use—and which is, not to put too fine a point on it—enigmatical. It is this: speaking of the result of accidents by falls, run-overs, etc, the Reporter concludes with the consoling (?) information that the victim is seriously injured, "*but is not considered dangerous.*" Now, were the case one of hydrophobia this would be eminently clear and satisfactory. But referring to broken or bruised limbs, we confess we are somewhat in doubt as to its relevancy. Pray explain, Messrs. Reportorial Corps, in what manner a crushed hod-carrier or mangled railway victim is apt to become "*dangerous*" as a consequence of his injuries? And to whom will he be "*dangerous*?" Also in what species of danger will he be prone to place whomsoever he becometh "*dangerous*" unto? Likewise, if possible, give a hint how those exposed to the *dangerous* proclivities of the injured man, may escape the peril? Pray do!

## The Tribune's New Guide to Places of Amusement.

Under the head of "Amusements" in last Monday's *Tribune* we notice a call for a meeting of the "Republican Central Committee," signed "JOHN A. KENNEDY, Chairman, JOHN KEYSER, Vice Chairman, HARVEY L. CLEVELAND and JOHN W. OLSEN, Secretaries. These gentlemen may be very nirthful in their way, but their names do not inspire us with such hilarious thoughts as others' figuring in the same column, those of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, for instance. The *Tribune* people, are of course, entitled to their own idea of diversion, but we fear that before the Campaign is over the meeting of a Republican Committee will not be such a source of amusement as it is now considered.

## VERMIFUGITIVE VERSES.

How sweet it is to lie at ease  
As daylight fades to dark,  
Beneath the tall ailanthus trees  
That fringe our City Park!

To feel the caterpillars big  
Their swaying forms propel,  
Down dropping from each leaf and twig  
By cords invisible.

While to the mind odd thoughts arise,  
How preachers do affirm  
Unto meek flocks with sleepy eyes,  
That "Man is but a Worm."

And then sweet fancy whispers, "True,  
Yet none so fitly can  
Within that aphorism fall  
As our own Alder-Man.

"Who on each branch of jobbery  
Industriously squirms,  
Until of every leaf the tree  
Is stripped, as if by worms.

"And O! each one of such to see  
For us it would be well,  
Suspended from a strong-limbed tree  
By cord quite visible."

## Well Meant but not all Advisable.

A SOUVENIR OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.—Some considerate friend has sent us a souvenir of one of the members of the Corporation in the shape of a very dirty tobacco box filled with very rich tobacco, and elegantly inscribed (with a pin, apparently)—"Councilman of the—-the ward; Feb. 7, 1860"—which was picked up in an omnibus. The driver suggests that we should not return it to the owner except on the pledge that he will not use its contents, until after the departure of the Japanese Embassy. We hold it subject to the terms of redemption.—*Herald*.

The driver knows a thing or two, but we know one worth several more. The box must be returned to the owner at once, as justice to this fearfully taxed community demands that Mr BENNETT relinquish it without any stipulation whatever. If he does not there will be an appropriation passed to purchase the Councilman a new one valued at \$500. Pray don't hold on to the box another minute, BENNETT "an' thou lovest us."

## What ho! Schoolmaster!

Last week the *Herald* said, editorially, that the Japanese would "receive a grand reception. This is a novel event". It is very novel indeed—"receiving a reception!" We verily believe a belief that had the editor uttered this simple sentence during his school days (if he had any) he would have received the reception of a strap, and been whipped with a whipping until he cried with a cry.

## Are we Right?

"Equally absurd is the pig without a tail and the man without a beard. If your beard won't grow, my Oguent will force it to in six weeks, and won't stain or injure the skin."

Very good! We presume like results obtain if the pig's tail won't grow. Eh?

We are authorised to give an express denial to the rumor that any serious misunderstanding has taken place between Mrs. HORY and her manager, Mr. WALLACK: the gravest difference being that the lady has sported a *Couré* while the gentleman has kept a *Brougham*.



## A WEEK OF EXCITEMENTS.



E have just passed thro' a week of the strongest excitements imaginable. The excitements were simple and compound, singular and plural, odd and even, and all that, and two or three more besides.

A warning speck of the great times that were approaching was visible as long ago as last week; we at once summoned our elegant reportorial corps and demanded volunteers to take notes of the

coming events. The elegant reportorial corps shook in its seven pairs of shoes and turned seven pales in its faces, but not a volunteer stepped forward. We flashed a burning look of anger from our fiery eye, and the elegant reportorial corps was consumed on the spot. Not a trace of it remained. Another and seven times more elegant reportorial corps was ordered to be made expressly for the occasion. The order was fulfilled. We selected the handsomest man and told him to report the ladies; we took the funniest and told him to report TOMMY; we drew forth the wisest and bade him report SIMMI-BOOJSEN; we discovered the most idiotic and ordered him to spread himself on BOOLE; we observed the blind one and requested him to look after POLYPHEMUS WOOD; the remaining two we commanded to overhaul the GREAT EASTERN. The corps bowed and vanished.

Our mandates were obeyed. The reports began coming in on Saturday at twelve o'clock M., and have continued to arrive every five minutes thereafter until the present moment. We print them exactly in the order of their arrival, as we think this arrangement will greatly add to their interest.

## REPORT FOR THE WEEK.

The ladies are in a state of excitement bordering on despair. They are fairly wild about TOMMY. A duel was fought this morning between Miss C. of Twenty-Third-street and Miss. Q. of Murray Hill. The ground selected was in front of STEWART'S establishment. Poth fell mortally wounded after the first fire. The cause of the difficulty was an assertion made by Miss Q. to the effect that the GREAT EASTERN was a bigger event than TOMMY.

TOMMY has arrived. He is seated on top of one of the smoke-stacks of the steamboat. SIMMI-BOOJSEN is ordering him to come down. TOMMY writes a phonetic reply with both hands on the end of his nose. SIMMI thinks, "Oh! won't I tickle you when we get back!" and says "Don't fall TOMMY. Be very careful and I'll let you stay there one minute more."

There is no news of the GREAT EASTERN yet. She falls due at one of the Newfoundland Banks to-morrow.

The Japanese are not made of India Rubber.

BOOLE is walking around the Battery on his head, and says everybody is tight.

WOOD insists that the Japanese and GREAT EASTERN shall prostrate themselves at his feet, in token of submission. Policeman orders WOOD off the grass. WOOD refuses to budge. Two-thirds of a riot is expected between them. The Seventh Regiment are assembling at their armory, to be ready to march at a moment's warning.

The procession has moved. The excitement increases. The reporters are rapidly going mad. Ladies are everywhere. Japanese are nowhere. The GREAT EASTERN is coming. The bands are playing. TOMMY has just kissed a little girl, who is trying to wipe the kiss out. The Embassy is in a sound slumber. The No-KAMIS are snoring in Japanese. Intense excitement. TOMMY endeavors to kiss another young lady, but fails. The Japanese are quartered

in their Hotel. Broadway is in convulsions. Women are perfectly frantic.

An officer has just arrested a lady for paying her stage fare seventeen times. The driver is to appear as witness against her. All the people who were in third story windows and on roofs have jumped into the street. A great many hats belonging to the crowd below have been injured.

Everybody is studying Japanese. All the tea stores and groceries are turned into school-rooms. One man mastered the language in eight minutes and a half.

All the Americans now speak Japanese fluently. Some of the Embassy have learned Irish, mistaking it for English. The Japanese are under the impression that the GREAT EASTERN is the Tycoon, coming to look after them. TOMMY, it is said, has been accepted by thirty-eight thousand young ladies, who are now preparing for the wedding ceremony. His lips are much swollen from constant exertion in kissing. It is feared he will have to be removed to the Hospital. The GREAT EASTERN has not yet arrived. It is now reported that she has. It is now reported that she has not. There is only one woman in the city who has not seen the Japanese, and she is blind.

Shop keepers have taken down their signs and had new ones, painted in Oriental characters, put up. The GREAT EASTERN has not yet arrived.

The reportorial corps was now brought in in small parcels, completely used up by their arduous labors. Those who were appointed to overhaul the GREAT EASTERN, swam nine times down to Sandy Hook, but failed to see her.

Of the idiotic reporter nothing but his teeth remained. The blind one had his eyes opened in a most alarming manner. Two or three buttons, an eye-lash, and an empty pocket-pistol were all that could be found of the rest. A new staff is, however, being formed, and business will be resumed as soon as possible. If the end of the week comes before Saturday we shall issue an Extra.

## THE DRAMA IN BOSTON.

We have received from our Theatrical Correspondent in Boston, the absorbing intelligence that THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC has again become THE BOSTON THEATRE. The following attractive Bill of Performance will be repeated until further notice:

## BOSTON THEATRE.

(LATE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.)

ADMISSION, TO ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE, FREE, WITH A BONUS OF ONE SHILLING TO EVERY VISITOR!

This, and Every Evening, until Further Notice, will be performed the Tragedy of

TO BE LET!

DUN BROWN, - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

After which,

THE RENT DAY.

MARTIN HAYWOOD, - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

After which,

THE USED UP MAN.

USED UP MAN, - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

To CONCLUDE WITH

A GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION

of Certificates of Stock in the Theatre to all who are willing to receive them.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTOR, - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

As this affords the polished people of Boston an opportunity of making something handsome by visiting the Theatre, we suppose we may congratulate HONEST OLD TOM BARRY upon a delightful prospect of CROWDED HOUSES.

## Antediluvian.

In view of the antiquity and fossiliferous nature of the new daily called *The World*, VANITY FAIR suggests that its name be altered to "The World before the flood."

## To Welshmen.

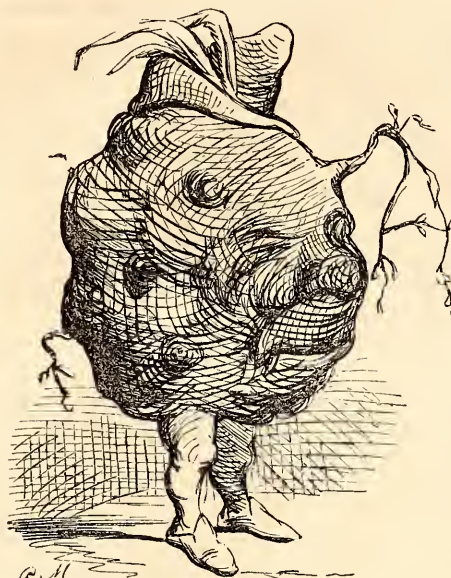
Is not the ship that brings the Prince of Wales to Canada bound as a national compliment to be Lecky?

"How to Get Rid of the Pennies."

Buy VANITY FAIR with them, of course!



THERE!



GENTLEMAN of undoubted veracity" has informed the *Dallas (Texas) Herald* that a bull frog was recently slain in that vicinity, measuring eighteen inches across the shoulders, and over two feet and a half long. His voice was terrific, his enormous eyes protruded three inches, and he could leap beyond the conception of the most extravagant. This may be true, but the appearance of that "gentleman of undoubted veracity" is always a suspicious circumstance.—*Tribune*.

MR. VANITY FAIR, please put that in your paper, and, right after it, this.

The editor of the *Tribune* is an unadulterated fool of the first water. That bull frog story is true every inch of it. What's more there were two bull frogs, and one of them was painted red with blue spangles, and wore a diamond pin in his bosom. My husband saw them both with his own eyes, and I've seen my husband. If the editor of the *Tribune* don't want to see my husband, also, as well as an exhibition of countless stars, he had better not deny the truth of our assertions again. Very energetically yours,

THE GENTLEMAN-OF-UNDOUBTED-VERACITY'S WIFE.

### THE UNWORLDLY WORLD.

"But, O World! thou art not that World of grandeur and of light. Thou art confusion and chaos!"—MICHELET.

Thursday, the 14th of June, 1860, was a great day. On that auspicious and agreeable date, we made one of the greatest antiquarian discoveries ever recorded. We were rummaging in the alcoves of the Megatherium Library, to see if we could find EDWARD EVERETT's first oration on WASHINGTON, when we came across a musty and ancient paper—an elderly and fossil paper—a very mummy of a paper, that breathed Pre-Adamitical and Old Red Sandstone venerability in every line. This paper was headed, in antique letters, *The World*; and the sight of it made us feel strangely modern.

Eagerly did we turn its time-stained pages; eagerly did we peruse its faded hieroglyphics. It was historically comic to see the quaint ideas of journalism possessed by our early ancestry. They were pious. They were old foggy. They were anti-progressive. And they seem, also, to have been idiotic.

With the enterprise that has ever characterised VANITY FAIR, we made copious selections from this fossil sheet, in order that our readers might learn what journalism was, in The Beginning. The copy we then found, was the first number, and contained a statement of principles, which was indeed extraordinary. More than extraordinary. Witness this assertion, which would have done credit to Captain BUNSBY, himself, and driven Poor RICHARD insane with delight:

"The first business of every press is to be true to itself—true to its own conscience. It must have a conscience, or else not have a character; and if no character no influence."

Without conscience we are told by this religiously facetious journal a paper can have no character and no influence! How about the *Tribune*, *Herald*, and *Times*? Ah, how our leading dailies give the lie to this statement of the ancients! Stick to your principles and conscience! cries the mummied voice of the past. Never change! The principles that satisfied King RAMSES' subjects must satisfy President BUCHANAN'S constituents. If we are Hard-Shell Baptists, or Sensation Abolitionists, or Free-Lovers, or what-not, to-day, so let us be to the end of time, whenever that is. Ditto in politics. If we supported JACKSON, in his day, on principle, let us emulate the pious Pennsylvania Dutchman, and support him now, for a paper

must "be true to itself—true to its own conscience." This statement of principles terminates with these words:

"As a new comer we give a friendly band to those already in the field, and pass to our work."

How very grateful "those already in the field" must have felt!

It is peculiarly interesting to learn that one of our discoveries, supposed to have been somewhat modern, was known at even the early period when the *World* was published. The cheerful fossil has this remark, in an article on intemperance—probably a vice of the era:

"There can be no doubt that the principle settled in this decision covers lager beer, for in this latitude it is known to be intoxicating."

As nearly as we can remember, the question, "Will lager intoxicate?" was settled some seven years ago, after much discussion. The *World* shows that it was one of the problems that first occupied the then somewhat vacant mind of man. Another leading article relates to a religious revival, or "resuscitation of religion," which went on for seventy years without ever having been heard of by anybody except the editors of this rare old sheet, who make the following dreadful threat:

"It will be one of the principal aims of the conductors of *The World* to record the proofs that 'the great resuscitation of religion' which the distinguished Frenchman, (GIZOR,) affirmed, a quarter of a century ago, to be the grand desideratum of the age, is in actual progress, and has been for nearly seventy years. We purpose to lay before our readers something on this subject in every day's issue."

No doubt, this revival of seventy years' standing, was a great thing at the time, but its memory has long been lost "in the mists of hoar antiquity," and we of the nineteenth century, know nothing about it.

Apparently, the science of grammar was not invented at the time the *World* began—at least, we should judge so from this wild sentence, which occurs in the temperance article above quoted:

"Another, and a later decision—which we publish in another column, three months in advance of Reports—fermented drinks, ale, beer, etc., are determined to be within the scope of the Excise Act of 1857."

That "another and later decision" "fermented drinks," is strange. It must have been a custom of the country. Now-a-days, later decisions are apt to ferment quarrels, instead. The allusion to anything so recent as an act of 1857, rather puzzles us, but all the dates in the paper seem very confused. Even the head date itself, by some curious error, is 1860, and the place of publication is set down as being in Park Row, which we had always considered rather a modern locality. There is nothing in the way of matter, however, in this relic, that bears upon any recent affairs in the slightest manner.

In the foreign correspondence (a very ancient institution) we find a remarkable statement, that leads us to think the reading mind to have been differently constituted, anciently, from ours of to-day. Otherwise, this would have been simple nonsense—very simple nonsense indeed:

"The great constitutional battle of which I advised you in my last, has ended in the triumph of the Peers."

How the first number of a paper could have been informed of anything by a letter in a previous number, passes the understanding of VANITY FAIR. We sincerely hope that the statement was not as absurd at that time as at present.

Book-reviews seem to have existed, after a fashion, but only of old works, at the date of this publication. New books were never reviewed prior to the close of the twelfth century. The *World* contains notices of two long-forgotten books by an ancient writer named MICHELET, with whose words we have appropriately headed this article. In one of these reviews, this strange theory is advanced with all gravity:

"True love, even that of the sexes, in its ideal purity, as a subjective feeling, whose very nature it is to annihilate individual selfishness, has only been known among Christian nations."

From this, it would seem that the passion of love has only existed Eighteen Hundred and Sixty years, and then only on a comparatively small portion of this particular planet. That is bad for other folks. We are sorry. All the old stories of HERO and LEANDER, of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, of PYRAMUS and THISBE, must go for nought, according to the dictum of this musty journal. They can mean nothing. These touching and noble legends of ideal love, always held as symbols of a holy passion, are either senseless or bestial! Ah, we are very glad we did not live in the distant and ludicrous age when the *World* was a power in the land!

C'est l'amour, l'amour &c.

"TOMMY," said a young lady in Washington the other day, "is such a love that he must have been born on the banks of the Amoor."



## THE GAME OF THE SOCIABLE SNAKE.



SNAKE, "Them's the fellows for me! Eat the whole seventy-two of 'em in less than no time!" And Snake grew stout at the very thought of Its expected repast.

But the sequel demonstrated that Snake had got too many days in Its week, had, in fact,

HE Common Council of New York, last Saturday, resolved itself into a Snake, a Sociable Snake, of which his Foolishness BOOLE was the head, and VAN TINE the tail.

The Snake uncoiled Itself from Its resting place in the City Hall, and "dragged Its slow length along" down to the Battery. There It embarked, not indeed after the usual manner of Sea-Serpents, but on board the Steamboat Alida. The latter bore It away to the far off wilds of New Jersey. There the Sociable Snake fixed Itself up to look as smiling as possible (quite after the manner of the old original reptile of Eden) and patiently laid in wait for Its prey. Its prey arrived, sure enough, unsuspecting as our Mother Eve, (a lady of some little celebrity,) was before making the acquaintance of the above-mentioned reptile. Its Snakeship grinned inwardly, and metaphorically smacked Its lips. "Ah! ha! ha! What a jolly feast I shall have!" said

ha! ha! What a jolly feast I shall have!" said

concluded to dine without any dinner, or to be more classical, had enumerated Its chickens in advance of incubation.

There was an object in a blue navy cap, and of a you-can't-humbug-me style of make, that planted a very heavy boot on the bridge of Snake's back, which caused It to go through a whole exhibition of gymnastics, quite rivaling the performances of the celebrated contortionist, late of NIBLO'S. When the foot was raised, Snake swelled with wrath, and—well, It didn't do anything in particular, but made a fool of Itself generally. The Japanese didn't notice It at all, and didn't seem to feel the least regret because of Its sore disappointment. The Game of the Sociable Snake was wound up very soon by CAPTAIN DUPONT—it was.

## Superfluous.

In MR. NIXON'S advertisement of his "Midsummer Entertainments," we read that "the stage of the theatre is set as a beautiful garden scene (painted by MR. JOHN THORNE) and adorned with flowers." This is all very well, but we cannot see the necessity of mentioning this particular artist's name in connection with any piece of floral scenery, since it is patent to the meanest understanding that "There is no Rose without a Thorne."

## Honors Easy.

"Yachtsmen do not cheat each other like people on the turf, or cut the ropes when they see the eagle of victory perching over a rival's masthead."—*Herald*.

Oh no! not at all! By no means! Never! Nobody ever heard of Plum Gut, of course!

## PIOUS CRIMINALS.

The recent Religious and Reformatory Society Anniversaries showed that the cause of Theology, if not the cause of Religion, was never more prosperous than in the year 1859. Nearly all the pious sects and societies were in a very flourishing condition. Their treasuries were plethoric, their parsons sleek and fat, and even the provincial brethren could afford clean neckcloths of the snowiest lawn. The only societies that had not prospered were those that had allowed a large and musky negro to ensconce himself within their fence—a fence made, in part at least of the historical rails split by Honest Old Two-Shilling ABE. The nigger proved a source of great dissension, and finally split the organizations that harbored him, as effectually as ABE had split the rails; in consequence whereof, fortune and success had ceased to wait upon the disputatious ones.

Still, in the aggregate, theology was thriving, and its stock was a long way above par. The good old ladies of Orange and Herkimer were in a state of mild and well-regulated jubilee, the parsons ate, drank, and cracked jokes of an antique period, and everybody said it wasn't such a dreadful bad world, after all.

Just now we have lying before us certain statistics, purporting to exhibit the condition of New York State as regards Crime in 1859, very inefficiently reported by the clerks of our criminal courts of record, according to an act passed in 1839. These figures, though lacking in fullness and perfection, through the carelessness of the said clerks, still show an interesting degree of naughtiness among us, spite of our great theological successes. Indeed, with all due deference, we may say that religion and crime seem to thrive together, uncommonly well, in these days of sensation sermons and rhetorical prayer. A curious fact comes out, here. Out of Eighteen Thousand and Twenty individuals of both sexes, convicted of Assault and Battery, Vagrancy, Petit Larceny, Drunkenness and Disorderly Conduct within the year, Twelve Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-five—or nearly two-thirds of the whole number, had "had Religious Instruction!" It isn't such a dreadfully good world after all!

Now, we should like to ask the gentlemen with the snowy neckcloths what these figures mean. What has been the practical result of all the sermons, the collections, the exhortations, the revivals, the examples, and the other "labor," so gushingly talked about at the late anniversary-meetings? It looks as if "religious instruc-

tion," as now administered, had but a very slight moral effect, doesn't it? And we should really be pleased to know what effect it was intended to have, if not a moral one?

It is a pity that the clerks of the courts of record had not been a little more explicit, and reported not only the number of criminals whose piety had been cultivated, but the number of parsons themselves, who had been guilty of crime—or of getting caught at it. From a reasonably careful course of newspaper reading during the year, we have reason to think that the derelict divines would make a pretty strong army in New York State alone. We have long suspected that these careful and gentlemanly shepherds, who enfold the lambs of their flocks so tenderly, were only human, like most other folks, and therefore fallible. It is somewhat to be doubted if their unctuous words alone can prevent hungry men from stealing, lazy men from begging, angry men from fighting, or weak-minded men from getting drunk. Furthermore, we fear that very little effort is made in this direction. A fat salary and a wide popularity seem to be the things for which the parson of to-day hankers unceasingly; so he dodges all dangerous questions of practical import, and devotes himself to flattering, smoothing over, pacifying, and generally coddling up his opulent parishioners, waxing adipose and florid, courteous and useless, the while.

It is time that the people, who pay millions on millions, annually, for the support of religious institutions, should know a little something about the destination of their money. If such institutions do really make the world better, as is claimed, let us learn how. If, on the contrary, their labors and expenditures only go to produce such schedule items as the following; *cui bono?* Why not put the time and money to some really useful purpose?

	Assault and Battery	Vagrancy	Petit Larceny	Drunkenness and Disorderly Conduct	Disorderly Conduct	Total
Had religious instruction.....	967	2,946	1,107	6,822	1,010	12,546
Never had.....	236	1,169	395	2,666	213	4,772
Unknown.....	181	—	122	—	—	303

We can assure the AMINADAB SLEEKs and the JACOB HARDENS of the community, that the Dear Public will not always go on being satisfied to learn, every Spring, that the societies are rich, and the parsons getting fat.



## MIGHTY MODERATE.



MORGAN, when you get the power, to draw it equally mild. Leave us the consolation of hoping, O, MORGAN, mild and mighty, that even after we are totally at your mercy, you will

HARMED is VANITY FAIR to observe in Southern regions the advance of sound sentiment—not of sound and sentiment, which is quite another affair. VANITY FAIR is not displeased, when one MORGAN, of Alabama, exclaims: "If I had the power, I would dissolve this Union in two minutes." Mark first the unexpected admission of the manly MORGAN that he "has not the power," which, of itself, is evidence of returning reason. Mark, too, his tender kindness in admitting that if he had the power to smite, smash and sever, he would still accord to us "two minutes'" grace. An ungenerous man would have said "two moments." An angry man would have said "two seconds." A furious man would have said "in the twinkling of a bed-post," or "in a jiffy," or "in no time at all," whereas the magnanimous MORGAN vouchsafes "two minutes" or, "one hundred and twenty seconds," which is, comparatively, a little eternity. May you continue, O mighty Mr.

consent to prolong our existence, for five minutes and thirty seconds.

BUT MORGAN is not the first human being who has stumbled and sprawled at that ugly little word "if." Those small letters alone prevent all beggars from changing their wishes into so many FLORA TEMPLES, and from trotting to Tophet in less than Alabama MORGAN's "two minutes." If this MORGAN donkey had the power, he would command his own ears to be short; his bray to become a neigh; he would discard thistles and munch oats. Instead of being a MORGAN ass, he would change himself into a MORGAN horse; whereas no possible curry-combing, even by our own skilful hands, can make him anything better than a MORGAN mule.

## One half Found and the other half Wanted.

"We have it in our power this morning, upon the authority of MILLARD FILLMORE himself, to announce to Whigs, Democrats, Republicans, and all the rest of mankind that he will support JOHN BELL, of Tennessee." —*Buffalo Paper.*

Now the next thing to know is who JOHN SMITH will support, and then every one can tell to a certainty who will be our next President. Isn't it so?

## Sport-ive Joke of a Londoner.

PEORIAN JUST ARRIVED IN L.—"Which is the 'crack' hotel here, stranger?"

FACETIOUS COCKNEY IN "BIRD'EYE" CRAVAT. "Crack 'otel, eh? A-w 'Mawleys,' I fancy; haw! haw! haw!"

## TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE FOURTH WARD SCHOOLS.

Do you know what country you live in? Do you know what the Constitution of the United States is? Do you know what are the rights and privileges which that instrument accords to every citizen of this Republic?

Do you know that you have disgraced yourselves and outraged the rights of others? Do you know that *All persons are free and equal* in the eye of the Constitution? Do you know that in matters of religious belief the same liberty that you enjoy is, in this country, allowed to your neighbors?

Do you know that the State laws forbid your appointing persons related to any one of yourselves to positions in the Public Schools? If you do not know these few simple facts, you are fools—if you do know them and have acted wilfully in defiance of them you are an unscrupulous set, and unworthy to be called American citizens. Who gives you authority to dismiss a young lady from her post as a teacher, *because* she is a Protestant? Who gives you power to fill the place thus vacated by appointing the niece of one of your number, *because* she is a Catholic? Suppose that Jews were to occupy your places as Trustees for awhile. Suppose that they should dismiss Mr. O'REILEY's niece and elevate in turn a Jewess to the post? You would not find fault of course! You wouldn't rally around the rum-holes of Cherry and Water Street, and hold indignation meetings, and talk about your rights as citizens being outraged, and offer to get up a riot and, when you were spilling over with whiskey, vow vengeance against the "bloody Jews and thaving hounds!" would you? You would do nothing of the sort, would you? You would have too much respect for yourselves as Irishmen, wouldn't you? You would have too much regard for yourselves as American citizens, wouldn't you? You wouldn't degrade yourselves by disgracing your religion in this way, would you? You think too much of your Church ever to bring scandal upon her by your acts, don't you? You can roll up the white of your eyes any day in the year and swear that you meet your obligations to her as devout Catholics, can't you? You raise her in the eyes of the world by your cloying lives, don't you?

Now have the goodness to bear in mind that folks who live in glass houses should not throw stones at their neighbors.

Have the sense to know that two wrongs will never make a right.

Have the frankness to acknowledge that you stand in need of a little education yourselves in piety, in gentlemanly behavior, and very likely in reading, writing and arithmetic.

Own up at once that you are better politicians than you are Catholics.

When your rights are infringed upon defend them in a manly, straightforward way, but bear in mind that it is your duty not to trespass on the privileges of others. Above all, do try to get up enough honorable feeling in your breasts to prevent your ever again venting your spleen on unoffending young women. Now go and behave yourselves.

Yours, etc.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## Why we gave it up.

With that devotion which ever characterizes the Editors of VANITY FAIR, we, last week, condemned ourselves to the study of the Japanese dialect. At our very first lesson we found that the Japanese word "Ohio" is equivalent to our salutation "How do you do?" On further investigation, however, we ascertained that "Indiana" does not stand for "Lend me a quarter," nor "Illinois" for "What will you take to drink?" We at once, and very naturally, became disgusted with the inconsistencies of the language of SAMMY BOOJSEY and won't learn it now at any price.

## About the Size of It.

The English papers, after all, have a better appreciation of the value of some of our great men than we ourselves have. The Manchester *Times* says: "The Baltimore Union Convention had nominated MESSRS. BELL and EVERETT for the Presidency." Evidently, our English cousins see that both of these gentleman together, were only equivalent to one candidate. We suggest that the Union ticket be remodelled on this principle, with BELL and EVERETT for President, and SYLVANUS COBB and MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH for Vice-President.

## No Wonder.

A member of the "Old Gentlemen's Party," who stationed himself on the corner of 35th street and 5th avenue, in the hope of seeing the Japanese on Saturday last, is extremely disgusted at the reception: he says the procession didn't Come Up to his expectations at all.

## The Reason Why.

The Alderman refused an appropriation for laying out Morris Park, doubtless fearing that contrary to all custom, the work might be done On the Square.





### A NICE MAN FOR THE ST. GEORGE'S!

(GREENHORN has been hit in the face by bowler, and, of course, knocks down his stumps. Opposite side cries "Out.")

GREENHORN. (who thinks they allude to his eye) IF IT'S OUT, I'LL SUE 'EM FOR DAMAGES!

### A NEW MARTYR.

There are many persons who aim at martyrdom. They seem to consider self-immolation a very good thing to do, whether for a good cause or no cause at all. Mr. REDPATH was one of these, until he began to run some little risk, when he suddenly found that he hadn't time to be martyred. Mrs. GOVE NICHOLS was one of them, and used to write a great many letters to the *Tribune*, to say that she was persecuted and that she washed herself a good deal. More lately—alas, that we should have to mention him in such company!—†JOHN HUGHES has come out in favor of martyrdom, all at once, and is awfully anxious for "a prison," or even a "scaffold," rather than the thing shouldn't go on.

Some years ago there was a very sensible law passed requiring all clergymen to record the marriages they superintended, and to report them annually, to the proper authorities. In many divorce cases, or property suits, these records have proved quite important as evidence, where no marriage certificate could be found.

No doubt, †JOHN acknowledges the value of this law, as fully as anybody, but he *will* be a martyr if it kills him, and here is his first chance. A polite note from the City Inspector, requesting him to report the marriages he had solemnized, and enclosing a copy of the act met with a mild but firm refusal on the part of the aspirant for martyrdom. He said that he had often to "remedy privately the evils which the corruption of morals might have entailed, so far as any remnant of private conscience is concerned on the part of the delinquents," but that he will never, except in the character of a first-class martyr, "betray these or similar weaknesses of fallen human nature!"

Now, we know that matrimony is apt to be considered a terrible thing, by old bachelors, but really †JOHN is a little too severe on the institution. He is worse than DR. LAZARUS, and that is saying a good deal. That †JOHN should assist erring couples to atone for their sin, in some measure, by solemnizing marriages between them, is all right, but that he should consider such marriages as too great evidences of the weakness of "fallen human nature" to be made public, is certainly going farther than even the FOURIERITES of the *Tribune* and the Unitary Home would go, openly.

In the second letter, †JOHN makes a high bid for "the purple crown of martyrdom," by informing the City Inspector that he does not claim any immunity from the penalties of the law, and virtually invites that gentleman and the Corporation Counsel to do their darndest. The next thing, we shall see the gentle Archbishop standing before the Court, and crying like STEPHEN H. BRANCH, on a similar occasion: "Drag your victim to his dungeon!" Ah, †JOHN, why must you be a martyr?

### A Distinction with a Difference.

The *Herald* says that the Northern politicians see the germ of dissolution, in the tendency toward division in the late Convention. Where the Northerners see the Germ, the Southerners only See-Seed!

### Political Joke.

At a recent "Union Meeting," one of the speakers said, that "their Bell would toll the death of Disunion throughout the land." JENKS remarked, that "he thought it was a knell he meant (an element) of discord, rather."

The Beacon Club of Boston have just entered a wonderful shell boat, forty yards long, and weighing only sixty pounds against the Harvard crew. From what we know of Harvard, we think the Boston men will find the race to be another case of Shell Out.

### Faring well.

We do not know that our Japanese visitors are especially partial to gunpowder, but one thing we are sure of, and that is that ever since their arrival in the city they have been treated to "Dupont's Best."

### "With Neatness and ('happy') Despatch."

In Japan there is not the slightest difficulty in hiring even a prince of the blood for a body servant; all you have to do, is to insult him and he will let himself out immediately.



VANITY FAIR.



# THE TWO GREAT EASTERNS.

SERVANT (*entering*).—MAYSSA FULL SENDS WORD, SAYS THAT THE GREAT EASTERN CAN'T COME OVER 'TILL ALMOST DE FOUR OF JUNE.  
MR. NEW YORK.—AH! VERY WELL! THAT WILL SUIT ME EXACTLY! I'VE A GREAT DEAL OF COMPANY TO ENTERTAIN JUST NOW.







PUNNING MADE EASY.  
EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(Continued.)

Why are crazy servants the most obliging? If the merit of a problem exists in its difficulty, then is this the best conundrum ever made. When I meet a friend in the street, and, taking him by the arm, lead him up some quiet alley, and ask him this sublime question, he stands before me like the Theban before the Sphinx. It seems to him so absurd that a crazy servant should be more obliging than a sane chambermaid, or a hostler in the full possession of his reason. But herein lies the beauty of the conundrum, that it begins a great reform in house-keeping, and gives the idle lunatic employment. If I had said, why are sane servants the most obliging? My friend would have replied, because they understand what you say to them, and have gone away thinking me a fool. But the Crazy Cook inspires him with reverence. Then I smile with superior wisdom, and leading him out of that quiet alley, remark that when you call them, they come im-idiot-ly. Then, if he should not comprehend, I walk up the street with him, explaining that it is a pun, and going over it several times, till it is perfectly understood.

The general propriety of explanation I question. In the street it may be allowed, but when you publish your pun, do not coarsely append its solution, nor grossly italicise the point. No matter how many sleepless nights it has cost you, do not advertise your pun like a panacea. In like manner in your conversation do not accompany your wit with loud laughter, and slapping on the shoulder, as the vulgar, lest you be likened to an exclamation point at the end of a bad joke—calling attention to a thing of no importance.

The great masters of the Art never descend so low—HOOD, CHARLES LAMB, and MYSELF. We three are examples. The puns of HOOD are scattered through his works like flowers through nature; spontaneously they arise into beauty, and for one that is seen, there are ten that bloom unnoticed. LAMB presents his puns with more attention to effect, and prepares a paragraph with artistic reference to its climax. He lies awake one night and makes a pun about three o'clock, when all else is asleep; the next morning he writes an essay to suit it. HOOD bestows his puns as FORTUNATUS his money, from an inexhaustible and fairy purse; LAMB puns like a benevolent gentleman with a moderate income. HOOD adapts words to his pun; LAMB suits his puns to the language. HOOD is the most grotesque, and his writings resemble a menagerie of wild beasts, beautiful but strange; but the puns of CHARLES LAMB (who now lends an additional charm to heaven, and is another inducement to be good) melt like honey on the tongue, and hang like pictures in the memory.



LAMB MAKING A PUN, AND HOOD LAUGHING AT IT.

The highest of styles is the suggestive, in which you gracefully glide over the pun, without making it. Thus a beautiful compliment is paid the delicacy of your friend. It has been noticed that the contributors to VANITY FAIR seldom make puns in conversation, and much wonder thereat is expressed by the ignorant. But so profound is their knowledge of language, so exquisite their humor, that indication is enough for appreciation. Beneath the transparent tide of words, sparkles the diamond bed of wit; he would be a coarse companion, who would stoop to point out the shining particles. The VANITY FAIRY takes the pun for granted, and says no more about it. From this reason has arisen the superstition that they are never funny out of business hours, and that after the banks

close, they relapse into the average dullness. This is very improper. And it is unkind too, just because it is a man's business to be funny, to say that his wit smells of the shop.

In what contrast to the delicacy of the true Punster, stands the grossness of the imitator! Impostors who pretend to be punsters abound in society: men who interrupt your conversation with some diabolical parenthesis, or rudely spoil your intended climax, with a bold anticipation of the end. This stealing of puns before they are made is a kind of abortion. When you meet one of these pretenders you can easily expose him, by using a formula like this:

Fixing your eyes steadfastly upon him, and assuming the look of one not to be trifled with, you say in a loud voice:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this Bank."

Not being a real punster, he will probably reply:

"Sit, Jessica."

Sneer hideously, and turning to the company, say, "Farmers and and Mechanics," "Butchers and Drovers," "Girard." Then to him suddenly, "Where does HAMLET express a preference for mutton?"

The disconcerted impostor will reply,

"Why really, sir, upon my honor, my dear friend—I don't remember that he says anything about mutton, indeed—I guess it isn't in the play!"

Regarding him with the aspect of the Eminent Tragedian, you must fiercely quote,

"O, villain, villain, smiling damned villain."

Then changing your voice,

"My tables!" (enter servants bringing in tables.)

"Meat it is." (snuffing up the gravy.)

"Aye, set it down."

"O, O, O yes!" he will cry, "if you go and do that there way—"

"Silence! sir. What is the difference between a man with one eye, winning money from a man with no eyes, and that Venetian shutter?"

This gets him; he is mum as a mummy. Triumphantly you turn to the smiling audience, and say, "The difference is, one is won over a blinder, and the other is blind over a winder." Then severely unto him, "And you pretend to be a punster! You who do not know the Infant Joker's Catechism! You who actually cannot answer the simplest, the plainest of questions! The Impostor colors crimson, feels for his hat, and blindly gropes for the door. Then calmly turning to your friends, as if nothing had happened, you go on with your conundrum, and enjoy an intellectual and uninterrupted evening.

There is another infallible sign by which these false punsters are detected. They always carry about with them a copy of WEBSTER'S Folio Dictionary, unabridged, to which in conversation they constantly refer. But the true punster is never at a loss for the word, having committed the whole language to memory. In this essay every word is a pun, though you would not believe it, for so profound are the allusions, that no one sees them but myself.

#### Hurrah!

In the *Herald* of the 9th inst., was the following:

The Senate Judiciary Committee have under consideration the House Polygamy bill, and will amend it in several particulars. They intend, if possible, to agree upon some measure that will wipe out this festering sore and cancer upon the body politic.

We had no sooner read this blissful piece of intelligence, than we immediately set about having the VANITY FAIR office fitted up in the most gorgeous manner—even going so far as to purchase a new stool, and a postage stamp, in order to be able to receive the members of this Judiciary Committee in a suitable manner when they come on to New York. Pending the latter event, our Agent in Washington is authorized to ask these gentlemen what they will take to drink.

#### Singularly Frank Admission.

We find in a respectable, by which we mean a Boston newspaper, the following brief but broadly benignant statement: "NEW-YORK IS ALL RIGHT." Before we settle ourselves to the quiet enjoyment of the blandness and boldness of this courteous admission, we must be sure that the writer did not intend to say: "New-York is all tight," which would be exactly the usual Boston style of compliment.

#### We are sure of it.

After seeing the "Brigand Gun Dance," so charmingly executed at Nixon's every night, we are sure that there is no newspaper critic so mercenary as not to give the GALES a Lift without a thought of Raising the Wind by so doing.



COPY OF AN ANTIQUE MANUSCRIPT,  
(FOUND IN THE VAULTS OF THE TIMES BUILDING.)

BRUTUS GREELEY TO CÆSAR SEWARD.  
1854.



TONY WEED who's a festive and filthy deceiver.

OW that the contest is over, and you are as usual, the victor, Permit me to say, gentle sir, I am very much piqued and disgusted; And, coming at once to the point, in the frankness and truth of my nature, I assure you, my excellent friend, that I'll have you no longer, confound you! No! nor MARK AN-

II.  
What! have I toiled so long, and lived on a crust in a garret, Working for you like a dog, and working for one thousand dollars, Publishing papers and sich, and talking log-cabin and cider, Doing my best for the Whigs, and howling for you in particular, And now, when I think of it, now, have I ever received any office? Ever fed out of the trough wherein you and your fellows have wallowed?

What! have I suffered so much, and been such an excellent fellow, Done so much good upon earth, all the while in a seedy condition, And—must I remember it, sir?—have you ever done ought to reward me?

III.  
True that I never asked office! True that I did the Uriah! (Heep was an excellent man, an humble and godly disciple!) True that my virtuous bosom has all along throbbled for the masses! True that I offered myself as a patriot disinterested, Faithful, long-suffering, meek, and patient with noble endeavor! True I pretended to work and never want anything for it! But I didn't suppose you so green as to think that I meant it in earnest!!!

I didn't imagine you stupid enough to believe in my whining!

IV.  
Do you think I'm a jackass, good sir, do you think I'm an absolute jackass?

Do I wear my white coat in vain, and my very old hat, sir, for nothing?

Is it merely for sport, do you think, that I walk in lugubrious trousers, Shocking the fashions and things, and all the fine ladies that love me?

Look at my boots, if you please, philanthropical boots of the period! Think you I'd walk in such boots if I thought they would carry me nowhere?

Think you I'd wear such a hat, were it not to impose on the people, Or cover this manly figure with garments so very primeval?

Not if I know myself, as I think that I do, BILLY SEWARD! And if ever you thought that I would, why you've not comprehended your HORACE.

Anyway I assure you at once that I'll have you no longer—confound you!

V.  
You have been getting on very well; you have figured in State and in Congress:

Your speeches have sometimes been read, and I hear that you've more or less money;  
On your brow is the laurel of fame, in your heart is the sunshine of power,  
But you never have offered me place; you have made me the tool of your purpose;  
Pretending respect for my cant, and refusing to see through my nonsense;  
Giving to Hooks and to WELLS, to WETMORE, to WEED and to RAYMOND,  
Ay, and to legions of others, and all most contemptible people, Office and riches and power, and all the nice things that they wanted, And leaving me out in the cold, sir, to long for the loaves and the fishes!

VI.  
What if you thought me sincere! Are you blind to the use of temptation?  
Why not have tested my virtue, if only to prove me a Spartan?  
Ah, you were shrewd, BILLY SEWARD, but HORACE is like to remember.  
'Virtue its own reward?'—do you think me a drivelling idiot?

VII.  
Well, you have had your day, you have reveled in sunshiny weather;  
You have left me to watch and to work, and enjoy my crust and my garret;  
But now there's an end of it all. I forgive you, I freely forgive you;  
But we sail in the same boat no more, and I caution you look to your rigging,  
Have a helmsman who knows how to steer, and a good patent wheel for the purpose,  
Lest hereafter you wake some fine day, and find yourself fast in Salt River!  
Farewell, BILLY SEWARD, farewell! I am going to travel in Europe;  
Going to cool my brain by a bath in Oblivion's waters;  
Going in fact to grass—where you will go some day or other;  
So forget me as soon as you please,—'tis enough that I'm sure to remember!

Enough that we're quits from this time—enough that my name's  
HORACE GREELEY.

P. S.

1860.

BRUTUS GREELEY, (log.)

I.  
I have nipped him at Chicago,  
I have made my SEWARD wail,  
I've ordained that Uncle ABRAM Shall be ridden on the rail.

II.  
Did he think that I forgave him?  
Did he think I was an ass?  
Did he think I'd love my enemies,  
And let occasion pass?

III.  
If he did he was mistaken,  
And I guess he knows it now,  
For I nipped him at Chicago,  
And I made a precious row.

IV.  
I was slow to wrath against him,  
When I bore defeat and pain,  
But I've waited for him patiently,  
And I didn't wait in vain.

V.  
Now they swear at me, the vipers,  
But they swear a good way off,  
For they know the gallant GREELEY  
At the best of them will scoff.

VI.  
And they know he's used to swearing,  
(Tho' it's very wrong to swear)  
So they curse his seedy garments,  
And they blast his yellow hair.

VII.  
But little cares the GREELEY  
What his enemies may say,



When he knows the grayhound SEWARD  
Is a dog that's had his day.

## VIII.

Now ye youthful politicians,  
Who may read these words of mine,  
Do not put your trust in princes,  
For they're none of them divine!

## IX.

In the truth alone is safety!  
'Tis the path I've always trod.  
So be sure to love your country,  
And to put your trust in God!

## X.

Then whatever fate ordaineth,  
You'll be sure to get your pay,  
And you'll triumph o'er your enemies  
As I have done to-day.

H. G.

## GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

DEAR V. F.—This, being probably the ultimate G. G., is of things multifarious therein. And first of the Bank. The "Bank of Germantown!" This Bank is not an Exchange Office! I'll tell you how I know it. They told a friend of mine so *at the Bank*. This friend of mine received a check from—say from Wilmington. He wanted it cashed. He thought the Germantown Bank (he lives in Germantown) would do it. So he took it there. But they wouldn't. "For," said the Paying Teller, sagaciously, "we are a Bank; we are not an Exchange Office." I think this will give you an idea of the extent to which the "Bank of G." is "visible."

There is also a Post Office in Germantown. It is, however, evidently in the eye of the law, an infant Post Office, not arrived at the age of discretion, inasmuch as Government does not trust it with the use of its own name. When you put a letter in the Germantown Post Office, therefore, it (i.e. the letter) goes away postmarked "*Philadelphia*." It (i.e. the P. O. of G.) is, nevertheless, a moral and religious office; *very* religious! It does not open on Sunday, at any price! The Postmaster's name is WOLF. He is a very respectable man, and I shall take no liberties with his name. I merely mention the fact of its being WOLF. Nothing more!

There are many Sanctuaries in Germantown. And on the usual amicable terms with each other. One congregation, especially, became so singularly unanimous, about a year ago, that one church wouldn't hold its entire outgush of spontaneity. It was forced to "secede" mutually from itself. Now it has a double team of church-and-parson.

There is another thing for which Germantown is remarkable; viz: for not getting VANITY FAIR till two days after its arrival in Philadelphia. I can't explain this to you satisfactorily. But it's a fact! Perhaps it's owing to the "difficulties of transit." Perhaps it travels from Philadelphia to Germantown by passenger railway. Or perhaps Germantown is *not* in Philadelphia, in spite of the Conglomeration Act, but on the contrary quite the reverse. In fact, a long way off. If not further. Or it may be owing to the "Bank"—or the Toll Gate! Or both! It's not on account of the *socks*! I'm sure of that. Germantown "*socks*" are all right, I feel confident. The Japanese will not visit Germantown. Not being given to socks with blue legs and white toes, there are no "Institutions" therein to interest them.

If I venture upon a further voyage of discovery in and around Germantown, you shall hear from me; otherwise, consider me, finally, yours,

HANS VON PUCK.

## A NEW ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

VANITY FAIR, in order to be absolutely well-appointed in all its departments, keeps a Critic, whose sole duty it is to attend to the Severely-Letting-Alone business of this journal. He is under heavy bonds not to read any book whatever; and he knows that any disregard of this part of his contract, would lead to his ignominious expulsion from what he very justly considers to be An Earthly Paradise. Still, we do not object to his doing outside jobs enough for the Sunday papers, to keep him in ANDERSON'S shredded Solace; and we believe we betray no secret, when we say that his relations to MR. ROBERT BONNER are intimate and confidential. He recently noticed in the newspapers the following noticeable "Notice:"

"I should rather have written 'Rutledge' than 'The Mill on the Floss.'—*Author of Beulah*."

This peculiar pattern of puff seemed to strike his fancy with a BENICIA BOY violence. First, he requested somebody to hold him, but nobody did so. Then he called for a pot of XXX, which was immediately furnished from the well-known cellars of CROOK &

DUFF. At last like a kind of literary KING COLE, he called for his pipe, and he called for his pen, and in an instant produced the following:

"I should rather have written 'THE MASK OF MURDER' than 'THE PARSON TURNED PIRATE.'—*Author of 'The Lunatic of Louisiana; 'The Fiend of Florida; 'The Idiot of Iowa; 'The Memoirs of Madness; 'Dunderhead the Demoniac; 'A Dreadful Day in the Deserts of New Jersey; 'Abe, or the Wretched Rail Splitter; &c., &c., &c.'*"

We are compelled to admit that, at the moment of constructing this deposition, our Critic was, so to speak, in an Emphyrean of Heavy Wet. He assured us, however, over next morning's soda-water, that "BOB" was a trump; and he also exhibited and spent, with the laughing levity of opulence, the sum of two shillings. From whence we may say, in conclusion, that we infer a certain inference, viz: that the M. of M.'s printed in the *Ledger*, and that the P. T. P. isn't.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE UT DE POITRINE.

Day after day, night after night, is our mighty Cosmopolis extending the frontiers of its Cosmopolitical dominions. As the late M. TALLEYRAND complacently remarked, *tout arrive*—and we should not be in the least surprised if he did; for, even within our own memory, the importation of thrilling productions to our shore must have exceeded the exports by, we should say, at least 107½ per cent. We need not go back further than the wonderful giraffe—that anomalous curiosity the spots of which were daily counted by thousands, although the animal had only thirty-eight in all. While public sensation was yet fertilizing itself upon this phenomenon, some ships arrived bearing a rhinoceros, the application of which to the public mind eradicated the spots of the giraffe from that feature as completely as the most unerring combination of moral sarsaparilla and metaphysical benzine collars could have done. The rhinoceros, in his turn, was wiped out by a woolly horse or licked up by a sea-lion, we forget which; but at any rate, we had a succession of progressive monstrosities, the public mind being hardly relinquished by one interesting phenomenon when it was grasped by another, as if it were a public nose. Just now there is a seizure of the public ear—the seizer being nothing less than the extraordinary Ut de Poitrine now nightly "performed"—as Old ADAMS says of his bears—by Professor MUSIANI in the large building at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. The Ut de Poitrine is kept by Professor MUSIANI in his private Chest, of which nobody but himself can touch the Key. Notwithstanding its close confinement, it is extremely nimble, and has been known to run up to the top of a gamut in twelve-eight time. Although the Ut de Poitrine is generally considered rare, Professor MUSIANI has had a Score in his possession before now. Better adapted to the higher regions than to the Flats, the Ut de Poitrine, nevertheless, would appear to be uncertain as to habitat. The specimen under consideration, for example, was taken by Professor MUSIANI upon the high C. with the assistance of the useful little contrivance known as a Clap-trap. Although there are many pretty and genuine things in the institution at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, we have such implicit confidence in the discrimination of the New York Public as to lead us to suspect that all admiration of them will be postponed until the beautiful and interesting Ut de Poitrine has had a good run.



THE UT DE POITRINE.





INCAUTIOUS MRS. BOBBITS!

“THE SWANS AT THE CENTRAL PARK WILL EAT ANYTHING.—*Vide Daily Papers.*”

#### IT IS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

In a certain large city, which it is needless to mention, there is a great sepulchral-looking building, wherein are imprisoned all classes of evil-doers. In a little cell opening on to the Murderer's Corridor is an unfortunate man, sentenced to be hung. The crime for which he is about to receive the heaviest penalty the law can inflict is the murder of three of his fellow-sailors while far out at sea. He was tried and condemned by the Federal Court, meantime the U. S. Marshal exercises surveillance over him. The poor man acts, apparently, very foolishly; at times confessing to these and many other heinous crimes; composing verses about them and treating them as mere trifles; then again denying that he ever said or knew anything at all about them. Either he is insane or he is not. If insane he deserves pity, if not insane it is a pity that he is not.

There is a great Showman, living in this same city, who has gone to the trouble of visiting him in his confinement, for what purpose, do you think? To minister to his wants? to console him, if possible, in his sad position? to say a few kind words concerning his dreadful fate? Oh! no! not at all! These are matters quite out of his line. The Public's Generous Benefactor cannot spare time to talk religion or sentimental trash to a wretch like him. That is not a part of his business. If he would join the Temperance Society of which the great Showman is a shining light, perhaps he *might* drop a few moral maxims for his edification during his short term of existence. It would be appropriate; besides it would serve as another feather in his cap of benevolence. But nothing of the sort has been done. The great Showman is a sharp man. He knows the morbid appetite of his patrons, and he discovered in the Murderer a choice morsel for it. He bribes the half-crazy or heartless wretch, as you choose to consider him, with a handful of cigars to allow a cast of his face to be taken and placed on exhibition in his great Curiosity Shop. The bargain is made and the work done. The Showman advertises this new attraction, and quietly pockets the money earned through a fellow-being's fearful sin. He is a nice-spoken man, is this showman, and honorable, too. He pays his debts as they fall due; he prates of the wickedness of intoxication; he provides a Lecture Room for the representation of the Moral Drama, before a few little school boys, a score or so of country visitors and a crowd of depraved women.

He takes their money and does them no harm, for his establishment is conducted in a moral way. A clergyman need have no hesitation in visiting it. The dangerous women who attend every performance do so out of pure love for the high moral effect they experience from them. The Showman knows no other earthly reason why they should frequent his house. If he could be convinced that they were actuated by base motives, he would, of course, never receive a cent from them; would not admit them under any consideration; nay, would rather close up his Museum at once, and seek a livelihood in some less objectionable way. But the Showman sees nothing of the sort—nothing but his legitimate gains. We hope no other Eye sees differently. But there is more to be said of the wretch locked in the cell that opens on to the Murderer's Corridor. He has a wife—God help her!—and for aught we know, children—God help them, too. In his craziness, or intention to do a kind act for her, he has offered to sell his whole history for ten dollars. He cannot write, but for that sum he promises to dictate a truthful story of his fortunes, misfortunes and crimes. This is, of course, to be published and sold. It will do a deal of good in the world. It will be a warning to the wicked and a lesson to the just. It will prove the great moral truth that punishment always overtakes the guilty. Besides, it will sell beyond calculation. It will put money into the pockets of the writer, the publisher and their agents. It will be honestly obtained. The man wishes to have the thing published; he wants to give his heart-broken wife a paltry ten dollars. It is perfectly fair and honorable. What would be the use of giving him ten dollars, unless a hundred, or a thousand could be made from the outlay? The hand of Providence seems manifest in it. Here is the U. S. Marshal; here is the fettered prisoner. The one is to live and enjoy himself, the other is not. The prisoner makes the offer, the Marshal accepts at once. Money can be made out of it, why not?

What if it does render indelible the ignominy and shame already fallen upon his wife and children? What if his grief-stricken parents are to be agonised still further by the thought that the greatest publicity will be given to their disgrace? Who cares? Not the Marshal. They are not educated people—they are not respectable persons—they are not wealthy folks, why should they feel in the matter at all? The prisoner can do as he likes about it, the Marshal can do as he likes, too—nobody else has any right to do, say, or think anything about it. If any one is to be found fault with, it is the guilty man himself—let him alone take the responsibility. A Marshal is not going to be a Marshal for nothing; he needs money as well as the rest of us. This is fine reasoning, this is consoling talk for some parties. We hope it is all right, but it certainly looks very wrong.

222.

BOBBIN-BOY BANKS recently remarked at a feast in Faneuil Hall, that “It was an honor to have a 222nd anniversary to anything in this country.” If so, we should like to know why no notice was taken of MR. JAMES BUCHANAN's last, or two hundred and twenty-second birth-day? We suppose that some attempt will be made to compensate for this neglect, by celebrating for centuries, the anniversary of the 4th of March, which (for J. B.) is so painfully proximate.

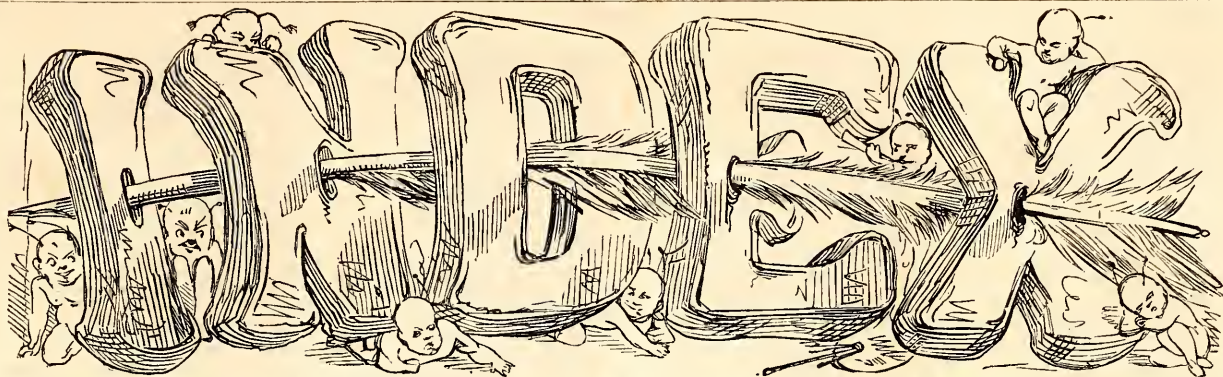
Mottos from the Poets, improved for popular use.

1. (For Alderman BOODLE & Co. *apropos des Japanese Feasts, et al*) “Let Good Digestion wait! On! Appetite!”
2. (For the use of the asylum for female inebriates) “Hell boasts no fury like a woman corned!”

“Born to Blush Unseen.”

A negress.





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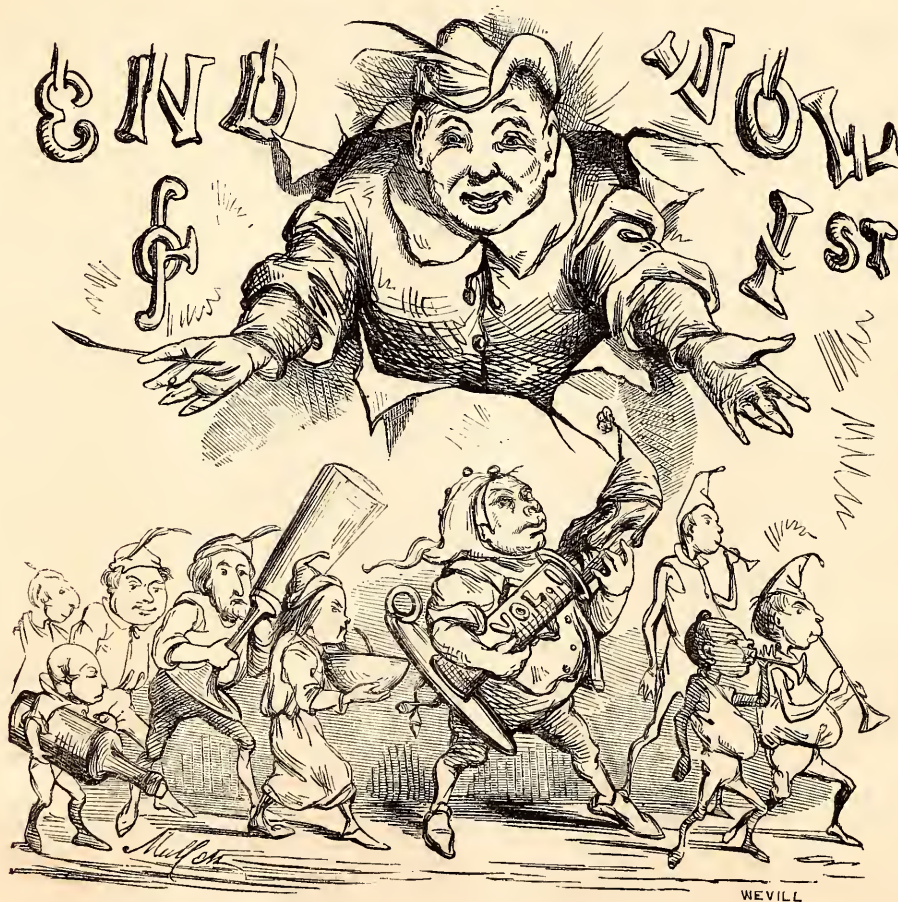
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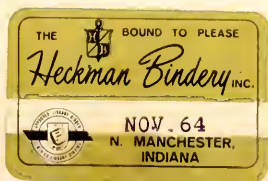












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